
HARVARD
COLLEGE
CLASS OF
1889

THIRTIETH
ANNIVERSARY
REPORT



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CLASS OF 1889
HARVARD COLLEGE

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CLASS OF 1889 HARVARD COLLEGE

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY
1889 – 1919

EIGHTH REPORT OF THE
CLASS SECRETARY



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JUNE, 1919

"And now, my Lord, to take all Nations in a lump: I think God Almighty hath a quarrel lately with all mankind, and hath given the Reigns to the ill spirit to compass the whole Earth, for within these twelve years, there have been the strangest revolutions, the horridst things hapen'd, not only in Europe, but all the World over, that have befallen mankind: I dare boldly say, since Adam fell, in so short a revolution of time. . . .

"There's none more capable than your Lordship, to judge what monstrous things have happened, so that it seems the whole Earth is off the Hinges."

JAMES HOWELL, one of the clerks of his late Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council to the Right Honorable Edward, Earl of Dorset (Jan. 20, 1646).

"We read of King Ahasuerus that having his head troubled with much business and finding himself so indisposed that he could not sleep, he caused the records to be brought in to him, hoping thereby to deceive the tediousness of time, and that the pleasant passages in the chronicles would either invite slumber or enable him to bear working with less molestation. We live in a troublesome age and he needs to have a soft bed who can sleep nowadays amidst so much loud noise and many impetuous rumors. Wherefore, it seemeth to me both a safe and cheap receipt to procure quiet and repose to the mind that complains of want of rest to prescribe the reading of History. Great is the pleasure and profit thereof."

THOMAS FULLER, *The Church History of Britain* (1655)

"For in History, that great Treasury of Time and promptuary of Heroique actions, there are words to speak and works to imitate with rich and copious matter to raise discourse upon. History, next to eternity only, triumphs over Time; she only, after God Almighty, can do miracles, for she can bring back Age past and give life to the Dead to whom she serves as a sacred shrine to keep their names immortal."

JAMES HOWELL, *Instructions for Forreine Travell* (1642)

"Ye know i'm not much troubled be lithrachoer, havin' manny worries in me own, but I'm not prejudiced again' books. I am not. Whin a rale good book comes along, I'm as quick as anny wan to say it isn't so bad, an' this here book is fine."

"What is it?" Mr. Hennessy asked languidly.

"Tis 'Th' Biography in Heroes be Wan Who Knows.' . . . I will lave th' ganial author tell th' story in his own worruds."

Mr. Dooley's Philosophy

CLASS SECRETARY'S FOREWORD

I EXTEND my thanks to those Classmates (80% of the total living members whose addresses are known), who have so cordially and promptly co-operated by sending in their autobiographies, tho I regret the over-developed and terse modesty which has been shown by many of them. I deplore the spirit of self-effacement, or inertia, which has led the other 20% to make no return whatever.

It is to be noted that the facts stated in these Class lives are only those which have occurred since June, 1914; for all facts as to the previous life of each man, reference should be made to the Twenty Fifth Anniversary Report.

I have, after urgent persuasion, secured from Bentley, Cabot, Davenport, Gerstle, Lydig, Moore, Morse, Perry, Proctor, Ropes, H. M. Sears, Stone and W. H. Warren, more full accounts of their experiences in military, surgical, Red Cross, and other official work in the Great War, than they were otherwise planning to send to me. These accounts, being of historical value, will, I believe, alone make this Class Report worth while.

Since it has been determined to hold a less elaborate (and wifeless) celebration this year, I have included in this Report a full account of the Twenty Fifth Anniversary, in order to make permanent the memories of that really wonderful occasion.

Finally, I take this opportunity of saying to all my Classmates (especially to those who were lucky enough not to be obliged to listen to my utterly inadequate speech of thanks, five years ago) how deeply I appreciated and always will appreciate the compliment bestowed upon me by them, on June 16, 1914, in the shape of the superb silver bowl, platter and ladle — the beauty and utility of which I so greatly enjoy, but the inscription on which I even more highly prize.

CHARLES WARREN

Class Secretary

CLASS OFFICERS

Class Committee

"Places do not ennoble men, but men make places illustrious."

PLUTARCH, *Agesilaus*

"I have touched the highest point of all my greatness."

Henry VIII, III, s. 2

*"For therein stands the office of a King,
His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise
That for the public all this weight he bears."*

MILTON, *Paradise Regained*, Bk. II

HERBERT HENRY DARLING
JAMES GORE KING

..... *

Class Secretary

"When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicial friends, after all which done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him."

MILTON

CHARLES WARREN

Class Treasurer

*"Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary."*

King John, II, s. 2

HERBERT HENRY DARLING

* Vacancy.

THE CLASS OF 1889

"Let ye old men emulate the young men. Remember ye were once as wise as they." — Anon.

"They had a great hope and inward zeal of laying some good foundation."

GOVERNOR WILLIAM BRADFORD, *History of Plymouth Plantation*

*"At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves — and then does the same."*

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts, Night I*

*... "Of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."*

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion, Bk. XII*

*"On their bold visage, middle age,
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth;
Forward and frolic glee was there
The will to do, the soul to dare."*

SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake, Canto I, st. 21*

"I said, I will be wise; but it was far from me."

Ecclesiastes, VII, 23

SUMMARY OF THE CLASS OF 1889

Graduates with Degree of A. B.	224	
Graduates with Degree of S. B.	<u>1</u>	225
Temporary Members (Graduates of other Harvard Classes.)	22	
Temporary Members (Special Students and Non-Harvard Graduates)	<u>70</u>	92
Total recognized Members of the Class, ac- cording to Twenty-fifth Anniversary Report.		317
28 regular and 23 temporary members have died (1885-1919)	<u>51</u>	
Leaving the living Class to-day		266

Note: Of these 266 living members, there are 8 "lost men" (i.e. men whose addresses are not known to the Class Secretary) — Edward C. Bates, Richard L. Curran, Charles D. Gibbons, Wilbur F. Stone, Arthur Trail, Edward W. McClellan, James D. Prindle, Charles A. Rich.

IN MEMORIAM

*"How living too are they
Whose memories it is ours to share."*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
After the Curfew (1889).

OUR CLASSMATES

CLARENCE MILHISER, died at New York, N. Y., May 20, 1919.

HENRY NEWELL HERMAN, died at Clifton Springs, N. Y., Jan.
13, 1917.

FRANKLIN EDDY PARKER, died at Bay City, Mich., Sept.
4, 1916.

GEORGE HODGES SHATTUCK, died at Salem, Mass., May
4, 1915.

RANDOLPH CASSIUS SURBRIDGE, died at Boston, Mass., March
19, 1916.

JULIUS EDGAR WARD, died at Boston, Mass., December 12,
1915.

BENJAMIN WEAVER, died at Newport, R. I., November 9, 1915.

Note: The biographies of all classmates who died prior to June, 1914
will be found in the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Class Report (1914).

IN MEMORIAM

SONS OF '89 IN THE WAR

*"Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
On war's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventured life and love and youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle."*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*

SAMUEL PIERCE MANDELL, 2ND, died in France.

Son of GEORGE SNELL MANDELL.

WILLIAM HENRY MEEKER, died at Pau, in France.

Son of HENRY EUGENE MEEKER.

AARON DAVIS WELD, died in the Argonne, in France.

Son of BERNARD COFFIN WELD.

'89 MARRIAGES SINCE 1914

"You come late—yet you come."

SCHILLER, *Piccolomini* I.

"When I said, I would be a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married."

Much Ado About Nothing, II, s. 3.

"Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people."

JOHN SELDEN, *Table Talk*.

C. F. COGSWELL to MARGARET IRENE DAVIS, February 2, 1918.

F. S. GOODWIN to JULIET B. HIGGINSON, September 27, 1916.

H. P. MCKEAN to MARGARET MOORE RIKER, December 2, 1914.

G. B. SALISBURY to MRS. EUGÉNIE DE RAMBOUVILLE, March 3, 1917.

G. STRONG to LOUISE ANNE SNYDER, October 8, 1914.

'89 GRANDFATHERS

(So far as reported)

"The full-spread pride of man is calming and excellent to the soul."

WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass*

*"Young folks are smart, but all ain't good thet's new,
I guess the gran'thers they know'd sunthin' too."*

LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*

CANER

KIRBY

MANDELL

MCKEAN

MORGAN

SALTONSTALL

H. M. SEARS

TAYLOR

'89 IN MILITARY AND NAVAL SERVICE

*"Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind.
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill;
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind."*

TENNYSON

*"What matters happiness?
Duty! There's man's one moment; this is yours."*
ROBERT BROWNING, *King Victor and King Charles*

*"All great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties
and must be both enterprised and overcome by answerable courage."*

GOVERNOR WILLIAM BRADFORD, *History
of Plimouth Plantation (1649)*

IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

W. B. BENTLEY, *Captain*, Ordnance Corps,
R. C. CABOT, *Lieu.-Colonel*, U. S. Base Hospital No. 6 in
France,
C. B. DAVENPORT, *Major*, Sanitary Corps.
M. L. GERSTLE, *Major*, Quartermaster Department,
H. S. GLAZIER, *Major*, Quartermaster Department,
P. M. LYDIG, *Lieu.-Colonel*, Quartermaster Department, in
France,
G. S. MACPHERSON, *Captain*, Medical Reserve Corps,
J. H. MORSE, *Captain*, Sanitary Corps,
J. P. NIELDS, *Captain*, Ordnance Corps,
J. H. PROCTOR, *Major*, Quartermaster Department in France,
P. S. SEARS, *Major*, Adjutant General's Department,
J. S. STONE, *Major*, Medical Reserve Corps,
G. STRONG, *Colonel*, 3rd Illinois Field Artillery, N. G. (124th
F. A.),
W. H. WARREN, *Captain*, Chemical Warfare Service in France.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

IN CANADIAN AND ENGLISH ARMY

W. H. BUTTERS, *Captain*.

T. B. METEYARD, *Corporal*, 3rd Batt. County of London,
Reg. Vol.

'89 IN AMERICAN RED CROSS UNITS IN FRANCE

G. H. MAIRS,

H. M. SEARS,

C. H. PALMER,

G. E. TURNURE.

"They're no more heroes . . . no more pathrites. They've got jobs as Govenors or ar're lookin' f'r thim or annything else," he says. "All th' prom'nint saviors in their counthrey," he says "is busy preparin' their definse," he says.

MR. DOOLEY, *In the Hearts of his Countrymen*

"An' so th' war is over?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "Only part iv it," said Mr. Dooley. "Th' part that ye see in th' pitcher pa-apers is over, but th' tax collector will continyoo his part in war's relentless fury. Cav'ly charges is not th' only charges in a rale war."

Observations by Mr. Dooley

SONS OF '89 AT HARVARD

*"Who ne'er so tame, so cherished and lock'd up
Will have a wild trick of his ancestor."*

I Henry IV, v. s. 2

*"A link among the days to knit
The generations each to each."*

TENNYSON, In Memoriam

*"Fathers because they design to have their children wise and valiant,
apt for counsel or for arms, send them to severe governments and tie them to
study, to hard labor. . . . The man that designs his son for noble employ-
ments loves to see him pale with study, or panting with labor, hardened with
sufferance, or eminent by dangers." — JEREMY TAYLOR*

CLASS OF 1908

EDMUND W. SINNOTT

CLASS OF 1913

HENRY P. MCKEAN

QUINCY A. S. MCKEAN

CLASS OF 1914

EARNEST M. DUSTAN

JUNIUS S. MORGAN

HENRY C. MORGAN

THORNDIKE SAVILLE

CLASS OF 1915

HARRISON K. CANER, JR.

JOHN P. MARQUAND

ALBERT K. ISHAM

THOMAS W. STORROW

ROBERT E. TOWNSEND, JR.

CLASS OF 1916

GARDNER W. BULLARD

WILLIAM L. MONRO, JR.

FRANCIS C. PERKINS

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

CLASS OF 1917

GEORGE C. CANER	RUSSELL LEAVITT
BLAKE DARLING	WILLIAM H. MEEKER *
ROBERT K. LEAVITT	HARRISON G. REYNOLDS

CLASS OF 1918

ROBERT L. GOODALE	DAVID L. RICHARDSON
FRANKLIN E. PARKER, JR.	AARON D. WELD *

CLASS OF 1919

CHARLES D. CASE	JOHN LEE MERRILL
WILLIAM DEXTER	WILLIAM R. ODELL, JR.
STILLMAN R. DUNHAM, JR.	EVERETT W. PERVERE
RANDALL N. DURFEE, JR.	THOMAS E. PROCTOR
HAROLD H. HOLLIDAY	BROOKS SHUMAKER
DENISON B. HULL	MARTIN A. TAYLOR, JR.
SAMUEL P. MANDELL, 2ND*	CHARLES E. THAYER, 2ND

CLASS OF 1920

WALTER D. CLARK, JR.	OLIVER PRESCOTT, JR.
JAMES G. KING, JR.	GEORGE E. TURNURE, JR.
JOHN R. LITCHFIELD	HENRY DEC. WARD
GEORGE S. WELD	

CLASS OF 1921

GERALD W. CANER	JOHN R. MEEKER
GEORGE D. CHASE, JR.	WILLIAM W. PEAR
ALLEN C. FRENYEAR	BRYANT PRESCOTT
CARLETON HUNNEMAN, JR.	EDWARD C. STORROW, JR.
HENRY P. KING	ROBERT S. WARD

CLASS OF 1922

GEORGE B. PERRY	PHILIP MASON SEARS
PHILIP L. SALTONSTALL, JR.	EDRIC A. WELD

CLASS LIVES

"All men of whatsoever quality they be who have done anything of excellence, or which may properly resemble excellence, ought, if they are persons of truth and honesty, to describe their life with their own hand; but they ought not to attempt so fine an enterprise till they have passed the age of forty."

Memoirs of Benevenuto Cellini (1558) (tr. by J. A. SYMONDS)

"History is the essence of innumerable biographies."

CARLYLE, *Essay on History*

"Whin we think we're makin' a gr-reat hit with th' wurruld, we don't know what our own wives thinks iv us." — *Mr. Dooley's Philosophy*

"What act

That roars so loud and thunderous in the index?"

Hamlet, III, s. 4

"What we think of ourselves combined with what others think of us is a very fair estimate." — *Anon.*

"They are happy men whose natures sort with their vocations."

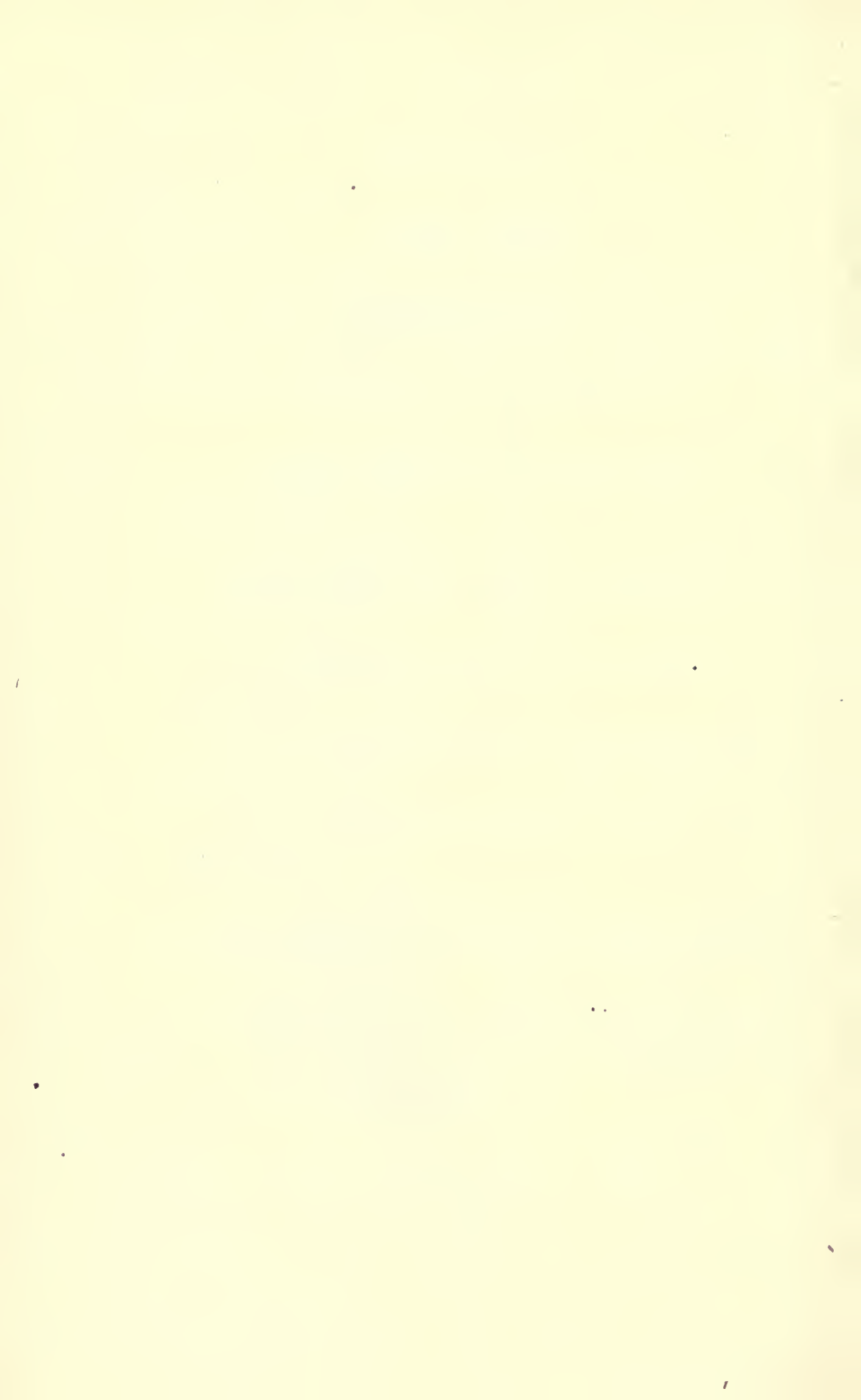
BACON, *Essays*

"Which wud ye rather be, famous or rich?" asked *Mr. Hennessy*.

"I'd like to be famous," said *Mr. Dooley*, "an have money enough to buy off all threatenin' bi-graphers." — *Mr. Dooley Says*

"Your lordships, though not clean past your youth hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time and I most humbly beseech your lordships to have a reverend care of your health."

FALSTAFF in *II, Henry IV*, I, s. 2



CLASS LIVES

* **ABBOTT, Philip Stanley**

(Died August 3, 1896)

ADAMS, Alexander Francis

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was engaged in lyceum and vaudeville entertaining with business headquarters and home in Chicago, Ill.

AGASSIZ, Maximilian

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was in no active business and resided in Cambridge, Mass.

* **ALBEE, Sumner Rankin**

(Died at Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 21, 1892.)

ALEXANDER, Lucien Hugh

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a lawyer, practicing and residing in Philadelphia, Pa.

* **ALLISON, Burt McVay**

(Died at Chicago, Ill., Jan. 25, 1904.)

ANDERSON, Oscar Million

is Cashier of the Bank of McAlaster, and resides at North McAlaster, Oklahoma.

He was a member of the Oklahoma State War Savings Committee. His son, Russell Vance Anderson, died in August, 1916.

ATKINS, Herbert French

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a civil engineer at Los Angeles, Calif.

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ATKINSON, William

Since September, 1915, has been Treasurer of the Vacuum Company, of Boston and New York, doing business at Somerville, Mass., and residing at Boxford; the company is engaged in the fumigation of foreign cotton.

*** AUSTIN, William Francis**

(Died at Boston, Mass., July 12, 1886)

AYER, Charles Carlton

is Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Colorado, residing at Boulder, Colorado.

From July, 1917 to November, 1918, he gave one evening class a week in French for doctors and nurses in connection with the war work of the Alliance Française of Denver.

BABBITT, Irving

is Professor of French Literature at Harvard College, residing in Cambridge.

He has published *Rousseau and Romanticism* (1919).

BAILEY, Henry Lewis

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a school teacher at Washington, D. C.

BAKER, Arthur Martyn

is General Manager of the Simpson Patent Dry Dock Company, at Boston, residing at Brookline, Mass.

BALCH, John

(Not heard from). He is Treasurer of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co., and resides in Milton, Mass.

BALDWIN, Robert Stanton

Resides in Worcester, Mass.

BARRET, Alexander Galt

is a lawyer practicing and residing in Louisville, Ky. He was president of the Louisville Bar Association in 1915. He

CLASS LIVES

was elected by the Louisville Board of Education as a member to fill a vacancy, Oct. 5, 1917; was elected by the people a member of the Board for four year term beginning Jan. 17, 1917; and was President of the Board during 1918. He served as Enforcement Attorney of the Federal Food Administration of Kentucky; was a member of the Legal Advisory Committee of the Kentucky Council of National Defense; and served as a member (though never formally qualifying) of the Legal Advisory Board for Jefferson County under the Selective Service Act.

Has delivered an address before the Kentucky State Bar Association, July 8, 1915 on *The Federal Trade Commission* (published in Central Law Journal, 1915, also in pamphlet form).

BARTHOLOW, Paul

(Not heard from). He is a physician, and in 1914 was practicing and residing in New York.

BASSETT, Ralph Emerson

(Not heard from). He is Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1916, he published a Spanish Grammar.

BATCHELDER, Charles Clarence

is Assistant Chief of the Far Eastern Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.

He was Field Director of the American Red Cross at Fort Sill, Okla., Assistant Representative of the War Trade Board in New York, and its Representative in Seattle, Wash., and San Antonio, Texas, on postal censorships.

He writes: that he is sorry that he cannot give a detailed account of his life, "Work was confidential, but I could a tale unfold, etc.! ! Went to Alaska last summer."

Class Secretary's Note: Batchelder in 1915-1916 was Delegate to the Non-Christian tribes as Representative of the Secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Islands. In June, 1916, he went on an extensive tour in China, India, and Japan. He wrote to the Secretary in October,

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

1916: "I am now on my way to Indo-China, Siam, Singapore, Java, Burmah, and India. I had a wonderful experience as Chief of the wild tribes in the Philippines and while visiting a Government employee in China I had a good insight into the tangled web of Oriental politics. I have acquired much interesting information regarding Oriental political and economic conditions. On the whole, it has been an unusual opportunity."

BATES, Edward Craig

(Not heard from). His address is unknown to the Secretary.

BAYER, Stephen Douglas

is a stock broker doing business and residing in New York.

BEAMAN, Ira Mack

(Not heard from). He is in business in Boston, Mass., and resides in Westborough, Mass.

He was clerk of the Westborough Fuel Commission, and was one of the Four-Minute Speakers.

* **BEAUMONT, William Shepherd**

(Died at Jamaica Plain, Mass., Jan. 7, 1897).

BENT, Arthur Cleveland

is in the electric light business and resides in Taunton, Mass.

He served on the Bristol County Food Administration; was County Farm Labor Agent; and was one of the Four Minute speakers.

His son, Frederick Hendee Bent, born November 14, 1914, died April 2, 1915.

* **BENT, Frederick Hendee**

(Died at Taunton, Mass., Jan. 14, 1897)

BENTLEY, William Burdelle

is a Professor of Chemistry at Ohio University, and resides at Athens, Ohio. He has been, since January 15, 1918, a Captain in the Ordnance Department, U. S. A., stationed at the Watertown Arsenal, residing temporarily at Cambridge, Mass.

His son, William Prescott Bentley (Ohio Univ. '16) was Ordnance Sergeant, U. S. A., assistant in the Testing Laboratory, Watertown Arsenal; his son, Harold Jackson Bentley, was a private, U. S. A., in the mobile carriage erecting shop at the Watertown Arsenal.

At the special and urgent request of the Class Secretary for additional detailed account of his work, Bentley writes:

"I wish that I could write you a 'thriller' about my war experiences, how I had discovered the principles and details of the Hun's most diabolical implements of savagery, how I had devised proper means of rendering them unavailing and how I had finally furnished Uncle Sam with weapons ten-fold more powerful, but alas if I should do so, someone would be sure to discover that there was nothing in it. The 'thrillers' will, at least so far as I am concerned, have to be left to Cabot and any other members of the Class, who may have been fortunate enough to get across. So many impossible things have been done by our men in France that there is nothing too wild or improbable to be believed and glorified in by all patriotic Americans. It is a great honor to have worn the American uniform in 1918 I feel, even if it only signified that one was doing scientific work supposed to have military value; but I have often thought that the uniform should have been reserved for those in the field. The latter part of 1917, I was asked by Dr. Langenberg, a former student of mine, who is in charge of the Testing Laboratory at the Watertown Arsenal, to take part in the work in progress under his direction. About January 15, I was given a commission as Captain in the Ordnance Department. Since that time, I have been working on various problems connected with steel. Some have dealt with the casting of steel in the foundry, some with its behavior under various conditions, problems of forging and heat treatment and some questions as to the suitability of given steels for specific purposes. All of the work has been too technical to be easily explained and too devoid of the spectacular to be of any general interest, especially in these ultra-sensational times. I am sorry to say that I have not had work with anything of such popular interest as poison gas. That has been handled entirely by the Chemical Service Section, while I am in the Ordnance Department.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

BIGELOW, William Reed

is a lawyer, practicing in Boston, Mass., and residing at Natick, Mass.

His son, William Francis Bigelow (Norwich Univ. '21) was in the S. A. T. C. at Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.

BINGHAM, Isaac Edward

is a lawyer practicing and residing in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

*** BLACK, George Henry**

(Died at Washington, Conn., May 4, 1891)

BLOMGREN, Carl August

is a Theological Professor, residing in Rock Island, Ill.

He was a member of the National Lutheran Commission for Soldiers' and Sailors' Welfare, and in the fall of 1918 did considerable social work for the S. A. T. C. at Augustana College.

His son, Rev. Sigfrid Luther Blomgren, graduated from Augustana College in 1912, was Camp Pastor at Newport News, Va., and Charleston, S. C., and since June 1, 1918. has been in the Army stationed at Charleston, S. C.; he was married in August 1916 to Miss Ruth Gibson.

His daughter, Svanhild Anna Blomgren graduated from Augustana College in 1916.

Blomgren writes: "Altho' my work as teacher grows more and more interesting as the years roll by, yet I take a keen interest in all the great world problems that now confront us."

BOSWORTH, Frederick Cyrus

(Not heard from). He is a lawyer practicing in Cleveland, Ohio, and residing in Lakewood, Ohio.

BREWSTER, George Washington Wales

(Not heard from). He is a physician and surgeon, practicing and residing in Boston, Mass.

BRODHEAD, Albert Gallatin

(Not heard from). He was, in 1914, engaged in coal mining at Brodhead, Colo. His present address is University Club, Denver, Colo.

BROOKS, Frederic Manning

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a clergyman and lecturer, devoting most of his time to the latter pursuit, and residing in Watertown, Mass.

BROWN, Frederick Melvin

is a Major Judge Advocate in the U. S. Army, stationed in the office of the Judge Advocate General, at Washington, D. C., as a member of the Board of Legal Review. He practices law in New York City, and resides in East Setauket, N. Y.

BULLARD, Gardner Cutting

is Assistant General Manager of the Thomson Electric Company, doing business at Lynn, Mass., and residing at Wayland.

His son, Gardner Cutting Bullard, Jr., '18, is an Ensign in the U. S. Navy.

His daughter, Jane Whitman Bullard, was married to Walter Irving Badger, Jr., June 2, 1917.

BUNKER, Clarence Alfred

is a lawyer practicing in Boston and residing in Wellesley Hills, Mass.

He is Town Counsel of Wellesley; director of the Wellesley National Bank, of the Wellesley Co-operative Bank, and of numerous corporations. He is also Deputy Commissioner of the Norumbega Council of Boy Scouts of America. He was associate member of the Legal Advisory Board, for selective service; a member of the Wellesley Public Safety Committee, and sub-committee on the Home Guard.

His sons, Raymond Thayer Bunker and Lawrence Eliot Bunker (both under 18) as Boy Scouts, took part in Liberty Loan Drives, and each won a medal and bars from the U. S. Treasury Department for services.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

*** BURBANK, John Cabell Breckinridge**

(Died at Java, December 26, 1892.)

BURDETT, William Freeman

is Assistant Cashier of the Merchants National Bank, Boston, Mass., residing at Allston.

BURR, Allston

is a member of Coffin and Burr, Inc., bankers and brokers, doing business in Boston, Mass. and residing in Chestnut Hill.

He attended the Plattsburg Camps in 1915 and 1916, and the Fort Oglethorpe (Ga.) Camp in 1916 and was on the New England Finance Committee to raise funds for the Military Training Camps Association. He has been, since October 1916, Chairman of the Metropolitan Branch of the American Red Cross, located in Boston, devoting most of his time to that work. He was Chief Marshal of the Red Cross Day Parade, May 17, 1918.

Class Secretary's Note: A prominent Harvard man (*not* a member of '89) writes to me that Burr "in all the many activities of the Red Cross here in Boston has been the leading spirit and director of the multitude of committees. His general manner and good common sense have contributed very largely to the smooth running of the large and complicated association of workers, and on his public appearance he has made an admirable presiding officer."

BURROWS, George Thompson

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was in the bank-supply business, connected with the Shedd-Wright Mfg. Co., Minneapolis, Minn., and stated his home address to be Owensboro, Ky.

BUSH, Robert Wilder

(Not heard from). He is Engineer of Manufacture in the Brooklyn Gas Co., doing business and residing in Brooklyn, N. Y.

He served on the Mexican border, July to November, 1916 as Captain, Troop C., Squadron A., Cav. N. G. N. Y. He resigned from the service in November, 1916, after twenty

years' active duty in Squadron A; and in June, 1917, he wrote to the Class Secretary: "I am taking part in the war in a civil capacity at present, but should prefer military duty."

BUTTERS, George Pierce

is a wholesale clothing manufacturer, President of the Campbell Manufacturing Co., Ltd., doing business in Montreal, P. Q. and residing in Westmount, P. Q., Canada.

BUTTERS, William Henry

is a Captain in the Canadian Army. His address is 538 Argyle Avenue, Westmount, P. Q., Canada.

Class Secretary's Note: I have received the following information as to Butters: "Before the outbreak of the war, he was a Captain in Canadian Militia, living in Calgary. Upon the declaration of war he, at once, started recruiting and drilling men. Later he sold his real estate business, and on July 3, 1916, received a commission as Lieutenant in 244th C. E. F. This Battalion was being recruited in Montreal. The Battalion went overseas half strength, leaving many officers behind, including Butters. Later, he was attached to various military bodies at Montreal, at Valcartier and in England. He was unable to get to France on account of his age. At present, he is with the 1st Depot Battalion, 1st Quebec Regiment, in Montreal, and was expecting to get out of khaki in April, 1919."

BUTTERWORTH, Alfred Potts

is Treasurer of the Marion Shoe Company, manufacturer of men's dress shoes, doing business and residing in Marion, Ind.

He is President of the Grant County Hospital Association.

His son, Alfred Lindley Butterworth (Purdue Univ., '20) was in the American Ambulance Corps in France, and in the U. S. Ambulance Corps service with the Italian Army.

CABOT, Richard Clarke

is Professor of Clinical Medicine at the Harvard Medical School and resides in Boston, Mass.

He was in 1916 one of the founders and Secretary of the Citizens' League for America and the Allies, whose object was "to place this country on record as sympathizing with

the cause of the Allies"; this society afterwards merged with a similar New York organization in The American Rights League. In January, 1917, he made a tour of the Central West to raise sympathy for the Belgians and the cause of the Allies and spoke in Buffalo, Columbus, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Chicago, Detroit and St. Louis.

In June, 1917, he went to France as Major, connected with Base Hospital No. 6 (recruited under the auspices of the Massachusetts General Hospital); later promoted to Lieut. Colonel.

He has published *A Layman's Handbook of Medicine* (1916); *Training and Rewards of the Physician* (1918); *Essais de Médecine Sociale* (Paris, 1919), (being his Sorbonne lectures on social work delivered in French); *Social Work* (1919).

At the urgent and special request of the Class Secretary for additional information as to his army experiences, Cabot writes: —

"I was in France from July, 1917 to Feb. 1919, most of this time with Base Hospital 6 at Bordeaux, which proved to be only 36 hours by hospital train from the front, so that we got the wounded promptly and could keep them long enough to do them real good, instead of just passing them along as most of the hospitals nearer the front do. To a doctor, it is simply the whole point to be able to do something real for the soldiers, to use all the power he has. That's what we went to France for and it is what very few doctors got the chance to do. I was very fortunate in my association, my position, hospital plant and all and never worked harder or more happily.

"For 5 months, before our army was in the line, I was detached from my unit and worked with the Red Cross in Paris and elsewhere for the refugees from the invaded districts. This work took me to the Swiss border, where I saw and examined several thousand old people and children sent back as useless by the Germans after 3 years' captivity.

"I was also in the line near St. Quentin with the British for 2 weeks in Sept., '17, and got my share of danger and excitement and hardship there. Also near the French lines at Noyon in Dec., 1917 — country which later the Germans overran for the second time.

"I had pneumonia in Jan., 1918, but was back at work in 3 weeks and well all the rest of the time — though terribly tired in Oct. and Nov., 1918, with convoys of 500 wounded and gassed men coming every 3 days and 4300 patients in our care, though we were staffed only for 2000. Perhaps the things best worth noting were *the surprises*. I will write out a bunch of them:

Sixteen Surprises

1. The almost universal *burden of idleness* for most men most of the time in all the army — front and rear. I fought it by organizing a chorus, lectures on current events, theatricals, etc. But not everyone cares for those things or books.

2. *Homogeneity and fineness of the American type*. One couldn't tell from what part of the country a man came, nor where his father had emigrated from. The most typical American of all my acquaintances was named Trotzmann. Each batch of wounded that came back to us and was cared for seemed too good to be true. We thought they must be exceptional — so modest, uncomplaining, simple, solid and intelligent. My opinion of the average young American went up several hundred points during the months in France.

3. *French money hunger beats the Scotch and the Jews*. They sucked us as near dry as they could. They are honest and play the game as they expect you to play it. They are the most intelligent and artistic race on earth, with no capacity to organize, to put things through, or to reform anything. They invented the modern treatment of tuberculosis, the prophylaxis against venereal disease and the Binet mental tests for backwardness in school children. But they don't use any of these things, have forgotten them, and can hardly learn them when we bring back their own inventions from America.

4. The American Army medical work has vastly improved since I saw it in Porto Rico in the War of 1898 — surprisingly better, considering how hurriedly it was organized. Most of the leaders in American medicine and surgery were in the army. In 1898, there were almost none of this calibre.

5. It was amazing how little the wounded knew about

where they'd been or what was going on in the war. Where were you wounded? In a wood somewhere, all full of gas and flying splinters. Was it Belleau Wood? Why, yes, I think I did hear a name something like that. They had no idea of the map of France or the position of the line, still less of Russia, Turkey or the U. S. But they made up (in convalescence) the keenest audience I ever talked to at my Current Events lectures.

6. American soldiers liked French children and in resting periods played with them, took them on picnics, etc. This amazed the French. "We like our own children, our own family. But not other people's children." Yet the French admired it in us.

7. The French farmer is still a mediaeval peasant, incredibly unchanged, marvellously picturesque and primitive. With a stationary population, the same family lives in the same house for centuries, and the village streets, wells, walls and all simply get mossier and more beautiful year by year. Health is good despite filth. Tuberculosis not rife.

8. The French have no idea of comfort in their houses. Even the rich have no comfortable chairs, no decent plumbing or heating systems.

9. They are astonishingly alcoholic, though they rarely get drunk. Moderate alcoholism has undermined their strength and refuted the idea that "beer and light wines" are harmless.

10. Our army regulations and organization were at times perilously rigid. Our best surgeons were detached and sent off to Italy and England. When the rush of Sept. and Oct., 1918, came, we couldn't get them back — though they were not busy — one of them idle — and though we were doing bad work for the lack of them. No reasons could be obtained. Some one blundered. Yet on the whole, considering the size and rush and unpreparedness of the American crusade, such blunders were few.

11. It was not cold in France — but *we* were cold because heating arrangements and coal were so deficient. Chicken-wire is comfortable but I almost froze sleeping out at the British front, because I had no mattress.

12. "Personal liberty" is so strong in France that you can't enforce a health regulation. A typhoid epidemic in Le Havre was traced to one man's milk farm. But there was no power in France to stop that man from selling typhoid to his customers in their milk.

13. The support trenches leading up to the front line trenches are often so narrow that you have to stand edgewise to pass a man going in the opposite direction. The dirt thrown out of them is pure white (chalk) in many places and on the white heaps along the top red poppies spring up. *They grow nowhere else* in the region where I was, so that they seem part of the trench system, and wonderfully beautiful as you walk in the trenches.

14. The British, when I was with them, knew several days ahead when a "show" or night attack was going to be pulled off. The commander sent word to the medical officer how many casualties he was to expect and the latter made his plans accordingly. Those calculations were amazingly correct as a rule.

15. After I had been working some months with the Red Cross, I happened one day to be in committee with about a dozen doctors and social workers who had been in France a year or more. I asked: "Has anyone here seen a single *emergency* since he came to France?" Not one had. "Yet you all came here because of a call to do emergency work and we are still sending home those calls?"—"Yes."—"Well?"—no answer. We were all doing the same sort of thing that we had left behind in America because we had been told there was a hurry call, an emergency need in France.

16. The French need our efficiency, organization, hopefulness and push. We need their taste and brains. But so few Americans learned French—so few French learned English that the exchange so far is far less that it should be.

Class Secretary's Note: Cabot's progressive (possibly radical) article on *Better Doctoring for Less Money* in the American Magazine (April, May, 1916), advocating the "group method of doctoring," as at the University of California, deserves permanent notice in this Class Report as an example of Cabot's independence of thought; for it aroused much attention both from the public and the medical profession.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

CANER, Harrison Koons

is a manufacturer, Vice-President of the Ketterlinus Lithographic Manufacturing Co., doing business and residing in Philadelphia, Pa., and Manchester, Mass.

His son, Harrison Koons Caner, Jr. (Harv. '15) was married to Uytendale S. Baird, November 11, 1916, and has a daughter, Uytendale Emily Caner, born November 28, 1917. His son, George Colket Caner (Harv. '17) served in France on the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps, before the United States entered the war; and as 2nd Lieut., Battery F, 146th Field Art. A. E. F., 1st Lieut. 33rd Field Art., A. E. F. His son, William John Caner (Harv. '19) was an Ensign in the U. S. N. R. F. His son, Gerald Wayne Caner is in Harv. '21.

*** CAREY, Henry Reginald Astor**

(Died at New York, April 29, 1893.)

CASE, Charles Lawton

is Treasurer of the Pressure Proof Piston Ring Company, doing business in Boston, Mass., and residing in Winchester.

His son, Charles Douglas Case (Harv. '19), was Captain 304th Inf., 76th Division, at Camp Devens, until July, 1918, and in France until January, 1919. His son, Richard Scofield Case, was a private in the U. S. Marine Corps in training at Paris Island, S. C.

*** CHARD, Thomas Chester**

(Died at Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1893.)

CHASE, George Davis

is Professor of Latin in the University of Maine, residing in Orono, Maine.

He was Vice-President of the Maine Democratic League, and a member of the Maine Home Guard in 1917, and Captain of the Volunteers of Maine, May 20-Sept. 30, 1918.

His son, George Davis Chase, Jr. (Harv. '21), was a member of the S. A. T. C.

His daughter, Elizabeth Miller Chase, is in Univ. of Maine '20.

CHITTENDEN, Jonathan Brace

is Professor of Mathematics in the College of Engineering of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, and resides in Brooklyn, N. Y.

In 1917, he joined the Veteran Corps of Artillery (later known as the 1st Prov. Reg. Art. N. Y.) and was with it during the summer; he spent 24 days guarding the New York Aqueduct; later, after returning to his professorial duties, he was appointed Commander of the Battalion Engineers at the Polytechnic Institute.

CLARK, Daniel Harry

is an attorney at law practicing and residing in St. Louis, Missouri.

CLARK, Walter Daniel

is a lawyer, practicing in New York City and residing in Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.

Is a private in the Veteran Corps of Artillery, N. Y. 7th Battery.

His son, Walter Daniel Clark, Jr. (Harv. '20), was in the Aviation Service at Princeton Ground School, and at Dallas, Tex.; 2nd Lieut., U. S. Army, stationed at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Tex.; Payne Field, West Point, Miss., where he qualified as a pursuit pilot.

Clark writes: "There is nothing new to write about; am simply practising law on a growing and, I hope, satisfied clientele."

COBB, Collier

is Professor of Geology (head of the Department) at the University of North Carolina, and resides at Chapel Hill, N. C.

He is a director of the Peoples Bank, Chapel Hill.

He has "examined deposits of pyrite and of graphite, and made a successful search of our seaboard for plants to use in a well known antiseptic solution," in connection with the war. In 1918, he gave, under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, a series of lectures before the Summer School of the University of North Carolina on

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"Our Latin American Relatives," dealing with the geography and industries of, and our present and prospective commercial relations with, Latin America.

He received the degree of Doctor of Science from Wake Forest College in June, 1917; and has published *Pocket Dictionary of Common Rocks and Rock Minerals*; *The Landes and Dunes of Gascony* (Phil. April, 1918) for use of the forestry regiments in France.

His son, William Battle Cobb (Univ. of No. Car. '12, A. M. '13) was 2nd Lieut. Aviation, Observer of Artillery Fire; his son, Collier Cobb, Jr. (Univ. of No. Car. '14, S. B. '15), was Sergt. Co. A., 20th Engineers, in France.

* CODMAN, Philip

(Died at Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 28, 1896.)

COGSWELL, Charles Frederick

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a physician in Butte, Montana. He was married, February 2, 1918, to Miss Margaret Irene Davis.

COPELAND, Charles

is Assistant Treasurer of the E. T. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., doing business, and residing in Wilmington, Delaware. He is Vice-President of the Harvard Club of Delaware.

COULSON, Walter

is a lawyer practicing and residing in Lawrence, Mass. He was chairman of the Legal Advisory Board under the Selective Draft Law.

He writes that he has "also been diligently engaged as Treasurer and active trustee of the Salisbury Beach Association in the development and rebuilding of Salisbury Beach which was visited by a disastrous fire in 1913; the fire, however, in the end, proved to be a blessing in disguise."

* CRAVEN, Andrew Fuller

(Died at Washington, D. C., March 4, 1904.)

CROCKER, Joseph Ballard

retired from business in Boston, Mass., in July, 1914, and is residing now in Camden, South Carolina, with an office address in Boston.

CROWL, Harry Bert

is President and General Manager of the Acme Oil Company doing business and residing in Detroit, Mich.

CURRAN, Richard Langford

(Not heard from). His address is unknown to the Class Secretary.

CURRY, Charles Emerson

(Not heard from).

Class Secretary's Note: In the Class Report in 1914, Curry gave his business as that of a "scientific student" and his residence as Munich, Bavaria. I have not heard from Curry since May, 1915; and of course, since April 6, 1912, Curry, being a resident of Germany, has been technically an "enemy" within the meaning of the Trading with the Enemy Act, and is so still. Hence, it has been impossible to communicate with him.

His letter to me in May, 1915, read now four years later, is of curious interest. He then wrote: "One thing I am quite sure of is that Germany, or at least Bavaria, where I am residing, neither sought nor expected the present war. On the 26th of July we held our last regatta of the Munich week on the Ammer-see, and among those who attended on the small steamer that accompanied the regatta was the present King of Bavaria. During the whole race, his thoughts were entirely concentrated on the different groups of competing boats, and it was not until the regatta was entirely over, on our way back across the lake, that I ventured to refer to the trouble then brewing between Austria and Servia, upon which he gave me to understand that he had not the least apprehensions about the misunderstanding between the two countries. Every one I met here at the time felt the same, and I mention this only to show how little concerned we all were about the future, the best proof that we had neither sought nor expected war."

DAHLGREN, Eric Bernard

(Not heard from). In 1914, his address was Washington, D. C.; He is now in New York.

DARLING, Herbert Henry

is a lawyer, practicing in Boston, Mass., and residing at Brookline, Mass.

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He was an associate member of the Legal Advisory Board of Boston. He has been Secretary of the Harvard Musical Association in Boston, since 1899; and Secretary of the Harvard Alumni Chorus since 1910. He was elected Chairman of the Class Committee of '89 at the Class Meeting in June, 1917.

His son, Blake Darling (Harvard '17; Inst. of Tech. B.S. '18), served in the Depot Brigade and base hospital at Camp Devens, Mass., March-May, 1918; in Engineers Enlisted Reserve Corps at Mass. Inst. of Technology, May-Oct., 1918; honorably discharged Dec. 6, 1918.

His son, Herbert Henry Darling, Jr. (Stanford Univ. '21) served at the Italian front with the Italian Ambulance Unit, American Red Cross, May-Oct., 1918; student at L'École d'Artillerie, Fontainebleau, France, Nov., 1918-Jan., 1919; now attached to the Berlin Prisoner Commission of American Red Cross in Berlin, with rank of Lieutenant and official title of Assistant Director of Transportation.

* **DARLING, John Barnard**

(Died at North Cambridge, Nov. 22, 1893.)

DAVENPORT, Charles Benedict

is Director of the Station for Experimental Evolution, Carnegie Institution of Washington and also Director of the Eugenics Record Office, residing in Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, N. Y.

He attended in August, 1914, as one of the six American Delegates, the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science held in New Zealand.

He was a Major in the Sanitary Corps, U. S. A., from July, 1918 to January, 1919, serving in the Surgeon General's Office in Washington in charge of a section on anthropology, also in charge of statistics of physical examinations of sick and wounded.

His son, Charles Benedict Davenport, Jr., died in 1916.

His daughter, Jane Joralemon Davenport, received an associate's diploma at the University of Chicago in 1918; his daughter, Millia Crotty Davenport, was married to Arthur C. Moss, June 15, 1917.

He has published: *The Feebly Inhibited* (1915); *The Hereditary Factor in Pellagra* (1916); *Huntington's Chorea in Relation to Heredity and Eugenics* (1916); *Inheritance of Stature* (1917); *Naval Officers, Their Heredity, and Development* (1919).

Davenport writes: "Three events not related to research stand out. First, a trip to New Zealand and Australia in July, 1914, at the invitation of those countries. In mid-Pacific, wireless brought the message: 'England has declared war on Germany.' — Happy New Zealand, which is literally a white man's country! — The second, chronologically, is the loss of our only son in the poliomyelitis epidemic of 1916. It is a thing that, at my age, is hard to get over entirely. The eugenical lesson is — larger families. The third is participation in the work of the army organization, introducing certain reforms into the physical examination service and in handling the statistics of the sick and wounded."

Complying with special request for additional detailed information as to his Army work, Davenport writes further:

"I did not think that my work at the Surgeon General's Office, so far removed from the actual fighting, would be of special interest to the Class, but since you ask me to write in detail, I am glad to do so.

"In the spring of 1918 it was concluded by the National Research Council that an effort should be made to improve the quality of physical measurements taken of recruits and that in general the interests of anthropology demanded the establishment of a section of anthropology in the Surgeon General's Office with somebody in charge to look after the interests of that subject. Thus it came about that in the latter part of July, General Gorgas, who was at that time Surgeon General, established the section and I was put in charge with the rank of Major, Sanitary Corps. One of the first jobs was to make a round of inspection of National Army camps where recruits were being physically examined to see and report upon the quality of these examinations. As a result of this trip, a report was submitted covering the whole physical examination service, as conducted in the cantonments. In consequence of this report, the care of the physical examination service

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was turned over to the section of anthropology. However, about this time further recruiting was practically stopped thru the exhaustion of Class I of the first and second registrations. The induction of older men of the third registration was also stopped in consequence of signing the armistice. However, thru the personnel of the section of anthropology, a number of reforms were already introduced into the physical examination service, such as reducing the minimum stature so as to take in representatives of the shorter races; the re-measurement of recruits at cantonments as a check upon the work done by local boards; improvement of the identification record, consisting principally of taking the finger prints and finally improvement of the methods of handling statistics in the Division of Medical Records of the Surgeon General's Office. A little figuring had shown that the lower limit of height of 64, even 63, inches which the orders of the Adjutant General called for would throw an undue burden upon the taller races represented in our country and relieve from service scores of thousands of representatives of such short races as South Italians, and Polish Jews, large number of whom were, indeed, anxious for service.

"Another part of the work consisted of compiling the statistics of the sick and wounded for the report of the Surgeon General, covering the year 1917.

"The records of the physical examinations and of all sickness and wounds, including battle casualites, are sent to the Division of Medical Records. There are something like six or seven million of these records, two or more often referring to the same individual. Out of these records it seems probable new light can be gained upon the whole process of selection in war; of the preservation and protection of the unfit thru their exemption from military duty; the loss to the breeding stock of the nation thru camp epidemics and battle-injuries of the highly selected physically and mentally best of the male population, 22 to 30 years of age. In order to secure for eugenical science the results of this war and to secure for anthropology the results of the survey that has been made upon the physique of our young men and in order to preserve for medical science the results of the experience of epidemics

and of surgery in camps and in field hospitals the Trustees of the Carnegie Institution of Washington generously voted me leave of absence for six months, and I am at present deeply engrossed in this work. It is hoped thus to preserve as a part of the experience of the race the data that has been collected on the physique of the American population and of the effect of war upon that population. The work has had a very great human interest in that to our Office have come every day hundreds of letters from parents, sisters and sweethearts, inquiring concerning the fate of some soldier boy who has not been heard from for several months. Thru the organization of the Medical Record Division, due chiefly to Lieutenant Colonel A. G. Love, the Surgeon General's Office has been able to supply this information better than any other office of the War Department. Tho the Office in Washington was far removed from the trenches, yet, as we examined the thousands of mud- and blood-stained tags coming from dressing stations, we almost felt that the trenches had been in a measure brought to Washington."

DAVIES, Luther

is a retail dry goods merchant doing business as Luther Davies and Co., and residing in Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

He was connected with the Wisconsin Council of Defense, the Loyalty Legion, the Next of Kin, and worked on the Liberty Loan, Red Cross, and Y. M. C. A. drives.

He is President of the Oshkosh Bible Society and the Oshkosh St. David's Society; president and director of the Algoma Country Club.

His son Uriah Morgan Davies (Princeton '12) was a Lieutenant in the Ordnance Dept., U. S. A., from Nov. 27, 1917, in Ordnance Motor Section until June 10, 1918, when he was transferred to the Toluol Unit, Explosives Section and stationed in New York on construction of plants for recovery of toluol; he was married Aug. 24, 1918, to Miss Marian Wall.

Davies writes: "If unable to be with you in person next June, I shall be there in spirit, and hereby send hearty greetings and best wishes to every member of the Class of '89."

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DAVIS, John Tilden

(Not heard from). . Resides in St. Louis, Mo.

DeBLOIS, George Lewis

is in the real estate and trustee business in, and residing in, Boston, Mass.

He is a director in the Commonwealth Trust Co., the State St. Exchange, and a trustee of the Provident Institution for Savings.

DERBY, William Parsons

is practicing medicine (and farming "in a small way") at Saxonville, Mass.

DEXTER, Philip

is a lawyer, practicing and residing in Boston, Mass.

He served on the Legal Advisory Board, Div. 8, in Boston.

His son, William Dexter (Harv. '19) was commissioned a 2nd Lieut., 34th Machine Gun Batt., 12th Division in August, 1918.

DODGE, Robert Elkin Neil

is Assistant Professor of English in the University of Wisconsin, residing in Madison, Wis.

He was president of the Harvard Club of Madison, Wis., in 1917.

He has a daughter, Emily Pomeroy Dodge, born Feb. 18, 1915.

DORR, Alfred

is a cotton merchant doing business and residing at Boston, Mass.

His son, Hancock Dorr, enlisted in the U. S. Navy, Sept. 10, 1918, promoted to Quartermaster, Dec. 2, 1918, and sent to Provincetown, Mass.; honorably discharged, Dec. 21, 1918.

DOWNER, Charles

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was in the real estate business, residing in Sharon, Vt.

DUFF, Edward Macomb

is a clergyman, Rector of St. James Episcopal Church, Grosse Isle, Mich., and minister-in-charge St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Trenton, Mich., and resides at Grosse Isle, Mich.

His son, Thomas Allen Duff, is a member of University of Michigan, '19. He has a daughter, Daisy Jeannette Duff, born March 1, 1915.

DUNHAM, Stillman Roberts

is a school teacher, residing in Boston, Mass.

His son, Stillman Roberts Dunham, Jr., is in Harv. '19.

DUNLAP, Charles Bates

is a physician (neuropathologist) at Ward's Island, New York, residing in Scarsdale, N. Y.

He has published *Preliminary Suggestions for a Study of the Pathological Anatomy of Dementia Praecox* (1918).

DURFEE, Randall Nelson

is Treasurer of the Border City Manufacturing Co., in the cotton cloth business.

He is a director in the First National Bank of Fall River, and of the B. M. C. Durfee Safe Deposit and Trustee Co.; also trustee of the B. M. C. Durfee High School. He was president of the Harvard Club of Fall River, Mass., in 1914.

His son, Randall Nelson Durfee, Jr., is a member of Harv. '19.

*** DUSTAN, Earnest Webster**

(Died at Wareham, Oct. 4, 1895.)

His son, Earnest Bartholow Dustan (Harv. '14), is 1st Lieu. in the office of the Chief Liaison Officer, A.E.F., in France.

*** EAMES, Frank Henry**

(Died at Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 28, 1890.)

EATON, Francis Goodrich

(Not heard from). Still resides in St. Louis, Mo.

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ELLIS, William Struthers

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a lawyer practicing in Philadelphia, Pa. He resides at Fox Hill Farm, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

ENDICOTT, John

is in the dry goods business, being Secretary and Treasurer of the Newcomb-Endicott Company, doing business in Detroit, and residing in Birmingham, Mich.

He is a director in the Merchants National Bank of Detroit.

EVERETT, Horace Delano

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a printer and publisher in Boston, Mass., president of the Everett Press Co., and residing in Arlington, Mass.

FARQUHARSON, Charles David

is in the banking business and resides in San Francisco, Calif.

He is president of the Harvard Club of San Francisco.

FAXON, Frederick Winthrop

is proprietor of the F. W. Faxon Company, booksellers, publishers and magazine specialists, doing business and residing in Boston, Mass., having purchased in July, 1918, the business of the Boston Book Company of which he was formerly Vice-President.

He still compiles and edits his annuals, *Magazine Subject Index*; *Dramatic Index*; and *Bulletin of Bibliography* (quarterly).

Class Secretary's Note: The Class is indebted to Faxon for the fine kodaks of the 25th Anniversary which are reproduced in this Report.

*** FLOYD, Edward Elbridge**

(Died at sea, Feb. 26, 1888).

FORBES, Ralph Emerson

is a lawyer and trustee, having his office in Boston, Mass., and residing in Milton, Mass.

He was an associate member of the Legal Advisory Board for the selective service; chairman of the Board of Instruction,

Div. 35, for Massachusetts; served in special police corps of the Milton Public Safety Committee.

He is secretary of the Board of Trustees of Milton Academy, and president of the Milton Preparatory School Corporation; also director of various corporations.

FRANK, Leo Edwin

His present address is care of Herzog & Glazier, New York City, N. Y.

He is Secretary and Treasurer of the Association of Grand Jurors of New York County.

He writes that: "he was a 'high private' at Local Board 146; then a draughtsman at the 'Enquiry' coloring maps of the New Europe; finally in charge of Bronx Office, Legal Department of American Red Cross, where he still continues."

*** FRENYEAR, Thomas Cyprian**

(Died December 10, 1903.)

His son, Allen Cyprian Frenyear, is a member of Harv. '21.

GARRETT, Alfred Cope

resides at Philadelphia, Pa.

He was a representative on the Ad Interim Committee for Organic Union of the Evangelical Churches of America, 1918-19.

His daughter, Eleanor Wistar Garrett is in Wellesley '20.

Garrett writes: "My lot was to help keep the home fires burning. To me, the chief patriotic duty and best national service, now as always, is to supply the moral and religious element in our American system of education, which has been excluded from it by law. This exclusion constitutes the most fundamental national peril that we have. Our Nation is said to be the only one founded for religious reasons; but we have departed from our foundation. 'What you would have in your National life, you must put in your National schools,' say the Germans, and they have proved it. Conversely, what you exclude from your National schools, you are excluding from your National life; and in our case that is morals and religion. From this fact I believe spring most of the

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evils of American life that we have to fight so hard against. These have been my actuating motives for the last five years."

GEORGE, Nathan Richard

is Associate Professor of Mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and president of the Trimount Press of Boston, residing in Boston, Mass.

GERSTLE, Marcus Lewis

is at present a Major in the Quartermaster Corps, U. S. A. His profession is that of a lawyer, and he is an officer and director in numerous corporations. He resides in San Francisco, Calif.

He has been in military service since June, 1917, engaged in adjusting Government contracts obligations.

In compliance with the request of the Class Secretary for an additional detailed account of his work, Gerstle writes: "In July, 1916, when I was fifty years old, I entered the military training camp at Monterey, Calif. (similar to Plattsburg) at the same time that my 18 year old son was at the Camp. We went through the same training, side by side; and I was much gratified to be able to keep up with the youngsters. I became so enthusiastic over the whole idea that the regiment at Monterey appointed me one of their four delegates to represent the camp at the meeting of the Universal Service Association, in New York. I attended its meetings, and used all my efforts to promote legislation looking toward universal training and service.

"I received a commission as Captain in the Officers' Reserve Corps, Quartermaster's Department, April 18, 1917, although my application was put in, in September, 1916. On account of my age at that time, over 50, it was impossible for me to get a commission in the line which was my choice, so I had to content myself with the next best service.

"I went to Washington in May, 1917, so as to get an assignment to duty as soon as possible, and was fortunate in being assigned in the early part of June as assistant to the Depot Quartermaster, San Francisco. I have been here ever since, and have gone through every department of the Corps. In

June, 1918, I was promoted to Major, U. S. A., Quartermaster Corps, and in the early part of November was recommended for Lieutenant Colonelcy. Since the signing of the armistice, however, no promotions have been made, and the recommendation is still pending, although action on the same has frequently been urged by my Commanding Officer, and I am in hopes of receiving favorable advices almost any day. I attempted to go over to France in the summer of 1918, but my Commanding Officer would not consent to my going, as he very flatteringly stated he could not spare my services at the Depot. This will always be an intense regret to me, as I was familiar with every part of the battlefield, having travelled over it many times in recent years; could talk French and German fluently, and felt I could have been of considerable value on the other side, but I yielded to my Commander's request, and did not press my application.

"My special duties during the last year have been with the Contract and Purchase Branch, of which I have had charge. This branch supervised the manufacturing and purchasing of practically all supplies in the 13th Zone, which includes Nevada, California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, and Siberia. Since the signing of the armistice, my particular duties have been Contract Adjusting Officer, engaged in adjusting the contracts of this Zone, which required cancellation. The work has been extremely interesting, and called for all the legal and business experience that I have accumulated during the last 25 years. During this long period, I have only been away from my post during a period of 11 days, when I was summoned to Washington, just before the signing of the armistice. I am more than pleased that my health has been such that I have not been obliged to miss a single minute during this long period, but have been on the job from the beginning to the present time, without leave of absence. As matters look now, it would seem that I am to remain on duty for many months to come, as the orders from Washington do not permit of the discharge of an Officer who has had legal experience, and particularly if he is engaged in the business of adjusting contracts. Altogether, I am well pleased

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with my experience, and feel that as a man of 53 years, I have contributed my share to the winning of the war. I might add that my son, Mark Lewis Gerstle, Jr. (Harv. '19), entered the Navy in May, 1918, and received his discharge in December, 1918. He proposes to enter the Harvard Medical School next Fall, and continue his studies."

GIBBONS, Charles David

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was president of the North Shore Railroad Co. of Cuba, and of the Gibbons Steamship Co., with offices in New York City, and in Havana.

GIESE, William Frederick

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was Assistant Professor of Romance Languages at the University of Wisconsin, and resided in Madison, Wis.

GLAZIER, Henry Simon

is a broker, member of the New York Stock Exchange, doing business and residing in New York City. He was a Major in the Quartermaster Corps (Construction Division), U. S. A.

He was also an associate member of the Legal Advisory Board, No. 16, New York City.

GOADBY, Arthur McMaster

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was vice president of the Colorado Fruit Products Co., in New York City. He resides now at Lynbrook, N. Y.

He has a son, William Morgan Goadby, born May 27, 1916, and a daughter, Elsie Wright Goadby, born Aug. 4, 1917.

He has published *Forest Taxation* in New York Forestry (July, 1917).

GOODALE, Joseph Lincoln

is practicing medicine, a specialist in throat diseases, and residing in Boston, Mass.

He gave special courses in connection with war and army work at the Harvard Medical School. He writes that "aside from practice, my chief medical work has been investigations

regarding the cause and treatment of hay fever, asthma and allied conditions."

He has written numerous articles in medical journals, and delivered as the President, an address before the American Laryngological Association in 1917.

His son, Robert Lincoln Goodale (Harv. '18) was 1st Lieut., in the 9th Field Art.; his son, Geoffrey Dearborn Goodale, was a cadet in the Aviation Section, U. S. Signal Corps.

GOODWIN, Frederick Sprague

is a lawyer, practicing in Boston and residing in Dover, Mass.

He served on a committee for the selection of candidates for Officers' Training Camp.

He was married Sept. 26, 1916, at Beverly, Mass., to Miss Juliet B. Higginson, daughter of Francis L. Higginson, '63; and has a daughter, Alida Borland Goodwin, born, July 28, 1917, at Hamilton, Mass.

GRAY, George Vernon

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a mining chemist, at San Francisco, Calif.

GRAY, Gerald Hull

is a lawyer practicing and residing in New York City, N. Y. He was appointed a temporary City Magistrate by Mayor Hylan in January, 1919, to fill a vacancy caused by the illness of Magistrate House.

GREEN, Frederick

is Professor of Law in the University of Illinois, residing in Urbana, Ill.

He writes: "To your demand for a strict account of war work and printed articles, I can only say that I have acted as associate member of the local Legal Advisory Board, and made a few talks on liberty loans, food conservation and subscriptions to the Y. M. C. A., and that in the last few years I have printed a few legal articles in the Illinois Law Bulletin and the Illinois Law Review and chapters in the reports of the Illinois Pension Commission for 1917, and 1919,

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and an article in the North American Review for Sept. '18, relating largely to the Federal Child Labor Law. I was in England and France from October 1916 to June 1917, as an interested observer of civilian life on the edge of war — in London when the Stars and Stripes floated over the Houses of Parliament and in Paris when the Avenue de l'Opéra was a mass of American flags."

GREEN, Walter Cox

is a clergyman and Librarian of the Meadville Theological School at Meadville, Pa.

He has a son, Henry Maynard Green, born April 6, 1919.

GREENE, Carleton

is a civil and consulting engineer, specializing in wharves, piers, and other water front structures, doing business in New York City, and residing in South Orange, N. J.

He was a consulting engineer for Holbrook, Cabot, Rollins, and the American International Shipbuilding Corporation on the construction of wharves and piers at Hog Island, Pa.

He is a member of the Board of Recreation Commissioners of South Orange, and is still a scoutmaster in the Boy Scouts of America; of which he writes: "Find the work intensely interesting, believe this movement is of great benefit to the country, and more men should go into it."

He has written *Wharves and Piers* (McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1917).

GREW, Edward Wigglesworth

is a real estate broker and agent, doing business in Boston, Mass., and residing in Dover, Mass.

He is a director in the Webster and Atlas National Bank, and York Mfg. Co.; a trustee of Pepperell Mfg. Co.; a trustee of Provident Institution of Savings; a trustee of Adams Nervine Asylum, and in various other private trusts and charitable organizations.

He writes: "As you can see from the enclosed form, my life has been and is a very uneventful one. I was too old and all my children too young for any active military work in the

war. My only contribution to the cause has been personal subscription to the various Liberty Loans, and a little canvassing work. I have helped somewhat in the affairs of one or two friends who themselves have gone across, and endeavored last year to increase the local production of food. I have never had brains enough to write anything fit for printing, and possibly for the same reason have never taken part in politics. Like many other firms, our office force was badly depleted by enlistment, and the last two years have found me overwhelmed with all sorts of work from that of office boy to partner. This contribution to our Class Archives is somewhat on the procedure recommended by Dr. O. W. Holmes on being called to make a donation under trying circumstances:

*'But if you are a little man
Not big enough for that;
Or if you cannot make a speech
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat.'*

The above is only a button, but it is all I have to offer."

GRIFFING, Edward Stetson

is a lawyer and certified public accountant, doing business in New York City, and residing in New Rochelle, N. Y.

He served two terms as Mayor of New Rochelle, N. Y., from Jan., 1914 to Jan., 1917, and was chairman of the Selective Service Board of New Rochelle.

GRISWOLD, Leon Stacy

is a consulting geologist on oil and gas in Okmulgee, Okla., residing in Plympton, Mass.

He writes: "War conditions reduced activity in the development of mines except special lines which did not benefit me, and I was obliged to rustle a job. I tried to qualify at different times and places in the Civil Personnel Division of the Ordnance Service, but did not make it. Worked for a time as a coal miner — heavy work and rheumatism beat me.

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Got work as checker in Fore River shipyard. Then a chance along my legitimate line of work came in the Oklahoma oil fields, and I am here."

GUILD, Charles Fox

is one of the editors of the Boston American, residing in Boston, Mass.

He writes that his war work has been largely "publicity for Red Cross and other money gatherers; my publications have been editorials booming *America First*; my individuality for the past four years has been keeping down the German propaganda, as all of us newspaper men run up against it — and outside of that, trying to have a good time on the high prices of *everything*."

GUNTHER, Bernard Gottlieb

is an executor and trustee, doing business in New York City and residing in White Plains, New York.

He is a director in E. G. Gunther, Sons.

He served in the Home Defense Guard of New York.

*** GUNTHER, Elsner Christian**

(Died at New York, Jan. 31, 1907.)

HALL, Prescott Farnsworth

is a lawyer, and adviser on investments and financial matters, doing business in Boston, and residing in Brookline, Mass.

He is a member of the Bostonian Society, Rosicrucian Society; was chairman of Immigration Committee of the American Genetic Association; was chairman of the Town Improvement Committee of the Brookline Education Society.

He has published: *Massachusetts Business Corporations* (3rd Ed. 1917); *Digest of Spirit Teaching* (Journ. Amer. Soc. for Psychical Research, Dec., 1916, Jan., 1917); *Experiments in Astral Projection* (ibid, 1918); *The Menace of the Three Decker* (Proc. Nat. Housing Ass., 1916).

He writes: "Have been ill most of the time during the war. Have spent much time investigating various occult matters; also studying the mathematics of higher dimensions and of

stock market and other vibrations; have delivered many addresses and written many letters against Socialism, Bolshevism; and have served on various committees to study the League of Nations and reconstruction problems."

HARDING, Victor Mathews

is a lawyer, practicing in Chicago and residing in Winnetka, Ill.

He has had charge of various Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and other drives in his home district to collect money for war needs.

He writes: "We all had our part in the late unpleasantness but mine was on the sidelines. A great longing to get into the fight had to be stifled on account of age and dependents. Still, like a good rooter, I tried to do my bit, even though not on the field."

HARRINGTON, Tennent

is in the banking business and resides in Colusa, Calif.

He was County Chairman in the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Liberty Loan and Victory Loan campaigns.

His daughter, Marie Louise Harrington, was married Feb. 16, 1918, to Commander David Worth Bagley, U. S. N. (the commander of the U. S. Destroyer Jacob Jones which was sunk by a German submarine).

*** HARVEY, Gilman Sargent**

(Died at Gloucester, Mass., Feb. 8, 1894.)

HATHAWAY, Thomas Schuyler

resides in New Bedford, Mass. He was chairman of the Public Safety Committee of New Bedford; and Serg. Co. N., 17th Reg. Massachusetts State Guard.

He is a director in various banks and manufacturing companies, in New Bedford and Fall River.

HAWLEY, Edward Welles

is a lawyer practicing and residing in Minneapolis, Minn.

He was an associate member of the Legal Advisory Board in connection with the Selective Service Law.

Class Secretary's Note: Hawley was defeated for re-election as Alderman in 1916, but initiated suit based on fraud which was decided in his

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favor in the Minnesota Supreme Court. The *Minneapolis Journal* of June 9, 1917, stated that the Second Ward was now to have "the opportunity to redeem itself by sending back to the Council the best Alderman the city ever had, namely, Edward W. Hawley. He is unusually intelligent, conscientious and energetic. The Second Ward is lucky to have such a citizen ready to serve it and the City — and Mr. Hawley has done both." In the new election, however, Hawley was defeated again.

HAYES, John Russell

is College Librarian at Swarthmore College, residing in Swarthmore, Pa.

His daughter, Esther Rachel Hayes, is in Swarthmore, '19.

He has published since 1914: *Roger Morland: A Quaker Idyll* (1915); *Collected Poems of John Russell Hayes* (The Biddle Press, Phil. 1916).

HAYNES, Fred Emory

is Assistant Professor of Sociology at the University of Iowa, residing in Iowa City, Iowa.

He is assistant secretary of the Iowa State Conference of Social Work.

He has published *Third Party Movements* (Iowa State Hist. Soc. Pub. 1916); and *Life of Gen. James B. Weaver* (Iowa State Hist. Soc. Pub.).

HEBARD, Alfred Partridge

is a lawyer practicing and residing in St. Louis, Mo.

He served as First Sergeant, Co. E, 1st Reg. Inf., Missouri Home Guard, and as a member of the Missouri Committee on War Savings Stamps.

HENSHAW, Arthur

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a fur merchant, residing in Cincinnati, Ohio.

*** HERMAN, Henry Newell**

Henry Newell Herman was born at Union, Connecticut, May 14, 1865, the son of Joseph Henry and Caroline Sophia (Newell) Herman. His father was in the insurance business

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in Boston, Mass., and Herman himself was prepared for college at the Roxbury Latin School. He entered with the Class of 1889, but left in his Junior year, and graduated with the Class of 1890. After spending two years in the Harvard Graduate School and as an Assistant in Chemistry, he became, in 1895, superintending chemist in Heller & Merz Co., manufacturers of ultramarine and aniline colors at Newark, N. J. He died at Clifton Springs, N. Y., January 13, 1917.

HIGHT, Clarence Albert

is a lawyer practicing in Boston, Mass., and residing in Brookline, Mass.

HILDRETH, Samuel Dawley

is a lawyer residing in New York City and connected with the legal department of the Title Guaranty and Trust Company.

HOBART, Edward

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was Treasurer of the Carver Cotton Gin Co. of East Bridgewater, Mass.

HODGES, Almon Danforth

is a physician, practicing and residing at Roxbury, Mass.

He writes that he has done no war work "except acting as paperweight for liberty bonds bought with hard earned shekels. Since the last report, my farthest point north has been Labrador in the summer of 1916. During the winter of 1917-18, I varied the monotony by a trip south as far as Key West, where Uncle Sam placed obstacles to further progress in that direction — not that I was trying to escape the draft, but only the cold winds."

HODGES, Winthrop Taylor

is residing in Nahant, Mass., having resigned Feb. 1, 1916, his position as United States Appraiser for the Port of Boston, which he had held since July, 1904.

He served as secretary of the Nahant Public Safety Committee, clerk for the Selective Service Board No. 34, Swamp-

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scott, Mass.; civilian employee at Quartermaster Depot, Boston; chairman of Publicity Committee in Red Cross Drives, Concord, Mass. Was non-commissioned officer Co. I, 19th Reg. Mass. State Guard.

HOLLIDAY, Guy Harold

is Assistant Clerk of the Superior (Civil) Court, Suffolk County, Mass., residing in Allston.

He was an associate member of the Legal Advisory Board, Boston.

He served as Presiding Master of Joseph Webb Lodge, A. F. and A. M. of Boston, in 1918 and 1919; and was President of the Advisory Council and member of the Executive Committee of Boston Home and School Association in 1917.

His son, Harold Hovey Holliday (Harv. '19) enlisted in Signal Section, Enlisted Reserve Corps, U. S. A., A Co. (Radio), 2nd Field Signal Batt. in May, 1917; appointed Sergeant, Aug. 23, 1917, 301st Field Art., 76th Div., served with 76th Div. in France in July, 1918; later attached to the 6th Army Corps and is now taking a course at the University of Besançon, in France.

His wife went to France in April, 1918, in the American Red Cross Canteen Service, was at Canteen and Rest Station at Nevers, and at a Railway Canteen at St. Germain des Fossés. Later she was transferred to the Home Communication Service and stationed at Base Hospital 84-95 at Périgueux.

HOLMES, Alexander

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a lumber dealer, residing in Kingston, Mass.

His son, Alexander Holmes, Jr., was in the 101st Reg. 26th Div. in France.

HOMANS, James Edward

is an author, publisher, inventor and professional student, and president of a small publishing company, incorporated to issue his own books, and special publications. He resides in New York.

He was employed for seven months, 1918-19, in the Ordnance Department at Washington, D. C., on rewrite and research work and answering technical inquiries.

He has published *Homans' Automobile Handbook* (N. Y. 1916); *Homans' First Principles of Electricity* (N. Y. 1916); and numerous articles and books written under *noms de plume*.

Homans writes: "Most of my spare time is occupied with mathematical and scientific research. I have applied for letters patent on a method of transmitting photographs and other pictures over common telegraphic circuits, being able, as I claim, to operate as rapidly as circuit conditions will permit, and over as long a line as desired. I have also invented a high speed automatic recording telegraph, for the transmission of news matter, which I hope to exploit some day. I have other inventions which may appear in time. At present, I am preparing a treatise on short and ready methods with common mathematical operations, in connection with which I devised, and largely perfected, an improved system of logarithmic equivalents, which greatly facilitates most arithmetical computations, including involution, the extraction of roots, multiplication, etc. These equivalents are also easier to derive than those represented by the common logarithms, and give the answers direct, and not logarithmically. Considerable study is required to determine all the rules for using such a system. I am also engaged in writing a series on some prominent American inventors, which may be completed, in time. While in the employ of the Ordnance Department, I prepared a treatise, intended, as I understood, for use as a handbook for learners on the mechanics and operation of machine guns. It was praised very warmly for its 'excellent diction.' It has not been printed yet. I also compiled syllabi, or syllabuses (whichever may be the correct term) on the literature relating to field artillery, machine guns, steel manufacture, manufacture of built-up guns, small arms, etc., etc. I mention these various activities in answer to your request for matters of 'interest.' I would add, for the benefit of educators among our classmates, also of parents and prospective grandparents, interested in the education of

the young and the development of mental efficiency, that second not even to the excellent training obtainable in Harvard University, I consider my introduction to practical science (especially mechanics) as the most valuable of my experiences. Practical science, which is the most eminent product of the 'scientific method' as it may be correctly termed, is really the source and origin of all that is most valuable in the civilization of the present day. It is, in reality, the apotheosis of fact and the nearly religious dependence on the authority and finality of experimental demonstration. Formerly, people concluded that something or other was, or must be, true and right, because they 'felt it just as plainly,' and they proceeded, on the basis of 'honest conviction' to fight and bleed and die, and to make other people bleed and die. But the world, through their efforts, was 'no forwarder,' as Herbert Spencer expresses it. Then, after ages of speculating on what 'ought to be' and as was supposed, 'therefore must be,' the idea emerged that only that which can be demonstrated as existent and inevitable *Fact* is the one supremely valuable consideration. Thus it is that we have all our 'modern improvements,' our telephones, automobiles, trolley cars, wireless telegraphs, and airplanes, and that we can annoy and translate our enemies, miles out of sight, with a minimum of personal risk. When the scientific method is employed in the study of human nature and human society, as well as to the determination of moral, economic and sociological 'problems,' we shall see the dawn of real civilization and the effectual 'scotching' of most errors and of all superstitions. In the meantime, as I can testify, the first step toward mental efficiency and correct thinking is to recognize the truth that 'opinions,' 'convictions' and *a priori* assumptions in general in ourselves or others, if not evidently and demonstrably founded on fact and experience, are merely contemptible, and to be tolerated only until tested, to demonstration or refutation, by reference to fact and experiment. Such a method is most stimulating to the mind. It is also the correct and normal way of using the mind. Keep the feet on the ground — *i.e.* on the common basis of hard and fast fact — even though they suffer 'dirtying'; then the head will not begin behaving like a balloon. Selah."

HOOPER, Louis Leverett

is Disbursing Agent for the Columbian Institution for the Deaf, residing at Washington, D. C.

He has a daughter, Lois Leverett Hooper, born Oct. 12, 1917.

*** HOWE, Gurdon Saltonstall**

(Died at Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 17, 1908.)

HULL, Morton Denison

is a lawyer, residing and practicing in Chicago, Ill.

He was elected to the Illinois State Senate in November, 1914 and re-elected in November, 1918. In the summer of 1916, he was a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, but, as he writes: "While I received a handsome popular vote, considering the short time in which I made my campaign, I got 'well trimmed' by the present Governor; there were three candidates in the field, and I ran second."

In 1916, he was president of the Harvard Club of Chicago. In answer to the Class Secretary's inquiry as to his present business or profession, Hull writes: "Some people might say, attending to every one's business but my own."

He was director in the War Camp Community Service, and on the War Committee of the Union League Club of Chicago.

His son, Denison Bingham Hull (Harv. '19), enlisted in the U. S. A., Jan. 5, 1918, in the infantry at Camp Upton; was commissioned as 2nd Lieut. in July, transferred to Camp Lee, then to Camp Funston; honorably discharged, Feb. 13, 1919.

HULLEY, Lincoln

is a clergyman and President of John B. Stetson University, and resides at De Land, Florida.

He is also a member of the Florida State Senate (since June, 1918) and president of the Florida Bankers Association (since April, 1917).

He was chairman of the Executive committee of the Florida Food Commission and of the State Council of Defense; a

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member of the Liberty Loan and War Savings Stamps Committees, and a speaker in all war loan and war charity drives.

His son, Benjamin Mayham Hulley, is now in the Graduate School at Harvard, has a Rhodes scholarship, and will go to Oxford in Sept., 1919.

His daughters, Harriet Spratt Hulley and Louise Crisfield Hulley, graduated with degrees of A.B. and A.M. from John B. Stetson University and had two years' graduate study at Radcliffe College; Harriet Spratt Hulley was married to Dr. Dunham Jackson (Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Harvard).

HUNNEMAN, Carleton

is a lawyer practicing in Boston, Mass., and residing in Brookline, Mass. His son, Carleton Hunneman, Jr., is a member of Harvard '21; attended Plattsburg Camp, and Camp Hancock, Mass., in 1918.

HUNTER, George Leland

is a writer, lecturer and expert adviser on tapestries and interior decorations, doing business and residing in New York City.

His stepson, Kennedy Boardman, was with the Y. M. C. A. in France, and later 2nd Lieut. in artillery.

His stepdaughter, Esther Boardman, was married at Camp Upton, April 5, 1918, to Capt. Meredith Langstaff.

He has published *Italian Furniture and Interiors* (Helburn, N. Y., 1918); *Decorative Textiles* (Lippincott, Phil. 1918) and many magazine articles on decorative subjects.

HUNTRESS, Franklin Elias

is in the street railway equipment business in Boston, residing in Cambridge, Mass.

HUTCHINSON, Walter Perkins

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a physician, residing in Abington, Mass.

ISHAM, Ralph

has retired, after twenty-five years of active business life. He resides in Santa Barbara, California.

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He was in the Montecito Constabulary, Home Guard.

His son, Albert Keep Isham (Harv. '15), was Captain in the 27th Field Artillery, 42nd (Rainbow) Div. U. S. A., in France from Aug. 1917 to Sept., 1918.

* JACOBS, Frederick Boyden

(Died at Norwell, Mass., Sept. 2, 1896.)

JELLINEK, Edward Lincoln

is a lawyer practicing and residing in Buffalo, N. Y.

He writes: "I am a director and officer in various corporations (although some of my business activities will cease through the prohibition legislation putting breweries out of business). The last five years of my life have been a good deal like my previous professional career, perhaps working a little harder, if anything, playing auction bridge occasionally, although my friends say that I usually play with my mouth and not with my head, and that I abuse my partners for the mistakes I make; and I have been lead astray a bit by the seductive game of golf, so that I am somewhat of a devotee of the green fields."

JENNINGS, Walter Louis

is Professor of Chemistry at Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.

Was in charge of Field Section of Offensive Chemical Research Division, Chemical Warfare Service, at the Polytechnic Institute, and writes that "since the Summer of 1917, was busy at work on poison gases, and protective coatings against 'mustard gas'; presented a paper before American Chemical Society, Organic Section at Buffalo, April 9, 1919 on 'New Method for Preparation of Cyanogen Chloride.' (by permission of War Dept.)"

JEWETT, Leonard March

resides in St. John, N. B.

JOHNSON, Herbert Parlin

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was an orchardist and farmer at Cedaredge, Colo.

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JOHNSON, Theodore Darwin Barton

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a physician at Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOLINE, Olin Colt

is a teacher of Greek at The Taft School, Watertown, Conn.

He served in the Home Guard of Connecticut, and worked a farm of fifty acres. He writes: "The Great War has prevented me from adding any more foreign scalps to my travel belt, but it has given me an opportunity to see something of my own country, and since the last report I have seen the Panama Canal Zone, the Yosemite, and the Yellowstone National Park. My address is the same as for 26 years! Still teaching Greek — strange as it may appear!"

KELLOGG, Henry Theodore

is a Justice of the Supreme Court, and Associate Justice of the Appellate Division, 3d Dept. of the State of New York, residing at Plattsburg, N. Y.

He was chairman of Liberty Loan Committee for the Plattsburg District on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Liberty Loans.

KEYES, George Thomas

(Not heard from). Resides at East Pepperell, Mass.

KILVERT, Maxwell Alexander

is a planter and rancher. Since 1915, he has been President of the South Florida and Gulf Railroad Co., and of the Southern Colonization Co.; he is also President of the Peninsular Ranch Co. His office and present residence are at Jacksonville, Fla.

He writes: — "It is a coincidence that interests me that five years ago I was prevented from attending the 25th Anniversary because I was detained to complete a joint examination, with Belgian engineers, of a district in Central Florida, with a view to its development. At that time, I had no notion of becoming a resident — my intention was to reside in Belgium or Holland, in connection with my business. I was booked to sail on the fourth of August, 1914. I received a cable the twenty-fourth of July, foreshadowing the war and suggesting

my staying to look after matters on this side. I have been here ever since, and have made several discoveries. One is that there is nearly as great opportunity for development of almost untouched country in some parts of the Southeastern U. S. as in the middle of South America or Africa, and it doesn't take so long to get in or out. A second is that politics, when conducted without any regard to the rules of war, is almost as interesting as a revolution; so that there is no need to be bored for lack of domestic excitement. Another is that one may become 'fed up' on brown and red and yellow humans without realizing it, till a return to one's own brings out a certain sort of latent homesickness, as going into a northern winter from the tropics sometimes brings out unsuspected fever.

"At all events, I am mighty glad to be at home for the 30th, and hope no vagrant cable from the ends of the earth will come along meantime to snatch me off before the celebration."

* **KIMBALL, Moses Day**

(Died at Washington, D. C., March 31, 1893.)

* **KING, Henry Parsons**

(Died at Boston, Mass., Oct. 31, 1913.)

KING, James Gore

is a member of the firm of Miller, King, Lane and Trafford, practicing law and residing in New York City.

He is counsel for the Union (now Central Union) Trust Company of New York; secretary and governor of the society of the Lying-In Hospital of New York; chairman of the Advisory Committee for the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children; member of the Legal Advisory Board of the National Surety Company; member of the Committee on Admissions and Board of Managers of the Harvard Club of New York City; officer and director in several real estate corporations.

His son, James Gore King, Jr. (Harv. '20), attended Plattsburg, O. T. C., June-Aug., 1918; at Small Arms Firing School, Camp Perry, O., Aug. 23-Oct. 7, 1918; commissioned 2nd

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Lieut., Inf. U. S. A., Sept. 3, 1918; instructor of Musketry and Quartermaster at Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., Oct. 18-Dec., 31, 1918, when he was honorably discharged.

KIRBY, Edward Napoleon

is a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church at Jamesport, Long Island, N. Y.

His son, Paul Lantz Kirby (Amherst '09, Yale Div. School, '11) was married to Inez H. Barclay, at Yonkers, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1911, and has two sons, Paul Franklin Kirby, born Aug. 10, 1913, and David Thompson Kirby, born March 31, 1917.

His son, Edward Thomas Kirby, enlisted as a private in the 57th Art., C. A. C., Dec. 15, 1917; appointed corporal April 22, 1918; went to France in May; was in an artillery school near Bordeaux in June; fought on the St. Mihiel front and in the Argonne from Sept. 12 to the date of the armistice; promoted to Sergeant, and honorably discharged Jan. 28, 1919.

KNAPP, Arnold Herman

is practicing medicine and residing in New York City. He served on a Medical Advisory Board in selective service work.

He has published *Medical Ophthalmology* (Blakiston, Phil. 1918) and numerous medical articles.

LANE, Frank Edwin

is Principal of Boys' School and Bursar of Milton Academy, residing in Milton, Mass.

He is a trustee of the Milton Public Library.

He served in 1915 for five months with the International Red Cross at Geneva, Switzerland, in the department of prisoners of war. The summer of 1918 he spent at the Newport Naval Training Station, teaching under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

LAPHAM, Harry Gooding

(Not heard from). His address in 1914 was care Mrs. Caroline G. Lapham, 5919 Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LATHROP, Henry Burrowes

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was Associate Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

The Class Secretary is informed that his present address is 8 St. George's Sq., London, England.

LATIMER, George Dimmick

is a Unitarian clergyman and resides in Brookline, Mass.

He served in assisting Italians in their questionnaires and aided the Advisory Board at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

LATTA, William Jack

is in the farming business, and resides in Goshen, Ind.

LEAVITT, Robert Greenleaf

is Head of the Department of Biology and Hygiene of the New Jersey State Normal and Model Schools, and is in charge of experiment station in Hygiene for the Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior. He resides at Trenton, N. J. He is a trustee of Parsonsfield Seminary, Maine.

His son, Robert Keith Leavitt (Harv. '17), was commissioned as 2nd Lieut., 302nd Inf., 76th Div.; served in France; is now 1st Lieut., in command of Prisoners of War Escort Co. 223, having charge of 425 German prisoners. His son, Russell Leavitt (Harv. '17), was debarred from Army service by defective eyesight; volunteered in the Navy; was transferred to S. S. V. 626 of American Ambulance, in which he served 11 months at the front from Verdun to Flanders; served then 3 months in Chemical Warfare Service.

He has published various *Bulletins of Department of Public Instruction, N. J.*; also for National Association of Audubon Societies, a *Bulletin on Bird Study*.

Leavitt writes: "My department has just been constituted, by the United States Commissioner of Education, an Experiment Station in Hygiene, under the Bureau of Education, to work upon the improvement of the health of teachers, and upon methods of training children in health habits. The opportunities for good work and limitless influence, in a practi-

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cally new field of science and human welfare, are all one could wish. The facilities at hand here are also unsurpassed. All of which circumstances make life extremely interesting."

LEE, George Winthrop

is Librarian for Stone & Webster (engineers, financiers, public utility managers and developers). He is also secretary for the engineering census of Boston and vicinity, carried on by the Engineers Club.

Has published several articles for the Stone & Webster Journal, articles in newspapers and weeklies on *Esperanto*, also *The Stone & Webster Library System* (Amer. Elec. Ry. Ass. 1917).

He was interested in the movement termed "Sponsors for Knowledge," whereby a registration of specialists in all topics was attempted in the headquarters of the American Library Association in Chicago in 1916-1917; and he wrote to the Class Secretary then: "Am hammering away at the idea that every local public library should know who's who in the community and what is his specialty, so as to have men as well as books as sources of information."

He writes now: "Am ever interested in the international language Esperanto which I first heard of in 1906; and, generally speaking, I am directing effort towards 'international life,' if that phrase means anything. Naturally, the Community Center interests me, and I am on a committee of the Harvard Liberal Club which is advocating a student course for community secretaryship. I seem to be the only '89 man active in that Club. Perhaps most of the Class never heard of it."

LEFAVOUR, William Asa

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was with H. & L. Chase, importers of burlap and manufacturers of bags, at Boston, Mass., and resided in Winchester, Mass.

*** LEMON, Frank James**

(Died at Asheville, N. C., Nov. 27, 1890.)

* **LEVI, William Abraham**

(Died at Boston, Mass., July 6, 1887.)

LITCHFIELD, Frederick Ellsworth

is a lawyer practicing in Boston and residing in Brookline, Mass.

His son, John R. Litchfield (Harv. '20) enlisted in the U. S. Navy in May, 1917, after study at Annapolis, was commissioned as Ensign, served on battleship North Dakota for three months; took course at Newport Torpedo School; since May, 1918, has been operating on a destroyer from a base port in France; is now a Lieut., Senior Grade, and is about to serve on one of the German liners which are to be turned over to the Allies.

LORD, Frederic Breed

(Not heard from). In 1916, he was appointed Manager of the Compensation Department of the Industrial Accident Commission of California, at San Francisco, and resided in Berkeley, Calif.

LUCK, Charles Washington

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a civil and mining engineer. His present address is McCall, Idaho.

LYDIG, Philip Mesier

is a banker and broker, residing in New York City, N. Y. He is at present a Lieut. Colonel of Infantry and Financial Liaison Officer, stationed at Paris, France. He was commissioned as Major, in U. S. Reserve Quartermaster Corps in July, 1917; assigned to active duty, Sept. 5; sent to France in November and assigned to duty as Liaison Officer with the French Ministry of Munition, Dec. 24; later Liaison Officer with the French Ministry of War, Direction du Contrôle, Service Franco-Américain, and with British Financial Adviser, British E. F.; appointed member of Board of Contracts and Adjustments and Financial Liaison Officer, A. E. F.; appointed Liaison Officer with the Financial Section of the Belgian and Italian Armies in France; promoted to

Lieut. Colonel of Infantry, April 9, 1919. He has received a decoration of the Legion of Honor from the French Government for services rendered.

At the urgent and special request of the Class Secretary, Lydig has written the following additional details:

"I give a brief sketch of my present military record (I omit the Spanish Amer. one, as it makes me feel a bit old) and hope it will be sufficient to let the Class know I have been trying to do my bit. I esteem it great good luck in having been able to be on this side and see some things of this tremendous affair. I came to a Paris with pitch dark streets, a Paris raided by night and bombarded by day, a Paris finally deserted by everyone who did not have to remain. I wish I could describe the strange conditions under which we all then lived, ground floor apartments renting at double their former prices, with the best apartments without any one wanting them; the noise of the night alarm, the counter barrage and then the d—— Gothas and their hellish bombs. I can tell you it was no joke, when you saw the frightened children and sick and old people hastening into the Abris. Then days of the Big Bertha. One shell fell about 50 yds. from where I am writing this one morning and in five minutes, there were no more typewriters for the day. We went to the theatre, an alarm, the curtain down, the ladies hurried to the Abris, if you went out into the dark street, no taxis as they didn't dare take a passenger for they would be smashed (if they showed a light) by some indignant citizen. Then our boys began to come over in large numbers; and Marshal Foch, that great military genius, was able in consequence to use his last reserves with our two then available divisions to stop the Boche before they got to Paris. It was all too splendid to think that we did not get here too late. A great French General told me (General Gouraud) that the valor of the American soldier was of the very highest kind and that no troops were better at the difficult job of *coups de main*. I saw a day's fighting on one advance from Chateau Thierry to the Aisne and got a bit of an idea what hell this kind of modern warfare is. Read the translation of the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* by a Spanish author and you will get the best description I know of what

a fearful thing this war has been and what an inferno those at the front had to live through. Our boys fought like heroes and our line officers were able and courageous, but we must stop there as our Staff work was no better than the British was when they started in. I want only to say nice things so I shan't go into particulars of what shouldn't have been done. There will be too much of that for years to come. It is to be hoped, however, that we will profit by our mistakes and make needed changes in our system before we go into another war. I hate to think what might have happened, had we tried to go it alone under our present system.

"General Gouraud said to me, 'It takes us six years of the hardest kind of work to turn out a staff officer.' How could we expect to make them in three months! France owes much to us and they are ready to admit it, and we owe much to them and should admit it also. For up to the time of the armistice, all the shells used by the A. E. F. were made in France, all the cannons, 80% of the aeroplanes, all the tanks, and nearly all the grenades. We had food, clothing, rifles and rifle ammunition and above all stout and gallant hearts. So we owe much to France, besides the debt the civilized world owes her and the British for stopping the Huns before we came in.

"I took a short tour through Alsace and over the Rhine for a *bit in Baden*. There is no doubt but that the Alsatians are overjoyed at becoming French again. I couldn't see anything in the cow-like faces of the Badenese which meant anything. As you all know, the Boche are even more contemptible in defeat than they were when successful in arms. They cater and cringe and seem to have no pride and no patriotism.

"Good luck to you Charles and my best to the Class. I intend to ask to be demobilized this Autumn."

Class Secretary's Note: Lydig went to Russia in 1915, and was one of the organizers of the American Ambulance for Russia. In 1916 and 1917, he was Assistant to the American Ambassador to Russia for inspection and care of German and Austro-Hungarian prisoners, and saw some of the fighting on the Russian front. For his work in France, he received official commendation in a citation from the French Ministry of War, Sept. 21, 1918, as follows:—

"The important work which consists in the auditing of the accounts

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of deliveries made to the American Army could not have been organized without misunderstanding except for the constant and devoted efforts of this Officer. His activity powerfully contributed to the regularity of the payments which are being made with all possible rapidity. Since the beginning of 1918, more than 12 thousand bills have been examined amounting to about one milliard of francs. Of these bills more than nine thousand have been paid up to date, amounting to a sum of over 700 millions. I am convinced that we will obtain the same excellent results in the execution of the payments to be made by the French Government to the American Government. I am also happy to assert the very great part which Major Philip M. Lydig has had in the accomplishment of a service which is an essential element of Franco-American cooperation for which all our efforts are stretched in order to obtain success for the common cause."

MACKAY, Archibald Kennedy Kearney

(Not heard from). His residence is at Lenox, Mass.

*** MACKAY, Walter Wise**

(Died at Englewood, N. J., June 15, 1896.)

MACPHERSON, George Sturtevant

is a physician (specializing in tuberculosis) practicing and residing at Asheville, N. C.

He volunteered for Medical Reserve Corps, Tuberculosis Department, in February, 1918; was commissioned as Captain, March 9; ordered to duty at the Officers' Training Camp and Army School for Tuberculosis, Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., March 30; subsequently served in the Tuberculosis Section, Medical Corps, at Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va., Tuberculosis School and U. S. A. General Hospital No. 16, New Haven, Conn., and U. S. A. General Hospital No. 19, Otsen, N. C.; was honorably discharged Dec. 6, 1918, commissioned as Captain, Medical Section, Officers Reserve Corps, February 19, 1919.

MAGEE, Walter Warren

is a lawyer practicing and residing in Syracuse, N. Y.

He is a Member of Congress from the 35th Cong. District, New York.

MAIRS, George Hope

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was connected with the Calumet & Arizona Mining Co. at Ajo, Ariz. The Class Secretary is informed that Mairs has been doing splendid work with the American Red Cross in France during the War.

MALONE, James Thomas

is Judge of the Court of General Sessions, and resides in New York City, N. Y.

MANDELL, George Snell

is owner and editor of the *Boston Transcript*, and resides in Boston, Mass.

His son, Samuel Pierce Mandell, 2nd (Harv. '19), was a 1st Lieut. in the 20th Aero Squadron and was killed in action over the enemy line, Nov. 5, 1918; he enlisted in March, 1917; trained at Newport News, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Mineola, and was commissioned in September, 1917; he went overseas in December, 1917 and took advanced training at Issaidun, Tours, Clermont-Ferrand Chateaudun and Aubrey, France; and went over the front for the first time at the battle of St. Mihiel, Sept. 14-16. During September and October, he participated in numerous raids as pilot of the First Bombardment Group attached to the First Army, A. E. F.; he is buried at Martincourt, France.

His daughter, Emma Howe Mandell, was married to Neil W. Rice, June 9, 1917, and has a son, Charles G. Rice 2nd, born August, 1918.

MANLEY, Samuel Cony

(Not heard from). Resides in Augusta, Maine.

MARBLE, Milton Mozart

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a teacher of physics at the Hillhouse High School, New Haven, Conn.

*** MARKOE, James Brown**

(Died at Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 29, 1902).

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MARQUAND, Philip

is a designing engineer for the Edge Moor Iron Company, at Edge Moor, Del.; residing at Wilmington, Del.

His son, John Phillips Marquand (Harv. '15), enlisted at Plattsburg, O. T. C., May 12, 1917; was commissioned 1st Lieut., Field Art., Aug. 15, 1917; served in France with the 4th Divisional Art. from April 30, to Oct. 28, 1918, being sent ahead of the Division for special instruction in orientation; on the Vesle front in August, he was Intelligence Officer of the 4th Art. Brigade; in the St. Mihiel offensive, he was Information Officer of the 77th Field Art.; and in the Argonne offensive, beginning Sept. 26, he was Liaison Officer of the 77th Field Art.; on October 2, he was transferred to a new division in the United States to act as instructor; was honorably discharged, Dec. 7, 1918.

MARSH, Walter Randall

is Headmaster at St. Paul's School, and resides at Garden City, Long Island.

He was President of the Headmasters' Association in 1918; has been elected a member of the Chapter of the Cathedral Corporation of the Incarnation; was a deputy of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1916; and delivered an address before the Church Congress at New Haven in Nov., 1914 on "The Religious Problems in School and College."

He has written another text book on *Elementary Algebra*, also various pamphlets.

His daughter, Dorothea Parker Marsh, is a member of Smith '19.

MARTIN, Clinton Somerville

is an exporter and importer of foodstuffs, doing business and residing in New York City.

He was Supply Sergeant Co. I, 7th Inf., New York State Guard.

His daughter, Ruth Somerville Martin, was married to Ensign Karl E. Anthony, U. S. N., Nov. 4, 1918.

MARVIN, James Meehan

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a manager of real estate. He resides in Cambridge, Mass.

MAYNADIER, Gustavus Howard

is an Instructor in English at Harvard College, and resides in Cambridge, Mass.

He conducted French classes for artillery men at forts in Boston Harbor, July and August, 1918.

He has published: *A Brick at a New Literary Idol* (Samuel Butler) in Sewanee Review, Jan. 1919; *Made to Order Short Stories from a College Course* (edited, 1915).

McCLELLAN, Edward Wheldon

(Not heard from). His address is unknown to the Class Secretary.

McGEHEE, Charles Christopher

is manager of the Southern Department of the Home Life Insurance Company, doing business and residing in Atlanta, Ga.

He is a trustee of St. Mark's Church, director of the Atlantic Steel Co.; member of the Advisory Board of the Atlantic Children's Home.

He writes: "My life is simply that of the average home-loving householder, who takes no active part in the political life of the community, other than in a private way."

McKEAN, Henry Pratt

is a farmer residing in Penllyn, Pa.

His son, Henry Pratt McKean, Jr. (Harv. '13), was married in June, 1913, to Miss Elizabeth Perkins Lee, and has three daughters, Lee McKean, born in 1914; Marian McKean, born in 1916; Elizabeth McKean, born in 1918; he attended Plattsburg and received commission as 1st Lieut.; served in Intelligence Dept., and later as Captain in command of Aero Squadron at Fort Wayne, Mich.

His son, Quincy Adams Shaw McKean (Harv. '13) attended Plattsburg and was commissioned as 2nd Lieut., promoted to

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1st Lieut., in Field Art., and to Captain, Headquarters Troop, 76th Div. at Camp Devens, Mass., and served in France.

He writes: "I was granted a divorce in April, 1914, and on Dec. 2, 1914, was married to Miss Margaret Moore Riker in New York City. We make our home on our farm about 25 miles from Philadelphia. Deeply interested in breeding Registered Shorthorn Cattle and Berkshire hogs and have made a considerable success in these lines. Am connected with a number of Railway Boards and am a trustee of two estates. Spend a certain time each year in travelling. Unable to take any active part in war work on account of trouble with my eyes."

MEEKER, Henry Eugene

is a wholesale coal merchant doing business and residing in New York City, N. Y.

He is a director in the American Defense Society; and is vice president of St. Nicholas Hospital.

His son, William Henry Meeker (Harv. '17) was killed, Sept. 11, 1917, while in training at the School of Military Aviation at Pau, France. His son, John Royce Meeker, is a member of Harv. '21.

Class Secretary's Note: An article by Lieutenant Chevalier U. S. N. giving a high estimate of the fine character of Meeker's son appeared, in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, Nov. 1, 1917. Meeker has given to *Harvard Crimson* (of which his son was managing editor and President) a library of about one thousand volumes; and has also given to the Harvard University a fund for the establishment of the "William Henry Meeker '17 scholarship" to be awarded "for excellence in some of the English courses."

*** MERRILL, Harry Rust**

(Died at Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 1, 1888.)

MERRILL, John Douglas

is political editor for the *Boston Globe*; also editor of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, residing in Cambridge, Mass.

He is one of the six nominees for Director at Large of the Harvard Alumni Association, of whom three are to be elected on Commencement Day, 1919.

MERRILL, Joseph Warren

is a trustee, doing business in Boston, Mass., and residing in Manchester, Mass. He attended the Plattsburg Camp in 1916, being, as he then wrote: "nearly the oldest man in the ranks but coming through the entire service without being sick or sorry, qualifying as a marksman, and enjoying every moment." He took the examination for the Quartermaster's Reserve Corps. He has served in the 1st Motor Corps, Massachusetts State Guard, since Mar., 1917.

His son, John Lee Merrill (Harv. '19), was an Ensign, U. S. N. R. F., at the Boston Navy Yard and Marblehead Training Station, until July, 1917; attended U. S. Naval Academy for intensive training; was commissioned Ensign (T) U. S. N., Sept. 15, 1907; served overseas on U. S. S. Destroyer Conyngham until Sept., 1918; promoted to Lieut., junior grade, June 1, 1918, and Lieut. (T) U. S. N. July 1, 1919; honorably discharged Feb. 13, 1919.

Merrill's daughter, Rosamund, died, April 11, 1919.

METEYARD, Thomas Buford

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was an artist. He resides at Moses Hill Farms, Fernhurst, Essex, England.

He has served as corporal, 3rd Batt., County of London Regular Volunteers.

*** MILLHISER, Clarence**

died in a hospital in New York, N. Y., May 20, 1919. His wife and two daughters survive him. Millhiser was born in Richmond, Va., March 12, 1866. He attended the Virginia Military Institute, and entered Harvard as a special student; he was with the class of 1889 during Freshman year. Since 1892, he has been active in the management of many industries in Richmond, Va., being president of the Richmond Cedar Works, the Wilts Veneer Co.; the Gulf Red Cedar Co., the Bedford Pulp & Paper Co., and vice-president of the Roanoke Mills Co., and director of the Albemarle Paper Mfg. Co.; he was also president of the Rosemary Mfg. Co., of Roanoke Rapids, No. Car., and director in the West Disinfecting Co., of New York.

His son, Roger Millhiser, (Yale '19) died, Feb. 24, 1918.

MITCHELL, Edgar Ormsby

is a physician practicing and residing in Newburgh, N. Y.

MITCHELL, Julian

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a lawyer in Charleston, S. C.

MONRO, William Loftus

is Vice-President and General Manager of the American Window Glass Co., residing in Pittsburgh, Pa.; also Vice-President of the American Window Glass Machine Co.; and the Window Glass Machine Co.; also President of the Empire Machine Co. He is a director of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, and chairman of its committee on foreign relations and commerce; President of the Harvard Club of Western Pennsylvania; and Chairman of the War Service Committee of Window Glass Manufacturers of the United States.

His son, William Loftus Monroe, Jr. (Harv. '16), was commissioned 2nd Lieut., at Plattsburg, Aug. 14, 1917; he served in 12th Field Art. in France from April to August, 1918, being in the battles of Belleau Wood, Bouresche, Vaux, Soissons, etc.; he was gassed at Vierzy, July 20; promoted to 1st Lieut., Aug. 1 and appointed Ass. Operations Officer to the Chief of Artillery Staff; rejoined 12th Field Art., Nov. 1, and was in the Battle of the Argonne; was with the Army of Occupation in Germany; in the 2nd Brig., 2nd Div.; March 14, 1919, was detailed on staff of Col. Edward Watson, Military Aide to the President and is now on duty at the Paris "White House."

MOORE, Clifford Herschel

is Professor of Latin, Harvard University, residing at Cambridge, Mass. Since December 1, 1918, he has been Acting Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences.

He was District Director of the course on War Aims, in New England, Oct. 1 to Nov. 30, 1918.

He has published: *The Religious Thought of the Greeks from Homer to the Triumph of Christianity* (Harvard University Press, 1916); *Pagan Ideas of Immortality During the Early Roman Empire*, The Ingersoll Lecture, 1918, (Harvard Uni-

versity Press, 1918); and various magazine articles. He delivered an address at the annual meeting of the American Historical Association in Dec. 1917 on "Decay of Nationalism under the Roman Empire."

He writes: "I have kept out of politics and other evil associations so far as possible. I hold, or have held, various offices in so-called 'learned' societies, but the Muse of History will hardly care for these. I keep busy and happy with my University work, teaching, writing occasionally, and at times doing more administrative work than is good for what I should like to call my scholarship. As a by-product, I get an enormous amount of enjoyment and happiness out of life. One of the pleasantest things that the last few years have brought me has been the pleasure of knowing the sons of some of my classmates and old friends, who are now in college. Needless to say, I am convinced that the stock is still good, and that the sons are worthy of their sires."

At the urgent and special request of the Class Secretary for additional details as to his work, Moore writes: —

"Since you insist, here goes: I had no immediate connection with the war, beyond a little public speaking, until September, 1918, when the War Department suddenly took over the colleges of the country and turned them into training camps. This section brought me back to Cambridge from a vacation in the Adirondacks on the ninth of September, when I was made chairman of a committee to organize things here to meet the requirements of the War Department. This was busy and interesting work, and I am glad to say that we got the job done in time for the opening of the college. Then I went to New York to become Assistant District Director in District No. 2, which included the colleges and higher institutions of learning in New York and New Jersey. There I was to inspect the work done in languages in the various institutions; but before I got started I was sent back to New England as District Director of the Course on the Issues of the War, working under Ropes, who was Director of all of the educational work throughout the New England District. The Course on the Issues of the War was one which was required of all in the Students Army Training Corps. Its

purpose was to contribute to morale by making the embryonic soldier acquainted with the historical, political, and social development of the countries which were engaged in the conflict, thereby giving him an understanding of the nature of the conflict and the purposes for which he was to fight. My duties caused me to visit thirty-one institutions in the New England states, some of them more than once. The work was exceedingly interesting, and I learned much from it. The Committee on Education and Special Training of the War Department had indicated the general purposes which they wished to attain through this course, and had left the detailed planning of the course to each institution. Therefore, there was great variety of plan, and many different methods were employed in the several institutions. In almost all the institutions, the work was well done. Since the number of students was large, instructors from many Departments were called in. At places like Harvard and Yale, for example, nine or ten different Departments contributed teachers, many of them the strongest and most eminent members of the University staff. The armistice of 11 November naturally diminished the interest of students in this course, as in all others intended specially for the S. A. T. C., but the course continued until December. At the end of November, I was asked to return to the University as Acting Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences while Dean Haskins should be in Paris as historical adviser to the Peace Conference. That office I have continued to hold; and since the departure of Dean Briggs for Paris, where he is serving as Harvard Exchange Professor during the second half of this academic year, a considerable number of his duties have fallen upon my shoulders. Besides this work, I am doing my usual amount of teaching, so that I am having a fairly busy as well as interesting year. During my experience as Director of the Course on the Issues of the War, I was greatly impressed with the adaptability which college men and college teachers everywhere showed. In most of the institutions of higher learning, men were able to turn promptly and successfully to work which they had never contemplated doing. In the performance of this work, they showed extraordinary skill on the whole. This

adaptability has been shown by college men in Washington and in every other place where they have served during the war; and to my mind it is one of the greatest proofs which we could have that the general college education is of the highest value, and that the highly trained specialist is after all a flexible and skillful human being. The 'Theorist' rather came into his own."

MORGAN, John Pierpont

is a banker, head of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., and residing in New York City, N. Y. He was a member of the Federal Advisory Council in connection with the Federal Reserve System, until Jan., 1919. He is an Overseer of Harvard College and is serving on the following Committees: Harvard College, Graduate School of Business Administration, Botany, and Harvard Library. He received the degree of L.L.D. from Trinity College in 1918.

His son, Junius Spencer Morgan (Harv. '14) was an Ensign in the U. S. Navy, on Destroyer O'Brien off Queenstown in the winter of 1917-18, afterwards for three months in London; later three months in Washington, D. C., until January, 1919; he was promoted to Lieut., Senior Grade; was married to Miss Louise Converse, June 15, 1914, and has two children, Louise Converse Morgan, born Jan. 15, 1917, and J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., born June 1, 1918.

His daughter, Jane Norton Morgan, was married to George Nichols (Harv. '00) Nov. 14, 1917, and has a daughter, Jane Norton Nichols, born Sept. 8, 1918.

His daughter, Frances Tracy Morgan, was married to Paul Pennoyer, June 16, 1917, and has a daughter, Virginia Pennoyer, born March 17, 1918.

He writes: "Busiest five years I have ever known, trying to be of use to the Allies before we got into the war and to this country as well as to the Allies when we were in it. The chief change in my condition since last report is my promotion to position of grandfather."

Class Secretary's Note: Morgan's firm was the agent of the Allied Governments in making purchases in the United States before this country entered the war. In July, 1915, while the British Ambassador

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was a guest at his house, Morgan's life was attempted by a man alleged to be deranged, but who, it was believed by many, was acting in aid of the German cause.

* MORGAN, Lewis Henry

(Died at New York City, Oct. 31, 1901.)

MORSE, John Hamilton

is a real estate broker, having offices in Boston, Mass., and residing in North Andover, Mass.

He has been Captain in the Sanitary Corps, U. S. A., stationed in the Surgeon General's office in Washington, D. C., Jan. - Aug., 1918, when he was transferred to the Facilities Department, Purchase, Storage and Traffic Division, General Staff, where he is still on duty (April, 1919).

At the urgent and special request of the Class Secretary for additional details as to his war work, Morse writes:

"Fifteen months on duty in Washington seems a long time and had I not been during all that time under military discipline, I should not, I think, have recognized your request for a report, as a command. My routine business job, though a part of the army machine, has been of intense interest. It seems incredible that the happy days of our last quinquennial reunion, marker of the passing of the years since our graduation, also marked the events which presaged the gathering of the forces which have overturned the orderly living of the world. In the Spring of 1917, with our declaration of war, in common with all Americans who thought of themselves as able bodied, I found myself looking for a chance for some active part in the general cause. My chance came suddenly; and almost before I knew it, I was on my way, though as I have since found out, I didn't know where. My first six months of service were in the Surgeon General's Office, given over to very vigorous efforts, to obtain and to expedite the delivery of needed supplies at various hospitals throughout the country, and the occasional examination of a property offered for hospital uses. Nine months of service, in the Facilities Department, Purchase Storage and Traffic Division, General Staff, followed. The Division was a new one, an

outgrowth of the war needs. The Facilities Department was established late in June, 1918, with a country-wide responsibility for certain facilities. Early in August I was transferred to it and given a considerable measure of responsibility for hospital projects, the major part of the matter pertaining to real estate wanted in connection with hospital projects going through my desk for investigation and recommendation. We have had hospital projects in more than twenty States, involving matters from a minor auxiliary building of a hospital already established, to an entire hospital project. Readjustments and extensions to meet anticipated needs were constantly going on, making a continuous pressure of work. From September until the armistice, work was under the highest pressure. When the business side of the work was turned over to our Department, the estimated bed capacity needed was nearly 40,000 beds behind schedule, — in part due to the difficulty of getting suitable buildings and in part to the fact that there was no power to requisition for hospital uses. Further, there was at this period a ban on new construction, it being possible to get the necessary clearance only on showing no existing construction could be found and made available. The War Department machinery for procurement of properties for hospital uses was amended and made easier. In the weeks following Sept. 21, contracts and tentative agreements were entered into giving additional capacity of approximately 35,000 beds. The power of requisition was given soon after by special act but owing to changed conditions was rarely used. The armistice brought an almost immediate reversing of the machinery and the cancellation of the estimated excess over requirements was even more speedily made, much of this cancellation being accomplished at nominal costs. The hospitals are being cleared faster than was anticipated and the cancellation, are going rapidly on. It is still the plan to hold the plants at large centers of population and concentrate the wounded of the neighborhood there. It has been interesting to know how readily responsive individuals, local governments and organizations were to the needs of the service. There is another side, and I have found contracts apparently made in the first rush of preparation after the declaration of war,

without proper scrutiny by the government representatives, and loaded against the Government. One modest patriot set out as an adviser, and became a co-partner. He indulged himself in the belief that his organization had a minimum profit of a little over 100%, assured: very much more on the cash he actually put up, and a maximum reversion of 100 times the original cost. The land was taken by requisition proceedings and a proper value will have to be established. The work has been done under rush conditions and subject to change of mind without notice, both as to fact and form of procedure. The wonder is, not that the army does so much, but that it does *anything*, bound in as it is with regulations and military channels, all of which mean reference and delay. The Army is a difficult organization to get into, and, as I have now found, to get out of. Only seven doctors weigh and measure to check you out! However, I am now happily again with my feet on my own fender."

NAUMBURG, Walter Wehle

is a banker doing business and residing in New York City.
He is a trustee of Mt. Sinai Hospital.

NEWELL, James Montgomery

is a lawyer, practicing and residing in Boston, Mass.

He was a member of the Legal Advisory Board for Ward 8, Boston, under the Selective Service Act.

*** NICKERSON, Joseph**

(Died at Harristown, N. Y. Oct. 25, 1892.)

NIEDERMANN, Albert August William

(Not heard from). In 1914, he resided in Milwaukee, Wis.

NIELDS, John Percy

is a lawyer practicing and residing in Wilmington, Del.

He was commissioned Captain in the Ordnance Section, U. S. A., July 8, 1918; served as head of one branch of the

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Legal Section, in Washington, D. C., until honorably discharged in January, 1919.

His term as United States Attorney for Delaware expired in February, 1916; he had served continually in that position since Oct., 1902. (He was designated by the Court to fill a vacancy, and was regularly appointed and commissioned by President Roosevelt in 1903.)

Class Secretary's Note: Nield's modesty has prevented him from adding to his report the fact that on Nield's retirement, United States District Judge Bradford stated officially in court, in part as follows: "During all the time that you have held your office you have lost only one case, and that a comparatively unimportant one. Your success has been notable and I may say unprecedented in this district and probably elsewhere. You have always had high ideals in connection with the administration of justice, and have never prostituted your office. I have no recollection of any case prosecuted by you in this court in which, according to my judgment, you were not fully persuaded of the guilt of the defendant; and I have repeatedly known you to ask leave of court to enter a nolle prosequi where you did not feel sure that the government could produce a measure of proof which, in your judgment as an honorable man and a good citizen, would not justify the conviction of the defendant. I have always regarded you as possessing the sense of justice to a very marked degree; and I think that it is owing to your love of justice, so thoroughly imbued are you with the principle that right should prevail, that you have come to honor, respect and love your office as pertaining so intimately to the administration of justice. . . . In closing, I wish to say I have heard the statement made, though I cannot vouch for its accuracy, that you are the only man in the United States of America of your political persuasion who now holds the office of United States Attorney. The fact that you remain in office is the highest tribute to your character and efficiency."

* **NORMAN, George H.**

(Died at Brookline, Mass., Feb. 13, 1908.)

ODELL, William Rice

is in the real estate business, doing business and residing in Chicago, Ill.

His son, William Rice Odell, Jr. (Harv. '19), entered O. T. C. in May, 1918, and was commissioned 2nd Lieut., Field Artillery; was instructor at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., at the Field Artillery Officers' Training School; honorably discharged in December, 1918.

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OGDEN, William Butler

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was residing in Lemon City, Florida, and in Baltimore, Maryland.

OLMSTED, Frank Lincoln

resides at Pine Lodge, Lakewood, N. J.

He writes: "Except for turning some fifty acres into active farming operations, in response to the call for more food, three years ago, I have only to report progress and development along the lines laid down in the last report."

OPPENHEIM, Samson David

is practicing law and residing in New York City.

He was an associate member of Legal Advisory Board No. 113, New York City, under the Selective Service Act.

He had a daughter, Katherine Faith Oppenheim, born Oct. 28, 1918.

His son, Lawrence David Oppenheim, was a Sergeant, U. S. A., at Base Hospital No. 37; he volunteered and served throughout the war.

O'SULLIVAN, John Joseph

is a letter carrier, R. F. D., residing in Milford, Mass.

PACKARD, Henry Winsor

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a clerk with Daniel Low & Co., Inc., residing at Salem, Mass.

*** PAINTER, George Blair**

(Died at Miami, Fla., March 28, 1910.)

PALMER, Charles Harvey

(Not heard from). Is connected with the Northwestern Mutual Life Ins. Co., doing business and residing in Milwaukee, Wis.

Class Secretary's Note: Palmer, in 1916, was vice president of the Harvard Club of Milwaukee. He has been Captain, in the American Red Cross, serving in France, in charge of supplies for three hospitals. He had a son, John Hambleton Palmer, born Dec. 2, 1914.

* **PARKER, Franklin Eddy**

Franklin Eddy Parker died Sept. 4, 1916, at his former home in Bay City, Mich. He was shot from behind by footpads about ten o'clock at night on Sept. 3, and lived less than twenty-four hours. Parker was born in Bangor, Me., Jan. 28, 1867, son of Edward Everett and Laura Matilda (Eddy) Parker. He prepared for College at the Boston Latin School. In College, he was prominent in Class affairs and in athletics, being secretary of the Class in all four years, treasurer and captain of the Class crew in the last three years. On graduation, after studying a short time at the Harvard Law School, at the suggestion of the late Charles Francis Adams, he took up railroading and for five years was connected with various roads in Montana and Michigan. In 1894, he went into the wholesale lumber and lumber manufacturing business, in which he remained until his death. From 1894 to 1901, he was secretary and treasurer of his corporation, and from 1908 to 1915, he was president of Merston, Eddy, Parker Co., lumber manufacturers at Bay City and Saginaw, Mich. He was president of the Saginaw Valley Lumber Dealers' Association in 1902-03, and president of the National Wholesale Lumber Dealers' Association in 1912-13, and a trustee since 1901. Of him, the *American Lumberman* wrote in 1912, of the "great success he has attained in the lumber business . . . in his veins flows the blood of a family that for three generations has led in the development of the lumber industry." He was a director of the Bank of Saginaw and of the First National Bank of Bay City, a vestryman of Trinity Episcopal Church, Bay City, and a School Trustee. In July, 1915, he went to Ottawa, Can., to reside, becoming associated with W. C. Edwards & Co. Ltd., in the development of timber and manufacturing properties. Parker married Miss Mary Beecher Bishop at Salt Lake City, Utah, March 23, 1892. His wife and three children survive — Mary Bishop Parker (born Aug. 25, 1893; married June 30, 1915, to Herbert Stacy Smith); Franklin Eddy Parker, Jr., '18 (born Dec. 12, 1895); and Laura Lorrane Parker (born Sept. 29, 1900).

On the day of his death, Parker was in particularly good spirits, having just learned of the birth of his first grandchild, Franklin Henry Smith.

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Parker's enthusiasm and his service to the Class can never be forgotten, his hearty fellowship and real devotion will be sorely missed at Class meetings. He was a genial comrade; a high minded, successful, representative American business man; a true Harvard son; and a good citizen.

Parker's son, Franklin Eddy Parker, Jr. (Harv. '18), is now in Austria-Hungary (April, 1919) as private secretary to Prof. A. C. Coolidge, having been debarred from military service by reason of his eyesight; he is also Class Secretary of Harv. '18.

At the Class Meeting held in 12 Hollis on Commencement Day, June 21, 1917, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"RESOLVED, that at this, the first meeting of the Class of '89 since the death of our friend and classmate, Franklin Eddy Parker, we place on record a brief expression of our sense of personal bereavement in the loss of one so well and widely known throughout the Class, and of our appreciation of his unswerving loyalty to the Class and his warm-hearted friendliness towards its members, and of his manly qualities, his upright life, his ever cheery spirit.

"Coming to Harvard from the Boston Latin School, Frank Parker's personality immediately made itself felt. He was elected Secretary of the Class in Freshman Year and held that post, in combination with that of Treasurer, throughout the three remaining years of his college career. He rowed on the Class Crew and for three years was its Captain. In Sophomore Year he was substitute on the University Crew. In Senior Year, he was elected Chairman of the Class Committee, a position which he held to the day of his death. All of these activities brought him into close contact with members of the Class and he was probably personally known to all. A devoted and enthusiastic member of '89, a successful man of business, a loving husband and father and a good citizen, he has left a fragrant memory and a name of good repute. Sincerely so we mourn his death and sadly shall we miss him at our gatherings.

"FURTHER RESOLVED, that the Class Secretary is hereby instructed to place this memorial among the archives of '89

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and to transmit a copy to the widow of our classmate and to every member of the Class."

PARTRIDGE, Lasell Ellison

(Not heard from). In 1914, his address was Orland, Maine.

PAUL, Wesley

is in the advertising business in Boston, residing in East Saugus, Mass.

PEAR, William Hesseltine

is General Agent of the Boston Provident Association, and resides in Cambridge, Mass.

He was on the Executive Committee of the Metropolitan Chapter and of the Home Service, American Red Cross. He was sent by the American Red Cross as a member from Massachusetts on the Halifax Relief Association, at the time of the fearful explosion of munition vessels in the harbor of that city. He is also director of the Boston Legal Aid Society and of numerous other charitable organizations.

His son, William Wesley Pear (Harv. '21), was a 3rd Class Petty Officer, and Company Guide in the U. S. Naval Unit at Harvard.

PERKINS, Robert Forbes

is a broker doing business in Boston, Mass., and residing in Framingham.

He was a member of the Framingham Public Safety Committee; and served as Supply Sergt., Co. I, 13th Regt. Massachusetts State Guard.

His son, Francis Bowditch Perkins (Harv. '16) enlisted as a private in the 6th Nebraska Inf.; honorably discharged as 1st. Lieut., Jan. 9, 1919; was married at New York to Miss Helvetia Orr, March, 1916.

His daughter, Edith Forbes Perkins, has been nursing at Base Hospital, Camp Devens, etc., since 1915; and his daughter, Anna Bowditch Perkins, has been on the Red Cross Motor Service.

He writes: "The 'old man' don't seem to have done much!" but he also adds that he has had a son, Robert Forbes Perkins, Jr., born April 6, 1916.

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PERRY, Gardner

is a lawyer practicing in Boston, Mass., and residing in Dedham, Mass.

He was a member of the District Draft Board under the Selective Service Law. He devoted most of his time for a year as Representative for District No. 1 for the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, U. S. Shipping Board.

He is a director in the Columbian National Life Ins. Co., and is Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Democratic State Committee of Massachusetts.

His son, Gardner Perry, Jr., served for a short time with the American Ambulance Corps in France, and attended the Machine Gun Officers' Training Camp, Camp Hancock, Ga., in 1918. His son, George Bangs Perry, (Harv. '22), was a member of Harvard R. O. T. C. in summer of 1918, and Harvard S. A. T. C. in the autumn.

At the urgent and special request of the Class Secretary for additional details as to his work, Perry writes: "At the beginning of the war on account of our vital need of ships, it became evident that, time being of the greatest importance, every effort should be made to prevent any interference with the continuous building of ships, and to prevent any strikes during the period of production under the Emergency Fleet Corporation. To accomplish this object, an agreement was entered into by and between the American Federation of Labor on the one side and the United States Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board, Emergency Fleet Corporation, and the United States Navy on the other. In pursuance of the above plan, the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board established a rate of wage for each of the different trades that were employed in the building of ships. It also established hours and conditions of labor in the different plants under the jurisdiction of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. It was agreed by the parties to this contract that they would abide by the rules and regulations thus laid down. The country was divided into shipping districts and to each of these districts was assigned an officer to represent the Emergency Fleet Corporation, the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board and the

United States Shipping Board, and who should be arbitrator of all questions concerning wages or conditions of labor which might arise between the shipbuilders and their employees. The machinery provided for settling these questions was as follows: Each craft employed in a shipbuilding plant was entitled to a committee of three of its members, who were to be elected by secret ballot. There were approximately twenty-five different crafts represented in shipbuilding. The chairman of each of these different committees was in turn a member of a large committee which was known as the joint Shop Committee. This committee was in charge of any differences which arose between the management and the employees which concerned the body of employees as a whole. The Craft Committees were in charge of any questions which arose between the management and the employees of the craft which it represented. It follows then that when a question arose concerning a particular craft only, the Craft Committee first took the matter up with the foreman of that craft representing the shipbuilders, and if a satisfactory decision could not be reached the question then went first to the manager of the plant and then in case of disagreement to the representative of the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board, Emergency Fleet Corporation and Navy and Shipping Board, who was known as the District Examiner, who made a decision on the matter in controversy. His decision could be appealed to the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board by either of the interested parties. I was appointed Examiner for the First District, which comprised the shipbuilding plants from New London, Conn., to Eastport, Me. I had under my jurisdiction also a number of sub-divisions among the most important of which were: (1) The Division of Sanitation whose duty it was to oversee the sanitary arrangements in the different shipyards. (2) The Safety Engineering Department, whose duty it was to see that proper safety appliances were installed in the different shipyards. (3) An Employment Division, whose duty it was to pass upon the question of exemption of employees from military duty. All questions arising under these Divisions were also sent to me for final decision. In my District there were six large steel shipyards, — one at

Groton, Conn.; two at Quincy, Mass.; one at Portsmouth, N. H.; and two in Bath, Me. Also about twenty five wooden shipyards scattered through the Coast states from Connecticut to Maine. These yards employed about 50,000 workers. The work was strenuous but most interesting, and kept me on the jump most of the time, as there were questions constantly arising in all parts of my District. The greater number of questions arose concerning the classification of employees. These were very numerous, as it was only human nature for a man to want to be rated as a first-class mechanic rather than a second-class mechanic, and at times the distinction was pretty fine. Such questions as transportation from and to work, housing, sanitary matters, lunch rooms, water supply, hours of opening and closing the plant, discharge of employees, and many others constantly came before the Examiner for decision. These are too numerous to go into specifically, but I suppose you would really rather like to know my opinion as to how the general scheme worked out, and I will therefore confine myself to that. It is to be noted that the agreement in regard to the personnel of these trades did not confine them to members of trades unions, but distinctly stated that all employees were entitled to vote and were eligible to membership in the committees, whether union men or non-union men. As a matter of fact the committees were to a great extent controlled by different unions, which practically dominated the personnel of the committees, although there were isolated cases in which a non-union man was elected. In the majority of questions which came before me I found that the men were inclined to be fair and were loyal to the Government. At times they even went so far as to allow certain rules of their union to be disregarded during the war period, but in a few cases where the matter at issue seemed important, the committees consulted their union officials before taking a definite stand. It was this fact which complicated the smooth carrying out of the plan, as the Business Agents of the union in such cases practically took the authority away from the committee representing that trade, and insisted on making a decision for the Craft Committees. This proved to be the great fault in the agreement, but on the whole I think the matter worked

out very satisfactorily and I was able during my incumbency to prevent any serious trouble in my District. Of course, one found agitators in the different committees, but on the whole the men were sensible and reasonable. My experience has convinced me that in the future large corporations will have to adopt some such machinery for collective bargaining with their employees, and I am further convinced that the unions will have to be recognized. Whether they should entirely dominate the committees or not is a serious question, and one on which I am not prepared at present to give an opinion, although I must say that my experience does not arouse any fear of danger in recognizing the unions and dealing with them through some plan based on the committee system."

*** PERVERE, Asa Everett**

(Died at Brookline, Mass., Jan. 8, 1905.)

His son, Everett Whitfield Pervere, is an Ensign, U. S. N. R. F. attached to the Flying Corps overseas; he was married to Nathaline Cumner, June 12, 1917.

*** DE PEYSTER, Clermont Livingston**

(Died at Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 1, 1889.)

PFEIFFER, Emil Charles

is Assistant Auditor for Research and Statistics Department of the General Development Company, doing business and residing in Los Angeles, Calif.

He assisted in Americanization extension classes for the Y. M. C. A. National Council, at Seattle, Wash., and at Astoria and Salem, Ore.; and was during the autumn of 1918 acting librarian and relief registrar at the Mather Field Aviation Camp, Sacramento, Calif.

His daughter, Alice Phillips Pfeiffer, graduated in 1917, from the Classical Dept. of Huntington Hall, South Pasadena, Calif., and took a post graduate course in 1918, in special agriculture.

He writes: "During the last three years, have been interested in new designs for stabilizing accessories of aeroplanes; and until 1920, in collaboration with an officer of the U. S.

Army engineer corps, shall be perfecting the *Translator* — which is a mechanism to assist the landings of an aeroplane so as to change the now-a-days damage and danger into positive safety and security for the intrepid pilots as well as for all parts of their intricate 'ships.' And I know all the 'fellows' of staunch-and-true old '89 will wish me luck and say: 'Bill' Pfeiffer — here's to you!' Anyhow — my best regards herewith to all that are left of the 'Old Guard' — and to everyone else."

PHELPS, George Turner

is engaged in teaching of Aesthetics and Creative Criticism for artists, professional and amateur. He has a studio in Boston and resides in Bristol, N. H.

He has published a war song *A Sammy Hike — Marching Song for the Boys of Bristol* (1917).

He writes: "In '15 and '16, I was working like a fiend on other fellows' brains. At our declaration of war, I was in New York City, by sheer grit (because it was promised and begun) just able to drag my feet across Washington Square to complete my last work: — designing on my special scheme, and supervising execution.

"Otherwise for three years, I have been making as little trouble as possible, painlessly crippled from concealed abscesses, part of the time able to hobble; part, to crutch a little; in February '18, barely more than breathing; six months moving a little in a wheel chair; in November '18 crutching 50 feet a day. Then without warning, day before the armistice the poison let go; apparently in an instant, two-year-useless motor centres resumed work. The shock upset others, and four hours later I watched my entire left half instantly vanish from consciousness into paralysis.

"I do not recommend that as a voluntary cure, but it was my topsy turvy method. For more than a year, I expected never again to stand unsupported. For a week now, I rise gracefully (?) from my chair and stand on my feet long enough to shake hands. I expect to be about a good deal on crutches this summer, — (skip this, John Samuel and ye other 'Regulars') — a miracle of Osteopathy, but I fear the Reunion

and this of all Commencements come too soon for my gradually returning strength.

"Yet so many miracles have happened to me, I will not say 'No' until the day after.

"Can you really imagine being shut out from any share whatever in the war?"

PHELPS, John Samuel

is Medical Director of the Columbian National Life Insurance Company, residing in Boston, Mass., and is also a director of the corporation.

He served in the Volunteer Medical Service Corps.

PILLSBURY, William Forrest

is a member of the firm of Lovell & Co., brokers, New York and Boston stock exchanges, in Boston, Mass., and resides in Newton Center, Mass.

POTTER, Alfred Claghorn

is Assistant Librarian of Harvard College, residing in Cambridge, Mass.

He has published: *The Library of Harvard University: Historical and Descriptive Notes* (3rd Ed. Camb. 1915); *John Harvard's Library* (reprinted from the Pub. of the Colonial Soc., Boston, 1919).

His son, William Delano Potter, after serving nearly a year in the Australian Expeditionary Force, chiefly in a training camp in England, was released for service in the U. S. Navy as Ensign on a U. S. transport. His daughter, Elizabeth Claghorn Potter, has been in Paris two years, for most of the time as Secretary in the Intelligence Office, U. S. A., and later in American Red Cross work.

PRESCOTT, Oliver

is a lawyer and trustee, practicing at New Bedford; and has charge of the management of the New Bedford Gas & Electric Light Company and other corporations. He resides at North Dartmouth, Mass.

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He is president of the Wausutta Cotton Mills (the oldest cotton mill in New Bedford) and has been president of the New Bedford Board of Commerce since 1917.

He served on the New Bedford Public Safety Committee and was a member of the Massachusetts Committee of Public Safety; was local representative of the volunteer organization, created by United States Attorneys to report disloyalty, etc.; (taken over by the American Protective League); later, was local representative of the War Industries Board; member of Legal Advisory Board, New Bedford, under the Selective Service Act; President of the New Bedford War Fund Ass. His son Oliver Prescott (Harv. '20) did Y. M. C. A. work at Fort Adams, Newport, R. I.; his son Bryant Prescott (Harv. '21) did American Red Cross Ambulance work at the Italian front, May to September, 1918.

He writes: "The war work of which I like to boast is the knitting of eighteen sweaters for the Red Cross. I am still at work and expect to continue. I have been bold enough to knit on the train between New York and Boston. I am told it attracted attention, but was so busy looking after stitches I did not notice. I have tried to respond to every call in connection with the war where I felt I could do anything of service. The result has been a very busy life with little or nothing spectacular in it."

PRINDLE, James Dwight

(Not heard from). His address is unknown to the Class Secretary.

PROCTOR, James Howe

is a trustee having his office in Boston and residing at Ipswich, Mass.

He served from May, 1917 to December, 1918 as Captain and Major, Quartermaster Corps, U.S.A.; and Ass. Div. Quartermaster, 36th Div., in France from July, 1918 to January, 1919.

He has a daughter, Martha Moore Proctor, born December 25, 1915. His son, Thomas Emerson Proctor (Harv. '19) attended the Plattsburg Camp in 1916 (being there with

Proctor himself) enlisted in the 101st Engineers, 26th Div. (the Yankee Division), and served for 18 months in France in all the active fighting of that Division, being slightly gassed in August, 1918.

At the urgent and special request of the Class Secretary for an additional detailed account of his experiences, Proctor writes as follows:

"During the summer of 1913, the belief that there was soon to be an attack on France by Germany became fixed in my mind. At that time, I was travelling in Europe with Mrs. Proctor and our son Tom. We travelled by auto and visited parts of France, Italy, Austria and Germany. We were in Paris during some weeks in July, when the French Parliament passed the law increasing the term of conscription from 2 to 3 years. I read some of the debates in the French papers and was much surprised at the easy passage this bill had through the Chambers, and at the resigned spirit in which it was received by the populace and the entire absence of riots or socialistic disturbances that I had thought would follow such a great addition to the burdens of the people.

"A month or so later I met an old friend of mine in the American Embassy at Vienna. He is a gentleman of long service in the Diplomatic Corps, unusually well read and a close observer of events. As he is still in the service, I omit his name. In conversation with him I spoke of this conscription act and of my surprise that it had passed. And his reply was an eye-opener for me. It was something like this — 'Why, Jim, don't you know that Germany means to attack France very soon? We all know it in the diplomatic service. In fact, every last man and woman in France knows it perfectly well. Just ask them and find out for yourself.' The first Frenchman available was my chauffeur. I asked him the question point blank and he replied 'Certainly, yes,' just as if I had asked him if two and two made four. Afterwards I put the same question to many Frenchmen in all walks of life, with the same result. Therefore I watched the developments of the spring and early summer of 1914 with an entirely different attitude from that of most of my associates, and the day I read in the papers that Germany had invaded

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Belgium I said, at a family dinner at my home, that the war would eventually involve the United States, and I remember the shouts of derision with which my remarks were received.

"That is why in 1915, when the first Plattsburg camp was proposed, I was one of the first to enroll for it. And what I learned there from Gen. Leonard Wood of the state of unpreparedness of the country convinced me that it was my duty to do something about it. As I was over age for the Line, I had to take up with the Quartermaster Corps and I set about fitting myself for that service.

"I attended all the lectures given the Harvard Club, and Ford Hall, etc., but did not find them sufficiently definite, as in the nature of things they had to be rather general. Finally, about a dozen of us clubbed together and got an old Q. M. Sergeant of twenty years experience to come up from Fort Banks and give us informal smoke talks and answer a lot of fool questions. This was the best preparation I could obtain. When the United States came into the war in April, 1917, I was examined sometime in May, received my Commission as Captain, Q. M. C., in June, and I soon after received orders to report to the Commander of the Southern Dept. at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. I well remember that when I received the order to go to Texas, I felt rather sorry I didn't draw an assignment nearer home. But in the end it proved the luckiest thing that happened to me in my military service.

"I left Boston, July 2nd, spent the Fourth of July with Jack Davis in St. Louis, and arrived at 'Ft. Sam' in my woolen uniform (temperature 104), the greenest and most uncomfortable officer in the Army. After a few days at 'Ft. Sam', I was assigned as Asst. to the Camp Q. M. at Fort Worth, Texas, soon to be called Camp Bowie. To my dismay, I found that the Camp Q. M. was not to arrive at Ft. Worth for several weeks, so I went to Ft. Worth entirely alone and was the first man in uniform in the city. I was regarded by the population much as a circus come to town. Everybody was most friendly and eager to shake my hand and give me cigars and automobile rides. They couldn't buy me a drink, so they actually went without themselves, when I was around, which I thought the proof of their real kindness

of heart. As I was the only officer in town for a time, I represented to them the whole U. S. Army and I was called upon by the Mayor, and the President of the Chamber of Commerce, and the Presidents of the principal banks, etc., as if I had been a Major General. As I knew that my period of importance would be brief, I was not unduly elated. But it did have the result of making me known to everybody in town and in the end to get the nickname of the 'Father of Camp Bowie.' In about two weeks, Capt. (now Col.) Purcell, of the regular army, arrived and the work of building the camp began in earnest, and then began for me the hardest work and the longest hours I have ever had before or since.

"When the first troops began to arrive about the first of Sept., Capt. Purcell assigned me to the Subsistence Dept., and I continued in that branch of the work till the armistice was signed. Of course, I knew absolutely nothing about it, but Capt. Purcell said he had no one else available who knew any more. Also that he thought the Subsistence Branch was the best part of the Q. M. work, — an opinion I found fully justified later. How I ever managed to 'get by' in those first six months, I hardly know to this day. I found Capt. Purcell a kind friend and a wise adviser, but he was terribly overworked himself and I just had to go ahead on my own hook and trust to luck.

"I found a kindly guide and helper in Capt. Henderson, who had been thirty years a Sergeant in the Regular Army. He had duties of his own to attend to, but he always found time to give me a friendly hint, how to avoid the pitfalls of official reports and regulations that only years of experience can give.

"The number of soldiers at Camp Bowie, and the nearby Aviation Fields which were supplied from there grew rapidly, till finally I was supplying over 35,000 men and had some twenty clerks in the office.

"All this time, you see I was in the office of the Camp Q. M. and under the Southern Dept., with no chance of getting 'Over there.' Meanwhile the 36th Division had been formed at Camp Bowie. Then I had a real piece of luck. A certain Major X who was in the office of the Division Q. M. was rejected by the Board as unfit for overseas duty, and Lt. Col.

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Hasson the Division Q. M. offered me his place, and the promotion to be Major. The transfer to the Division was finally got through Washington and I made ready to go to France with the 36th Div. as their subsistence officer. That is, I was to have charge of getting the food and getting it distributed to the Division when on the move.

"During my stay in Ft. Worth I lived either at the West Hotel or in the Ft. Worth Club in most comfortable surroundings. I bought a 'Fliver' to go out to camp in, for I figured that the less discomfort and hardship I had, the more vitality I would have left to stand the strain 'Over there.' Mrs. Proctor came down to stay with me for a month in October, and at Christmas brought all the children down, staying with me at the hotel for about two months. The older children soon had to go back to school but the two youngest girls, Esther and Martha, stayed till the weather began to be too warm in the spring. In April I got a week's leave, the only leave I ever had in a year and a half, and Mrs. Proctor and I visited New Orleans, Houston, and Galveston, and had a most interesting trip. Both Mrs. Proctor and I became much attached to the people we met in Texas and made many friends in Fort Worth. We were always treated with great kindness and hospitality. It was amazing to us how quickly we made friends there and how many people we got to know and like in Texas.

"Finally, on the 8th of July, the 36th Division began its movement to New York. The work had been well planned and we traveled quickly and in comfort to Camp Mills, L. I. Mrs. Proctor brought the children to the hotel at Garden City and I had three days with them before embarking on the steamer 'George Washington.'

"Our new Commander, Maj. Gen. W. R. Smith, joined us at Camp Mills and we were very fortunate in having so capable and efficient a Commander.

"Our voyage on the transport was comfortable and uneventful, and we found the Navy was living up to its traditions splendidly. Our real discomfort and troubles began the moment we set foot in Brest. No language can exaggerate the discomfort and squalor of Pontenesan Barracks. Fortu-

nately, I was kept there only four days. The General, finding I had often traveled in France, took me with his own party as a sort of Courier. Thus I made the journey up to Bar-sur-Aube, our training station, in comfort, while some of the officers took four days on a cattle train.

"The headquarters of the Bar-sur-Aube area were in that town, while the Division was scattered in some twenty little villages around; the whole area having a diameter of about 20 miles with Bar-sur-Aube in the centre. I was very comfortably billeted with an old French couple, having a room upstairs which I could only reach by going through their sleeping room. But things like that never bother the French and very soon ceased to bother me. I ate at the Division Headquarters mess, — not the Generals' mess, but the one for the officers below the grade of Colonel.

"My work was to receive the grub and forage and fuel at the railroad and distribute it to the various Organizations of the Division. We had some wooden sheds to work in but very often had to pile large quantities of perishable stores in the open, covering them with tarpaulins. We were always short of the number of motor trucks needed for this work, and, in fact, my principal worry all through my service in France was trying to make one motor truck do the work of two. While the Division was in training at Bar-sur-Aube things went fairly easy, but when on Sept. 27th we began to move up to take our place in the line, troubles began in earnest.

"We were put in the 5th French Army, under General Gouraud. On the night of Oct. 9th, we went under fire for the first time, — relieving the 2nd U. S. Division which had been badly shot up in getting through the Hindenburg line. We advanced from Suippes — through Somme Py. to St. Étienne, where our boys had their big fight on Oct. 11th and 12th, and where our leading Brigade, the 71st, got badly mauled but succeeded in driving the Germans out of strong machine gun positions and forcing them to retreat some twenty miles to the other side of the Aisne River. The total of our advance from our railhead at La Chappe was close to 35 miles and the job of bringing up our rations in motor-trucks all that distance was a hard one. Also, as our organizations

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were continually on the move it was hard for me to keep track of where they were. They never were where they were supposed to be and always moved on without sending me adequate notice, and it kept me on the jump to get them fed every day.

"I found that my duties kept me at the 'Ration Dump' as it is called, that is where the motor truck trains deposit the food in bulk just as it comes from the railroad cars, and where we divided it up, sending the right amount to each organization. The 'Ration Dump' was moved every few days, as the Division advanced, and also at times to avoid shell fire. Whenever the Germans began pitching shells at us, we would move a few miles away and begin all over again. This 'Ration Dump' was generally from 3 to 5 miles behind the firing line. Until the Germans retired behind the Aisne River we had to do most of our work of loading trucks and carts in the late afternoon or at night. The work is much harder to do at night and takes much longer than in the day time and of course many more mistakes are made at night. There never were any billets to be found near the 'Ration Dump' and as I was too tired each night to go to them if there had been, the result was I lived in the open air during the whole month of October, living with the enlisted men of the Supply train, eating with them at their 'Chow Line' and sleeping in an empty motor truck or under the tarpaulins that covered our piles of stores. After a while we found a small abandoned tent, which we salvaged and I and some of my Sergeants slept in that. Of course we couldn't have any fires at night, and of course we got no baths or even a change of clothes for the whole month. We were saved from 'cooties' by the fact that we were living in the open air and not in trenches, for the Germans had at this time abandoned their Hindenburg Line and the Infantry of both sides were living in 'Fox Holes,' as they called them.

"About October 23rd, we were relieved from our Front line work and went to Clermont-en-Argonne (near Verdun) to refit and rest up; and we were just ready to take our turn in the Line again when the armistice was signed.

"I had managed to stand the exposure without losing a

day's work, but I had a bad cold and had grown quite thin and was very tired, so I applied to the General to be relieved and sent home, and in due time it was accomplished. I arrived in New York on Jan. 15th, 1919, and received my discharge from the service soon after.

"The most impressive and terrible sight I saw was the Hindenburg Line north of Suippes. It wasn't one line, or two or three lines, but fifty or a hundred lines and in all was ten miles through. About 1000 French guns of all sizes were busy for two weeks blasting a hole through it, destroying also three small towns that stood in their way. We were several days fighting our way through this hole, as, of course, all the roads were utterly destroyed and our engineers with thousands of German prisoners were at work repairing them. It was curious to see those prisoners working so near the lines. It would have been easy for lots of them to escape, but they evidently didn't want to go back home. The French guards took their work easy, saying the Boches would all turn up at meal time.

"The terrible accuracy of the French gunfire and the way they had picked out German dugouts and machine gun nests was most impressive. The hole through the lines was ten miles long and from forty feet to a half mile wide and every yard of it was a shell hole and every house, tree, wall, or wire obstruction was utterly blotted out and annihilated.

"It is a great pleasure to me to testify to the kind and considerate treatment I received from the Officers of the Regular Army with whom I came in contact. I served directly under three Quartermasters of the Regular Army. One was a West Pointer and two had risen from the ranks. They were splendid men, of fine personal character and great executive ability, and each alike was most considerate of my inexperience and always was willing to help and advise me how to keep out of trouble and to teach me how to work under Army Regulations.

"To those of my classmates who read in the papers wholesale and reckless denunciations of the Regular Officers, I wish to say that I know from my own experience that most of this loose talk is unjustified. I met many Regulars in the course of my 18 months in the Army and they all were splendid men.

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I never was treated discourteously by a Regular, nor was looked down on or sneered at because I had been a National Guardsman. I received all and more than was my due at their hands and I know that other volunteers who made good were treated as well. If at any time you read or hear of instances of unjust discrimination, don't make the mistake of generalizing from scattered instances that there was a wicked conspiracy to 'do' the National Guardsmen. It was the existence in this country of the little band of only about 5000 Regular Officers at the beginning of the war that made the forming of our Army possible. Without them the world would wear a very different look to-day and I doubt very much if I should be writing now in my comfortable office."

RANTOUL, William Gibbons

is an architect in Boston, residing at Salem, Mass.

RAYMOND, Frederick Olin

(Not heard from). In 1914, he resided at Haverhill, Mass.

REISNER, George Andrew

is Professor of Egyptology at Harvard College, and has been still engaged throughout the war in making archaeological excavations in Upper Egypt and the Soudan. His address is care Congdon & Co., Cairo, Egypt.

Class Secretary's Note: Doubtless owing to the difficulty of communication in war times, I have not heard from Reisner since a letter, written in March, 1915, from Des-el-Bersheh, Mallaroi, stating that he had just returned from Kerma, Dongola, where he excavated 286 ancient Nubian graves containing sacrifices, human and otherwise. He then wrote as to war conditions: "All is quiet here and in the Sudan. No one except Europeans pay much attention to the war. The crops and the price of cotton are more important." In May, he wrote: "Have worked in Egypt and Sudan since June, 1914, in spite of war. End of August anxious time. Report that 200,000 Turks were mobilized in Palestine. There were only about 3,000 British troops in Egypt. However, I backed the British and sat tight. End of September came the Indians, and it was a relief to see them marching past Shepheards. Finally, the Australians arrived and went into camp about a mile north of the 'Harvard Camp,' at the Pyramids. By January, the land was so full of troops, Australians, Indians, and Territorials, that General Maxwell said: 'If they send me

any more, I shall have to lengthen the Suez Canal.' Feeling quite easy, I took my family and a gang of workmen to Kerma (Sudan), leaving Cairo, January 27, 1915. The Turks made their big attack on February 2-5, and were easily beaten. We are now back at the Pyramids. The Dardanelles fighting is on and the place fills up with prisoners and wounded."

Reisner's excavations at Dongola were interestingly described at length in the Harvard Alumni Bulletin of Dec. 7, 1916. The Director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Mr. Arthur Fairbanks, writes to me (March 31, 1919) that Reisner is now excavating near Kareima in the Soudan where, last winter, he found the tombs of the kings of the Twenty-fifth Egyptian Dynasty. From the Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin of Oct., 1918, containing a thirteen page article on *Known and Unknown Kings of Ethiopia* (Ethiopia being the classical name of the region bordering the Red Sea between Egypt on the North and Abyssinia on the South) from Reisner's Report as to the excavation of the Royal Cemetery at Nuro (1916-18), I excerpt the following: "On Thursday, October 26, 1916, the work of clearing the 'western' front of the large pyramid (Pyramid I) was begun with a force of Egyptians and of men and boys from the local tribe of the Shagiah (as shown in the illustration on p. 81). The mass of debris was enormous, consisting of drift sand and debris fallen from the pyramid. It was not until a month later, November 26, that this mass was cleared away. The chapel was found to be utterly destroyed; but on that day we opened the stairway leading down to the burial chambers. On December 5, the men found in the debris filling the stairway a fragment of a stone figure on which was written the name of Tirhaqa. It was at once concluded that Pyramid I was in fact the tomb of that Tirhaqa who was one of the five kings of Ethiopia who ruled over Egypt, and this conclusion was fully borne out by later finds. The excavation of the stairway and the chambers met with great difficulties owing to the dangerous condition of the cracked walls and the half fallen roofs, to the water which covered the floors, and to the unexampled heat of the interior. Several times, after propping overhanging masses of rock, we waited a few days to see what would happen. Once we had to wait three days to allow the interior to cool, and a month we waited for the water to fall; but in vain. The chambers were cut in the solid rock, a sort of micaceous schist which deteriorates under the action of water. . . .

"On February 12, 1917, we had reached the water-table and had begun to remove the earth which lay under the surface of the water. On that day, one of the Egyptians feeling about with his feet in the 'western' end of the 'southern' aisle discovered that a number of stone figures lay embedded in the floor of the debris of the aisle. A great effort was then made with the bailing, — a hard struggle, as the water never ceased running in as from some great spring. Finally we got the tomb temporarily dry and saw the floors of the two side aisles covered with over a thousand beautifully carved stone figures varying in height from 18

to 64 cm. Many of them had been ruined by soaking in water, but about 600 were in good condition. . . .

"While the excavation of the tomb of Tirhaqa was proceedings at intervals all winter, the rest of the men and sometimes all of them were employed on the excavation of the pyramids on the 'western' part of the horseshoe. An account of the exciting work of clearing these royal tombs, of the difficulties overcome, and of the great moments, would take far more space than this article allows. Object after object was found which bore the name of a king; now a gilded electrum ribbon, again a stone vase, or a cylindrical case of gold, an amulet of gold or of semi-precious stone, a stela, an altar, a granite coffin, a batch of magical figures of blue faience, a silver libation bowl, or an inscription on the walls of a burial chamber. Thus pyramid after pyramid was identified as the tomb of some known or some unknown king of Ethiopia. . . .

"All the nineteen pyramids which lay on the curve of the horse shoe and in the great line of the 'western' arm were the tombs of kings. At the end of 1916-1917, and during the campaign of 1917-1918, we excavated the small pyramids beside Pyramid I on the 'eastern' arm, which we call the main ridge. On this main ridge, we found the tombs of fifty-three royal ladies, queens, and princesses, some of whom, like the kings, were already known and some of whom were now discovered for the first time. . . .

"Each of the pyramids had been used as a quarry for stone and its burial chambers had been repeatedly robbed. The thieves seem to have sought only for gold and to have been regardless of what they broke and trampled under foot. In the abundance which they found they carelessly dropped some of the gold ornaments in almost every tomb and left gold leaf scattered through all the rooms. I came to the conclusion that there had been a time soon after the abandonment of the cemetery (about 300-250 B.C.), when tomb after tomb was cleared out in a perfect orgy of treasure hunting.

"From this account, the hope of finding much of value might seem very small; but there was something in every tomb, and the end of the work left us with a very satisfactory collection. These objects were, moreover, entirely the work of royal craftsmen and represent all that will ever be recovered of these classes of objects from this period of Ethiopian history. For we have excavated the tombs of all the kings and queens of Ethiopia who lived after Tirhaqa, except the four kings and their queens who are buried in our concession at Kurru. Leaving aside all the other finds, the inscribed objects alone were sufficient to identify every one of the twenty kings and twenty-five of the fifty-three royal ladies buried at Nuri. The earliest generation of craftsmen or schools of craftsmen, the sculptors, the faience workers, the gold-and-silver-smiths, the potters, the makers of stone vessels, the masons, and the scribes, — all took the traditions of their crafts from the Egyptian schools and were probably themselves Egyptians. . . .

"At this point in the course of the field work, the discovery was made

that a sacrificial foundation deposit had been made under each of the four corners of most of the pyramids. Foundation deposits had never before been found under pyramids. At the very end of the season of 1916-1917, when I had already set the date of our departure for Egypt, one of the workmen clearing the corner of Pyramid II (Astabarqaman) to enable Mr. Williams to make a plan of that pyramid, accidentally broke through into a cavity containing a sacrificial foundation deposit. This pyramid had been built originally about 28 meters square on shallow foundations so that the 'northern' side had either cracked or fallen; and the whole pyramid had been taken down and rebuilt on more solid, deeper foundations, but on a smaller scale. (about 27 meters square). The outer row of stones of the foundation course of the older pyramid had been left in place, and our workman engaged on the second pyramid broke through from the inside into the deposit covered by the 'north-western' corner of the first pyramid. With this assurance of the existence of the deposits and this indication of their position, the finding of the other deposits was a simple matter. I sent off Mr. Williams, the architect, and Mrs. Symons, the secretary, at the appointed time, while Mr. Kemp, the recorder, Mrs. Reisner, who was helping with the care of the antiquities, my daughter and I remained until the 10th of May and finished up the recording of the foundation deposits. Fortunately the weather held unusually cool for the Sudan, although we were well inside the tropical zone. The contents of the deposits varied, like all else, from group to group and from pyramid to pyramid. The earlier cavities were square and the later circular, decreasing in size. All the cavities contained, lying on the top, the skull and one forequarter of a sacrificial calf or young bull. There were also vessels of pottery, or models of such vessels, and a few stone implements (bread grinder and rubbing stone, mortar and pestle) which varied from pyramid to pyramid. In the deposits of group b there were also from eighteen to twenty faience cups, and in the deposits of the two earliest pyramids these cups were inscribed with the name of the king and of a god who loved him. Below, the floor of the cavity was strewn with tablets and model tools of bronze and iron. In the earlier deposits there were tablets only, but these were of gold, electrum, silver, bronze, faience, red jasper, crystal, lapis lazuli, alabaster, and malachite, each one of which was inscribed with the name of the King. In the c-group the tablets were much the same, but only the faience tablets were inscribed. In the d-group, except for one faience tablet in each deposit of Pyramid XI, none of the tablets were inscribed; but in compensation the deposits of this group contained models of various tools which in the earlier pyramids (XI and XII) were of bronze and in the later pyramids XIII and (XIV) of both bronze and iron. The evidence offered by the changing character of these deposits and their contents confirmed fully the conclusions already obtained regarding the chronological sequence of the kings. . . .

"The collections of objects found at Nuri present the whole course of the development of the arts and crafts of Ethiopia over a period of

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four centuries. But far more than this, if the objects now buried in the fourteen royal tombs at Kurru be added, then these are all the remains which mankind is ever likely to recover of most of the Ethiopian crafts of this period. Examples of the sculpture, it is true, will probably be found in the temples at Barkal and elsewhere; but the condition of the smaller private tombs already excavated shows that nothing is to be hoped from these. The series of gold objects, of foundation deposits, and above all, of the shawwabtis can never be duplicated."

REUBEN, Moses Ben-Isaac-Faraj

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a lawyer practicing and residing in Boston, Mass.

REYNOLDS, Philip Murray

is Treasurer of Scott & Williams, Inc., in Boston, residing at Readville, Mass.

He was chairman of the Massachusetts Executive Committee of the National War Savings Committee; also chairman of the Milton (Mass.) Fuel Committee.

His son, Harrison Gardner Reynolds (Harv. '17), was Top Sergeant, 8th Mass. Inf., serving on the Mexican Border in 1916, attended the first Plattsburg Camp; appointed 2nd Lieut. U. S. A., in 9th Reg. Inf.; served in France with the 2nd Division in all its engagements until August, 1918, when he was detailed to service in the United States as Captain, and honorably discharged in February, 1919.

RICH, Charles Averell

(Not heard from). His address is unknown to the Class Secretary.

RICHARDS, William Francis

is in the banking and manufacturing business in Colorado Springs, Col.; is President of the Dexter Richard & Sons Co., Woolen Manufacturers; and Vice-president of the Colorado Springs National Bank.

He has a daughter, Katherine Richards, born March 27, 1917.

RICHARDSON, Mark Wyman

is examining physician for the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and other insurance companies in Boston, residing in Jamaica Plain, Mass.

He was also, in 1915, New England representative of the Life Extension Institute, Inc., of New York, an organization for the supplying to employers of a service consisting of physical health examinations of employees.

He has published two articles on *Rats and Infantile Paralysis: A Theory* (Boston Med. & Surg. Journ. Sept. 21, 1916; Journal of Public Health).

His son, David Lord Richardson (Harv. '18) was barred from military service because of weak eyes, but was with the Lord Construction Co., Providence, R. I., on Government contracts for outfitting ships.

He writes: "Continued investigation of infantile paralysis and its possible cause gives some relief from routine medical work. From a family standpoint, there is little out of the ordinary to report, except possibly from the point of view of music. The limited musical abilities of myself and wife bid fair to be reproduced, and perhaps increased in our four children. This family music, together with membership in small orchestras, choral societies, and church choir, give very solid satisfaction. Begin to look forward to the proverbial shelf whereon to be laid, and have bought a small island on the coast of Maine, and there I expect to pass my declining years. Can imagine no more satisfactory solution for the problem of old age."

ROBINSON, Albert Carmi

is in the life insurance business in Boston, residing in Reading, Mass.

His son, Harold Carmi Robinson, was a member of Dartmouth '14; his sons, Donald Chase Robinson and Gerald Chamberlain Robinson were in the U. S. N. R. F.

ROPES, James Hardy

is a Hollis Professor of Divinity, Dexter lecturer on Biblical Literature, Dean of Special Students, and Dean in charge of University Extensions, Harvard University, residing in Cambridge, Mass.

He is a member of the Corporation of Simmons College, Boston, Mass.

He has published *Commentary on the Epistle of St. James* (C. Scribners Sons, N. Y. 1916); *Good Will Towards Men* (Harv. Theol. Rev. Jan. 1917); *The Harvard Exchange with the Western Colleges* (Harv. Grad. Mag. 1917); *Theological Education at Harvard* (Harv. Alumni Bull. Jan. 13, 1915).

He served as Assistant Secretary of the Massachusetts Food Administration, giving his full time to the work with office at the State House, Boston, July, 1917 to Sept., 1918; and as District Educational Director for New England of the Students Army Training Corps with office at Rogers Building, Mass. Inst. of Technology, Boston, from Oct., 1918 to January, 1919.

At the urgent and special request of the Class Secretary for additional information regarding his work in connection with the United States Food Administration, Ropes writes:

"In the Spring of 1917, I had the privilege of being Harvard Exchange Lecturer at the five excellent western colleges to which a Harvard professor is every year sent. I spent the month of February at Grinnell College (Iowa); March at Colorado College (Colorado Springs); then a fortnight at Beloit College (Wisc.), and nearly a month each at Knox College (Galesburg, Ill.) and Carleton College (Northfield, Minn.). The faculties of these institutions had all long been fully alive to the great issues of the War, as much so probably as people of similar interests in the east, but the rapid growth in the student body of a sense of the significance of the situation was very interesting to observe in one institution after another, especially at Knox, where I arrived just after the declaration of war, the call to boys with farm training to leave their studies and go to help ensure a sufficient food supply for the coming emergency had made a sudden and profound impression. The boys knew that for many of them it meant the end of their education. Even more than the idea of having to fight, it brought home to them the gravity of the crisis. But increasingly, as the weeks passed, no one in contact with these Western young men, ready for duty in farm work, enlistment, or officers' training camps, and everywhere drilling assiduously, could fail to be convinced that the population they represented was going into the War whole-heartedly and with an inspiring seriousness of purpose and resoluteness

to carry on to the end. Reaching Cambridge again just after Commencement, 1917, I began work on July 18, as Assistant Secretary of the Massachusetts Food Administration, under Henry B. Endicott, who was commissioned both by the Governor of Massachusetts (and so possessed enormous powers under the Defense of the Commonwealth Act) and by Mr. Hoover. My work was to read all letters and telegrams relating to food that came from Washington and to make myself otherwise generally useful. In the earlier months the office staff (later about 300 persons) was small and the work not highly organized, so that all the workers were liable to be brought in for a great variety of activities. When a job appeared, anybody who was free and on hand at the moment was called on to pick it up. The result was that I had a most interesting experience of contact with all sorts of people — wholesale and retail grocers, sugar dealers, hotel keepers, restaurant men, bakers of bread, cake, and crackers, railroad men, public officials, and still other men and women of many kinds of business. Later with the growing complexity and range of the work and the growth of the staff, the departments were put in charge of regular heads, and the work specialized. My part then became that of a liaison officer, and I tried to keep as much knowledge as possible of the different branches of work and to be at the service of the different departments in any way that I could. I was for nearly the whole time of its publication, editor of the weekly 'Food Administration Bulletin' which was issued in an edition of many thousand copies and contained the constantly changing orders and regulations as well as much information and advice about food production and conservation. This task presented many of the same problems as the editing of a weekly country paper, only that the greatness and not the smallness of the circulation was the source of worry. Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer, head of the Women's National Defense and Food work in Massachusetts, had a committee of conservation leaders, of which I acted as Secretary, and in this way I was brought into close contact and constant consultation with the various women engaged in directing food work. The extent and persistence of the women's work was admirable; and one had

occasion to be proud of the way in which local initiative took up and pursued all sorts of plans and methods, all over the Commonwealth. At the same time, this very fact made an adequate knowledge of what was going on in the towns and cities difficult to get, and any oversight still more difficult. As one looks back on the experience of fourteen months, the huge variety of subjects to which attention had to be turned is the most vivid single impression. It seemed as if a cross-section of the whole life of the community were presented to one's view. From writing letters to ministers explaining that beer is not brewed from wheat to interviewing an actress-manager who wanted to get Endicott to talk between the acts at her theatre; from considering the availability of new receipts for French bread for breakfast at fashionable hotels to trying to comfort poor women who could not get sugar for their children and arranging for putting a "home-card" into every household in every town in the State — any day was liable to bring a wholly unheard of and often very interesting problem. The real reward, apart from pleasant personal relation, was the sense of the public spirit and willingness to make sacrifices for the general good on the part of the great body of our people, especially (with a very few exceptions) of those engaged in the business of manufacturing and distributing food. One evidence of the ability with which the Massachusetts Food Administration was handled by Mr. Endicott, Mr. A. C. Ratschesky, Mr. James J. Phelan, and the other men in the front office, was that they brought together so congenial a group of subordinate workers. There must have been a dozen Harvard men who gave most or all of their time for a large part of the period. At the desk next to mine, I had the pleasant companionship of Matthew Luce, '91. On September 1, 1918, I left the food office to become District Educational Director for New England of the Students Army Training Corps, under the United States Department of War. My work here was carried on through four very able assistants, including (partly as colleague, partly as assistant) our classmate Moore. The task was to oversee the academic work of the Corps in all the New England colleges and technical schools, and as was said, 'to see that the college presidents

did not do anything very naughty,' that is to see that they fulfilled their contracts with the Government, to provide certain specified instruction to these men before they should be called to the colors. Through the energy and wisdom of my assistants, who travelled constantly, the problems first arising in the novel situation had been faced and provisionally smoothed out in virtually every institution in New England when the armistice brought our work to an end. This was, I believe, a more complete result than was possible to attain in any of the other districts in the country, where of course the territory to be covered (although not the number of institutions) was much greater. With January 1, 1919, the Hollis Professor of Divinity found himself restored to his usual activities, from which, indeed, he had not been wholly separated at any time in the period described."

RULAND, Irving

is in the real estate business and resides in New York City.

He was in charge of the Land Acquirement Bureau, Division of Housing, Emergency Fleet Corporation, U. S. Shipping Board, in connection with the valuation and purchase of land for housing developments for shipyard workers, from Boston to Galveston, on the Great Lakes and on the Pacific Coast.

RUSSELL, Herbert Leslie

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was headmaster of Owego Free Academy at Owego, N. Y.

SALISBURY, George Bulkley

(Not heard from). He is a stockbroker in New York City, N. Y.

He was married March 3, 1917, to Mrs. Eugénie de Rambouville.

SALISBURY, Randall

is Assistant Secretary of the Title Insurance Guarantee & Trust Company, connected with the department of mortgage investments, doing business in New York City and residing at Orange, N. J.

He served in the New Jersey Home Guard, at Orange, N. J.

SALTONSTALL, Philip Leverett

is a banker and broker, member of the firm of Tucker, Anthony & Company, in Boston, and resides in Milton, Mass.

He is a trustee of the Massachusetts General Hospital.

His son, Philip Leverett Saltonstall, Jr. (Harv. '22), served in the Marine Corps, Harvard S. A. T. C.

His daughter, Frances Saltonstall, was married to George von L. Meyer, Dec. 20, 1913, and has two children, George von L. Meyer, Jr., born July 22, 1916, and Charles Appleton Meyer, born June 27, 1918.

THE CLASS BABY, Katherine Saltonstall Weld, has three children, Mary Elizabeth Weld, born Sept. 8, 1913, Philip Saltonstall Weld, born Dec. 11, 1914, and Rose Saltonstall Weld, born Aug. 18, 1917.

SAUNDERS, Ambrose Courtis

is a physician, practicing and residing in Somerville, Mass.

His daughter, Doris Boswell Saunders, was married to Frederick William Bommer, April 10, 1918.

SAVILLE, Caleb Mills

is a civil and hydraulic engineer residing in Hartford, Conn. Manager and Chief Engineer of the Board of Water Commissioners of Hartford.

He was president of the New England Water Works Association in 1917; and was special lecturer on Engineering Contracts at the Mass. Inst. of Technology in 1917.

He was consulting engineer on water supply for the U. S. Public Health Service, and served on the Connecticut State Council of Defense, and the Committee on Fuel Conservation, during the war.

He has published *Some Water Works Experiences* (Journ. N. E. W. W. Ass. Vol. 30); *The Selection of Waters* (ibid. Vol. 32).

His son, Thorndike Saville (Harv. '14, Harv. M. S. '17, Dart. B. S. '14; Thayer School of Civ. Eng. C. E. '15; Mass. Inst. of Tech. M. S. '17), was 1st Lieut. Signal Corps, Div. of Military Aeronautics; and after honorable discharge was appointed Associate Professor of Civil Engineering in the Univ. of North Carolina.

Saville writes: "My work for the past five years has been principally concerned with the management of the Hartford water supply system, and the development of an additional water supply, including tunnels, conduits, reservoirs, dams, and filter plants. The entire work is about three-quarters completed and will eventually result in the expenditure of about \$4,000,000. During the War period I was called on for water supply investigations by the U. S. Public Health Service and among others reported on conditions at Newport, R. I., and New London, Conn., in connection with the military establishments. In addition to the above, I investigated and reported to the Connecticut State Council of Defense on the matter of water conservation and its relation to fuel saving. Opportunity was offered on several occasions to be commissioned in different branches of the U. S. military service, and my impulse was to accept. On careful consideration and advice of others, it seemed probable that my services were ultimately of most value to the Government by staying on my 'job' and giving efficient water service and protection to a city which was given up in great part to the manufacture of war materials and supplies. To this was added much similar work elsewhere in connection with government activities.

"In 1914, I received the Norman Medal from the American Society of Civil Engineers for my paper *Hydrology of the Panama Canal*, and in 1917, the Dexter Brackett Medal was awarded to me for my paper, *Some Water Works Experiences*."

SCHROLL, Charles Edwin

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a lawyer at Greenwood, Mississippi.

SCOTT, William Sherman

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a coffee importer in New York City, N. Y. In June, 1917, he went to France in connection with hospital supply work.

SEARS, Herbert Mason

is a trustee doing business and residing in Boston, Mass.

He served in the American Red Cross Canteen Service in France at the Flanders front from September 15, 1917 to March 18, 1918, as convoyer of canteens.

His daughter, Elizabeth Sears was married to Bayard Warren, April 8, 1913, and has three children, Bayard, Jr., born Jan. 19, 1914, Lily, born Dec. 24, 1915, and Camilla, born March 21, 1919.

His daughter, Phyllis Sears, was married to Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., June 20, 1916, and has a daughter Phyllis, born June 22, 1918.

At the urgent and special request of the Class Secretary for additional detailed information as to his Red Cross experiences in France, Sears writes: "It is rather difficult to condense six months' work and make it at all interesting, but I have done my best. The latter part of May, 1917, I offered my services to the American Red Cross for work in Europe, and in August I received a cable asking me to do Canteen Work at the front, representing the American Red Cross attached to the French Army. I arrived in Paris early in September and was almost at once sent to Flanders with a Frenchman as co-worker, for a service of six months, and during that entire period I was the only American in the region, and hardly a person with whom I came in contact could speak English. The work required of me was to supply free hot drinks, such as tea and chocolate, to the French soldiers who were going into and coming out of the trenches, and we saw to it that these drinks were really hot when distributed. A more important part of my service than giving out of the drinks was the opportunity offered me to impress upon the French 'poilu' that America was earnestly in the war and would soon be sending over a very large army. The encouragement that I was able to give in this way was very gratefully received by these poor, tired French soldiers. My French co-worker and I remained three months in that muddy region of Flanders, and were then sent to a small deserted town on the North Sea about four miles from the trenches. Here we were in a better position to serve the troops with our hot drinks, and succeeded in distributing three-quarters of our 'goods' actually in the trenches. We finally distributed about 15,000 drinks a week. At our canteen here

we were able to arrange for a club room for the 'poilus' where we had a phonograph, illustrated papers and writing paper, etc., and we gathered together a large crowd each night. We also opened a small club room for the French officers where they could play cards and chess. During my entire six months' service, we were bombarded from the air pretty nearly every clear night, as the Germans sent their planes over us on their way to bombard Dunkirk. One night in late September when the Germans made one of their worst air raids over that city, a great many civilians were killed and many wounded. It was a very exciting night! The house next to the hotel where I spent the night was set on fire by an incendiary bomb from one of the planes, and completely gutted. While at our post on the North Sea, we were bombarded by the big guns from the German lines during pretty much all of the month of January. Our village was very small and practically deserted, but the Germans had the range pretty accurately and demolished several of the few remaining houses there. Most of these shells burst within one hundred yards of our post, but fortunately, for my French co-worker and me, they did not 'get us.' The last day of my service was particularly interesting to me as I was invited to lunch with a French General of the Medical Department, and had a dinner given to me by the General commanding the Army Corps to which my Canteen was attached. Just before I finished my service I was cited for the Croix de Guerre and the Reconnaissance Française."

SEARS, Joseph Hamblen

is president of D. Appleton & Co., residing in New York City.

SEARS, Philip Shelton

is a trustee having an office in Boston, and residing at Brookline, Mass., but at present working at Military Relief in Hospitals for the American Red Cross.

He attended the Plattsburg Camp in 1916, enlisted in the 1st Motor Corps, Mass. State Guard, with rank of Lieut. Colonel; in February, 1918, he was commissioned as Major in the U. S. A., Adjutant General's Dept.; and served as Assist-

ant Adjutant in the Northeastern Department, and from June to August as Assistant to the Chief of Staff. Of his duties he writes: "I was sent to a School for Field Officers at Camp Devens on May 15, 1918, for three weeks. When General Hodges left with the 76th Division, there was a vacancy on his staff and he telegraphed to Washington asking that I be appointed to act as Divisional Adjutant. This, however, was disapproved at Washington, much to my disappointment. I was then sent to Camp Devens, on August 7, as Camp Adjutant, where I remained for three months. During that time, the epidemic of influenza occurred at the Camp; we lost about eight hundred and fifty men by it. I was then ordered to Washington to attend the Staff School at the Army War College, which would have landed me with a Division at its conclusion, but the Armistice was signed before the end of the course. As my services were no longer of any particular use, I requested and received my discharge on December 7."

His son, Philip Mason Sears (Harv. '22), enlisted in the U. S. A. Oct. 12, 1918, was sent to Coast Artillery School, Fortress Monroe, Va., commissioned 2nd Lieut. Coast Art. Corps, Jan. 3, 1919, and placed in Officers' Reserve.

*** SHATTUCK, George Hodges**

George Hodges Shattuck died at Salem, May 11, 1915. He was born at Winchester, June 2, 1868, son of Edward and Sarah Josephine (Crosby) Shattuck. He prepared for College at G. W. C. Noble's Private School in Boston. In College, he was a member of the Cricket Club, the Institute, D. K. E., and Hasty Pudding. After graduation, until 1906, he was in the freight and traffic department of the Boston & Albany R. R. at Boston. After 1906, he retired from active business, residing at Salem, and, having a farm at Topsfield, devoted his time to farming and charitable interests. At various times, he was a member of the Salem Board of Overseers of the Poor, a member and treasurer of the Trust Funds Commission of Salem, a trustee of Salem Hospital, president of the Bertram Home for Aged Men. He was also a member of the Board of Government of the Essex Institute. In business lines, he was a director in the Salem Electric Lighting

Co., Colbert Brothers, Inc., Pratt, Read & Co., Piano and Organ Supply Co. of Chicago, and a director of the Merchants' National Bank of Salem. He was a member of the Union Club of Boston and of the Salem Country Club. Shattuck married at Salem, June 15, 1897, Anne Bertram Emmerton, who survives him, with three children, Jane Bertram, born May 18, 1898; George Hodges, Jr., born Sept. 14, 1899; Otis Emmerton, born May 25, 1903. Shattuck was of a quiet, retiring nature, which, under a shy exterior, concealed firm views and high integrity of character. Just, discreet, clean, and straight, of few words, but of real sympathies, few men in the Class had warmer friends. A devoted attendant at Class reunions — always at hand in the window seat of Hollis 12 on Commencement, he will be sorely missed.

SHELDON, Frank Pacheco

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was in the real estate business in San Francisco, Calif.

SHUMAKER, Elmer Ellsworth

is a clergyman, residing in Cambridge, Mass.

He resigned as minister of the Shawmut Congregational Church in Boston, in 1917, in order to devote his time to literary work.

His son, Brooks Shumaker (Harv. '16), was 1st Lieut. 76th Field Art., 3rd Div., U. S. A., and was Orienting Officer of his battalion; was in the second battle of the Marne, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne where he was severely wounded Oct. 5, 1918.

Shumaker writes: "I have spoken repeatedly at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., on *Why We Are at War*; and have tried to help to strengthen our morale in many other addresses. I have been deeply interested in the subject of World Peace. Started in my youth from reading Charles Sumner's *True Grandeur of Nations* oration. I lectured in various places four years ago. The World War disturbed all my foundations. Out of mental and moral confusion, I issued, in a book in 1915, entitled *The World Crisis and the Way to Peace* — the first book, I think, in the United States urging our country

to do its duty; the book was in the hands of the publishers in December, 1914. I have given many addresses on the League of Nations. I want to see the peace covenant, as the great and noble outcome of the greatest epoch of history. Though I did not vote for Mr. Wilson, and regretted his long delay, I look upon his advocacy of the League of Nations as the wisest and greatest leadership the world has seen."

SHUMAN, Sidney Everett

is a merchant, partner in A. Shuman, doing business and residing in Boston, Mass.

SIEBERT, Wilbur Henry

is a Professor of European History and Acting Dean of the Graduate School of the Ohio State University, residing at Columbus, Ohio.

He is a director in The G. W. Bobb Co., a wholesale mercantile concern. He is president of the Board of Trustees and of the Council of the Godman Guild House, a social settlement. He is on the Ohio Historical Commission to collect State records as to the war, and is managing editor of the Ohio History Teachers Journal. In 1915, he was president of the Ohio History Teachers Association, and a member of the National Institute of Social Sciences; in 1917, a Fellow of the American Geographical Society.

He has published: *The Dispersion of the American Tories* (Mississippi Valley Hist. Rev., Sept., 1914); *The Tories of the Upper Ohio* (Biennial Report of the Dept. of Archives and History of West Virginia, 1913-1914); *The Loyalists and Six Nation Indians in the Niagara Peninsula* (Transactions, Royal Society of Canada, Series III, IV, 1915); *The Loyalist Refugees of New Hampshire* (Ohio State University Bulletin, Oct., 1916); *The Refugee Loyalists of Connecticut* (Transactions, Royal Society of Canada, Series III, V, 1916); *The American Loyalists* (article in the Encyclopedia Americana, 1917); *The Tory Proprietors of Kentucky Lands* (Ohio Archaeological and Historical Qn. Jan. 1919); also several articles on *Armenia*, and the *Independence of Armenia*.

He has delivered an address on "The Loyalists of Pennsylv-

vania" before a joint meeting of the Ohio Valley Historical Society and the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania at Pittsburgh, December, 1917.

He writes that he has no children of his own, "and the two we have taken are not yet old enough to qualify for military service, although for some years now they have been what President Eliot calls a real 'satisfaction.' Among other things for which I am thankful is not only that the War has closed, but also that the Students Army Training Corps (S. A. T. C.) has been demobilized. It possessed a double personality whose ill-adjustment could not have been adequately described, even by our brilliant Professor William James."

SINNOTT, Charles Peter

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a teacher of Natural Science in the Bridgewater State Normal School, and resided at Bridgewater, Mass.

SLATTERY, Charles Henry

is Vice President and director of the Brookline Trust Co.; doing business in Brookline, Mass., and residing in South Boston, Mass.

He was City Treasurer of Boston until May, 1918. He is a trustee of the South Boston Savings Bank.

He served on the Legal Advisory Board in selective service work.

SLEEPER, Henry Dike

is Professor of Music at Smith College and resides at Northampton, Mass.

He has published various articles on Musical Education.

His daughter, Mary Olive Sleeper, was in Smith '18.

He writes: "There are over 20 teachers in my Department of Music. One of the interesting features of my college work has been the success of our concerts. This year we offered 8 evening concerts and 6 afternoon, all of the highest attractions, such as Boston Symphony, N. Y. Philharmonic (afternoon and evening), Josef Hofmann (afternoon and evening),

etc. We also gave many recitals of less importance. All are finely supported. I find the general interest in music in education steadily increasing throughout the country. At present, Nebraska is somewhat in the lead of the States in the recognition of music in schools, colleges and universities."

SMITH, James Wheatland

is a lawyer practicing and residing in New York City.

*** SMITH, John Rounds**

(Died at Chicago, Ill., April 19, 1898.)

*** SMITH, Townsend**

(Died at Fortress Monroe, Va., Dec. 23, 1888.)

SNOW, Louis Franklin

was Professor of English in the University of the Philippines at Manila, P. I., from 1914 to 1918. He later did editorial work for the Committee on Public Information, at Washington, D. C., the War Risk Insurance Bureau, and the War Trade Board; and from February, 1918 to April, 1919, he was connected with the Latin American Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in the Department of Commerce at Washington, D. C.

His son, Robert Conant Snow, was Corporal Co. C, 9th Inf. 2nd Div., in service from May 1, 1917 to February, 1919.

STAUFFER, William Emile

(Not heard from). In 1914, he resided in New Orleans, La.

STEAD, William Potter

is a converter of cotton goods, doing business and residing in New York City, N. Y.

STEVENS, Hermon Weed

is president and owner of the F. B. & H. W. Stevens Advertising Agency in Boston, Mass., residing in Belmont, Mass.

STEVENSON, Benjamin Cox

is in the agricultural business at Indianapolis, Ind., and writes that all he has to report is that he is "a bit grayer."

STONE, James Savage

is a surgeon, practicing and residing in Boston, Mass.; consulting surgeon for the Boston Dispensary, Boston, Floating Hospital, Framingham (Mass.) Hospital, Woonsocket (R. I.) Hospital; also surgeon for the Boston Children's Hospital.

He was Major in the Medical Corps, U. S. A., being Chief of the Surgical Division, Base Hospital, Camp Jackson, Sept. 7, 1917, to December 5, 1918, when he was honorably discharged.

He has a son, Timothy Pickering Stone, born Sept. 3, 1915.

(Note: The Twenty-fifth Anniversary Report of June, 1914, should be corrected on page 589 by the insertion of three children of Stone's whose names by mistake do not appear, viz.: Henry Bowditch Stone, born Sept. 25, 1906; James Lincoln Stone, born Feb. 7, 1908; Percival Knauth Stone, born June 20, 1909. Correction should be correspondingly made in the totals of children of the members of the Class on pages 18, 19, 42, 43.)

At the urgent and special request of the Class Secretary for additional information as to his Army experiences, Stone has written the following:

"You ask for an account of fifteen months of absolutely unromantic, though in many ways intensely interesting work. It cannot be compared with the work of the men who were 'over there.'

"Soon after the Lusitania was sunk, I joined the Medical Reserve Corps. On September 7, 1917, I entered active service, assigned as Chief of the Surgical Division of the Base Hospital at Camp Jackson, S. C.

"At that time only a small part of the Camp had been completed. The Base Hospital, which was to have a thousand beds, was hardly more than a lumber yard. A few troops were in Camp, drafted men were constantly arriving. Major M. W. Herrick, of New York, a Yale graduate, who was to be Chief of the Medical Division of the Base Hospital, and I were assigned as consultants to Field Hospital A, at that time the only Hospital in Camp, and were also assigned to the 'Central Board' which accepted or rejected those drafted men about whom the regimental surgeons were in doubt. Later the

Heads of the various special Department of the Base Hospital were assigned to this Board also. Ophthalmology, otology and laryngology, dermatology and genito-urinary surgery, neuro-psychiatry, cardio-vascular diseases, tuberculosis, and orthopedic surgery were all represented. During September and October, this 'Central Board' work took up most of the time of the Base Hospital Officers. We were brought into very close association in a very pleasant way. No patients were treated, but all day long a steady stream of men passed before us, to be placed in one of two groups, either fit or unfit for military duty. We saw many rare diseases or types of disease seldom met in the large urban clinics. Malingering appeared in every form. The men examined came for the most part from country districts where hospitals did not exist.

"We were all impressed by the three great curses of the South, malaria, hookworm, and illiteracy, prevalent among those of the purest Anglo-Saxon blood in America; and all were impressed with the urgent necessity of eliminating these three evils, which are interdependent. The reality of illiteracy cannot be learned from reading any articles on the subject. The problem must be met.

"During these same months, we saw these raw recruits transformed into soldiers. Quietly, tactfully, kindly, and firmly, the officers worked day and night. The results were wonderful. Too great credit cannot be given to the Captains, Lieutenants, and Sergeants who drilled these men.

"Early in November, 1917, the Base Hospital was opened, with Major T. J. Leary of the Regular Army in command. The work of the 'Central Board' decreased. The expected happened. Men from sparsely settled communities, crowded together in barracks, developed contagious diseases. Measles, often associated with pneumonia, became prevalent. The most serious epidemic was that of meningitis which began late in November. I was taken sick with this disease on December 4, and was a patient in the hospital till February 14, 1918, when I went home on sick leave till May 15.

"Meantime, the Surgical service was in the hands of Major Meredith of Pittsburgh and of Major (later Lt. Col.) Quain of North Dakota. The 81st or Wildcat Division left Camp

Jackson, under command of General Bailey in the Spring of 1918. The Camp was given over chiefly to the Artillery, where men were sent for an intensive course of training, lasting twelve weeks. Changes were constant, men came to-day and were gone to-morrow as they were found fit to go overseas.

"Changes in the Base Hospital were as marked as in the Camp. At first, only the physically fit among the drafted men were accepted, in order that men might be sent overseas with the least possible delay. With the realization that the war might go on for years, men with remediable defects were accepted. This greatly increased the number of surgical operations, more than it did in most camps, because our men came from regions where relatively little surgery had been done in civil life. The large number of surgical operations and the remarkable ability of Major Herrick on the Medical Service led to the Base Hospital at Camp Jackson being made a training school for Chiefs of Service in hospitals going overseas. As in all the camps, overseas hospitals were organized at Camp Jackson. There was thus a constant change of officers and enlisted personnel. Our problems were, first to to give the best possible care to the sick; second to train officers and enlisted men in surgical team work as far as possible; and third to familiarize the best officers with medical military routine that they might be Chiefs of Service. The job was to keep things running smoothly while a steady stream of officers and men came, were trained, and went. When things ran perfectly, disruption was absolutely certain.

"Doctors from every part of the country, literally, from Maine, Florida, Texas and California, were assigned to Camp Jackson Base Hospital. They varied greatly in ability, training and experience, but they varied very little in their determination to give the best that was in them for the cause all had at heart. Never in any body of men have I seen a finer spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice. A few came with a recollection of what they had been and done at home and what they expected and hoped to do in the Army. Never anywhere have I seen a fiercer or on the whole a more just test of exactly how well a man could do the particular job assigned him. If the best could have been kept, and the poorer allowed

to go, the hospital, in six months, could have equalled, if not surpassed, the best civilian hospitals in the country.

"The epidemic of influenza was not quite so bad as in some of the other camps. The largest number of patients in the Hospital at any one time was about 6300. Overcrowding was avoided by the taking over of the buildings of the Depot Brigade, located nearby, as a branch of the Base Hospital.

"When the armistice was signed, the Camp was being enlarged to accommodate 100,000 men and the Base Hospital 5000 patients. All surgery, except that of necessity, ceased at once.

"On December 5, 1918, I was discharged, as were many of the older officers. Of course, I should have liked to get across; the experience would have been more interesting, but illness put it out of the question at the time I might naturally have been sent.

"The experience at Camp Jackson, however, was wonderful. The intimate associations and close friendships formed with men from every part of the country, the demonstration of the intense patriotism of men of every type, and the efficiency from the medical and surgical point of view in the care of patients where doctors work together in a well organized team, with consultants always at hand; — these are what make me look back with such pleasure on my work. I have no patience with those who find fault with the Medical Corps of the Army, or belittle those who slaved at their desks in Washington to keep things going. I have seen the Hospital from the point of view of an officer and from that of a patient. I do not know any civil hospital in which I could have received such prompt or skillful care as I was given at Camp Jackson. Nor could I have asked more considerate or generous attention than was granted me in convalescence.

"I cannot close without saying a word about the pleasure of association with the various Chiefs of Service, Herrick of Yale, already mentioned, Baeslack and later Marshall Barber of Harvard, the Laboratory Chiefs, and with Leary, the first Commanding Officer and later with Stewart Roberts of Emory University of Atlanta. Such men and others whom I would like to name built up a wonderful organization with a superb esprit de corps."

STONE, Wilbur Fisk, Jr.

(Not heard from). His address is unknown to the Class Secretary.

STORROW, Edward Cabot

is a cotton broker, doing business in Boston, Mass., and residing in Readville, Mass.

His son, Thomas Wentworth Storrow (Harv. '15), was Machinist's Mate, U. S. N. R. F.; his son, Edward Cabot Storrow, Jr., is in Harv. '21.

STRONG, Gordon

is in the real estate business, in Chicago, Ill., residing there in the winter and at Southwoodside, Rickerson Station, Md., in summer.

He is the owner of an office building in Chicago and in 1916, established a magazine *The Republic Item* and a Republic Merchants Association in connection with his building and its activities.

He was appointed in July, 1917, Colonel, 3rd Illinois Field Artillery, N. G. (later 124th Field Artillery). He was also tendered appointment as Lieutenant-Colonel 1st Illinois Engineers, which he declined; he had been for six years prior a Colonel of Ordnance, Illinois National Guard; owing to ill health he resigned in January, 1918.

STURM, Samuel W.

is a life insurance agent doing business and residing in Cincinnati, Ohio.

He was on the Executive Committee for collections for the American Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. War Chest, etc.

*** SURBRIDGE, Randolph Cassius**

Randolph Cassius Surbridge died at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, March 19, 1916. He was born at Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1869, son of Samuel and Antoinette Irene (Shedd) Surbridge, his father being a prominent lawyer and one time mayor of Canton, Ohio. Surbridge was educated in the schools of Fryeburg, Me., and Washington,

D. C. In College, he was a member of Delta Upsilon, Finance Club, Southern Club, and prominently interested in the Harvard Union (the then debating society). He received the degree of LL. B. from the Harvard Law School in 1892 and entered the law office of Hon. John D. Long in Boston. He became active in Republican politics, being a vigorous public speaker, serving as a member of the Cambridge Common Council and of the Republican State Committee in 1897 and 1898. In 1900, he gave a fund to be at the disposal of the Harvard University Debating Club for the purchase of gold medals, to be known as the "John D. Long Medals," for the winners of the Yale and Princeton joint debates. In 1904, he left Massachusetts, and later practiced law in Des Moines, Iowa. Surbridge married at Cambridge, Sept. 21, 1898, Miss Lillian Wetmore Shedd, who survives him.

SWAIN, Harold

is a lawyer, practicing and residing in New York City, N. Y.

TAILER, Thomas Suffern

is a banker doing business and residing in New York City.

His son, L. Suffern Tailor, was an Ensign, U. S. N., Assistant Navigation Officer on the U. S. transport De Kalbe.

*** TALBOT, Thomas**

(Died at New York City, Feb. 25, 1910.)

*** TAYLOR, Harry Burlingame**

(Died at Lovell, Mass., June 8, 1897.)

TAYLOR, Martin Allison

is a banker and broker, partner in the firm of F. H. Prince & Co., doing business in Boston, Mass., and residing in Haverhill, Mass.

He is director, treasurer and secretary of Chicago Junction Railways and Union Stock Yards Co., and a director of the Talbot Mills. He is also treasurer of the New England Federation of Harvard Clubs; and secretary and treasurer of the Haverhill Harvard Club.

CLASS LIVES

His son, Martin Allison Taylor, Jr. (Harv. '19), served in the O. T. C. at Camp Devens, Mass., and at Lee, Va., in 1918, and was commissioned as 2nd Lieut., and sent to Camp Perry, O., for training in small arms firing; then sent to Camp McClellan, Ala., in 98th Div. U. S. A., honorably discharged in Dec., 1918.

His daughter, Harriet Talbot Taylor, was married to Benjamin Pitman (Harv. '12) July 24, 1915, and has a son, Benjamin Pitman, Jr., born April 29, 1916.

THAYER, Charles Martin

is a lawyer, practicing and residing in Worcester, Mass.

He was chairman of the Speakers Bureau in all Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. war drives in Worcester County; also chairman of the War Committee of the Worcester Bar Association; Vice President of the Worcester Harvard Club.

THAYER, Frank Wallace

is a lawyer practicing and residing in Boston, Mass.

THAYER, William Holbrook

is a manufacturer of heating apparatus in Boston, Mass., residing in Brookline.

His son, Charles Edward Thayer (Harv. '19), served in France with Battery B, 101st Field Art., in the 26th Div. and was gassed at St. Mihiel.

His son, Robert Fessenden Thayer, was in the Harvard Naval Unit S. A. T. C. from September to December, 1918.

His daughter, Adele Bouvé Thayer, was married to Charles G. Squibb, Feb. 16, 1916.

TOLMAN, Albert Walter

is an author, residing in Portland, Maine; he published *Jim Spurling, Fisherman* (Harper Bros. Co. 1918), a boys' story of adventure on the Maine coast.

TOWNSEND, Robert Elmer

is in the real estate, mortgages and insurance business, doing business and residing in Boston, Mass. He is also trustee

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

of a number of trusts and estates, and director in the National Rockland Bank, and of several other corporations.

His son, Robert Elmer Townsend, Jr. (Harv. '15) enlisted in the Naval Reserve in Dec., 1917, with rating of Machinists Mate, 2nd class, Naval Aviation; he went to France in April, 1918, was transferred to Queenstown, Ireland, in July; promoted to Chief Machinists Mate and had charge of testing all Liberty Motors at that station; returned to the United States and released from active duty in March, 1919.

TRAFFORD, Perry Davis

is a lawyer practicing in New York City and residing in Short Hills, N. J.

He is a trustee of the Herman Knapp Memorial Hospital; and was corresponding secretary of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York in 1916 and 1917.

He was an associate member of the Legal Advisory Board for Essex Co. and New York Co.; and was on the Short Hills War Service Committee. He was the Harvard representative on the College Committee on Recruiting Athletic Directors of the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A.

He writes: "My life has been uneventful. I have continued in the active practise of my profession, working and living in the same places, and blessed with the same good health."

TRAIL, Arthur

(Not heard from). His address is unknown to the Class Secretary.

TURNURE, George Evans

is in the banking business in New York, but has his residence in Lenox, Mass.

He has been a member of the Board of Selectmen of Lenox. He was a Major in the Massachusetts State Guard; and Captain in the American Red Cross in France, serving as Deputy Chief of the Advance Field Section.

His son, George Evans Turnure, Jr., (Harv. '20), after three months in College, left for France; served for one year with the French Foreign Legion, and for fourteen months as

an aviator in the United States Army; he received the Croix de Guerre, 3 palms fouragère.

His daughters — Elizabeth Lanier Turnure married Allan Fenno (since deceased); Mary Mildred Turnure married Roger Wolcott Griswold; Irene Turnure married Rudolf Kissel.

* **TURNURE, Redfield**

(Died, Sept. 25, 1901.)

VAN DU ZEE, Paul

is in the bond business with Bonbright & Co., doing business and residing in New York City, N. Y.

* **VORSE, Albert White**

(Died at Staten Island, N. Y., June 14, 1910.)

WAIT, Clarence Allen

is in the newspaper business and resides in Decatur, Ill.

He has been on most of the war activity committees — Liberty Loan, Red Cross, etc., Food Administration. In 1916, he was President of the University Club of Decatur.

His daughter, Marian Ainsworth Wait, is in James Millikin Univ. at Decatur.

WALSH, Richard Varick De Witt

(Not heard from). In 1914, he conducted a general insurance agency and resided in Albany, N. Y.

* **WARD, Julius Edgar**

Julius Edgar Ward died in Boston, December 12, 1915. He was born at Standish, Maine, April 3, 1858, son of Isaac and Ann Maria (Hanscom) Ward. He was admitted to college in 1883 as a special student and left in 1886 during the sophomore year of the Class of 1889 with which he was affiliated. He taught music in Cambridge and Boston, and from 1889 to 1893 was organist and director of Trinity Church Sunday School. From 1893 to 1898, he retired to Maine owing to ill health, spending there considerable time in musical composition. From 1900 to 1903, he travelled over the United

States giving illustrated lectures. He then settled in Kennebunkport, Maine, where he maintained a private music school for vocal culture and composition. He was also the composer of many songs.

Ward married Mrs. Virginia E. (Stewart) Mayne at Boston, Mass., Oct. 12, 1887, who survives him, with one child, Alida Brooks Ward, born May 17, 1891.

Ward was one of the oldest men in the Class and a constant attendant at Class reunions. His life was a long struggle against ill health and other difficulties; but his cheerfulness at all times gave him and others courage.

WARD, Robert DeCourcy

is a Professor of Climatology at Harvard University, residing in Cambridge, Mass.

He was President of the Association of American Geographers in 1917. He taught Meteorology at the U. S. A. School of Military Aeronautics at the Mass. Inst. of Technology; also gave extra instruction at Harvard to the Naval Reserve, and to the men in the Air Service program of the S. A. T. C.; also regular instruction to the S. A. T. C.

His sons, Henry DeCourcy Ward (Harv. '20) and Robert Saltonstall Ward (Harv. '21), were both in the Harvard R. O. T. C. and the S. A. T. C., and the former attended the Plattsburg Camp.

He has published since May, 1914 about 45 articles; his most important publications being: *Climate Considered Especially in Relation to Man* (2nd Ed. 1918); 15 articles on *The Weather Factor in the Great War*, in the Journal of Geography, Journal of the Military Service Institution of the United States, and Scientific Monthly; *The Weather Element in American Climates* (Annals Assoc. Amer. Geographers, Vol. IV, 1914); *The Prevailing Winds of the United States* (Ibid., Vol. VI, 1917); *Meteorological Observations* in Handbook of Travel (prepared by the Harvard Travellers Club, Cambridge, Mass., 1917); *Meteorology and War-Flying: Some Practical Suggestions*; Presidential Address before the Association of American Geographers (Annals Assoc. Amer. Geographers, Vol. VIII, 1919).

He writes: "My 'war work' has all been in Cambridge. It involved a great deal of extra teaching, but it was all distinctly in my own science. This condition made it possible to keep on with my regular courses, and with my writing, for which I was very glad. It somehow fell to my lot to prepare, and to publish, a series of papers on weather controls over military operations. These proved useful to a good many persons."

Class Secretary's Note: In the passage of the Immigration Act of February 5, 1917, containing the illiteracy test clause, Ward witnessed the fruition of twenty-three years of work on a subject on which he has become one of the leading authorities in the country. P. F. Hall, '89, shares with him credit for this work.

WARDMAN, Ervin

is publisher of the *New York Sun*, residing in New Rochelle, N. Y.

WARREN, Charles

is a lawyer, practicing and residing in Washington, D. C.

He was appointed by President Wilson, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, May 15, 1914; was confirmed by the Senate, May 18, and took office June 1; after serving four years, he resigned, April 19, 1918.

He is a trustee of the New England Conservatory of Music; Class Secretary of Harvard '89; and vice-president of the Washington Harvard Club.

He has published *Spies, and the Power of Congress to Subject Certain Classes of Civilians to Trial by Court Martial* (Amer. Law Rev. Vol. 53, April, 1919); *What is Giving Aid and Comfort to the Enemy* (Yale Law Rev. Vol. 27, Jan., 1918); *The Plenary Power of Congress over Alien Enemies* (1918); *History of Laws Prohibiting Correspondence with a Foreign Government, and Acceptance of a Commission* (Senate Doc. 696, 64th Cong. 2nd Sess. 1917); *Memorandum of Law on the Construction of Section 10 of the Federal Penal Code Relative to Unlawful Enlistment* (1918); *The Power of the Executive to Prevent a Breach of Neutral Obligation* (1915); *President Lincoln's "Despotism" as the Critics Saw it in 1861* (N. Y.

Sunday Times, May 12, 1918); *Aerial Warfare and the League of Nations* (N. Y. Sunday Times, Jan. 26, 1919).

Warren writes: "As I have commandeered so many others for detailed accounts of their war work, it is only fair that I should take my own medicine, and render account of myself. When I assumed office, I was assigned all matters coming before the Department of Justice in connection with National and Federal Reserve Banks, international affairs, civil service, criminal customs and bankruptcy cases, and all matters arising in Alaska, Canal Zone and the Insular possessions. When the Great War broke out, I was assigned further all matters connected with the war, and neutrality; also, neutrality and munitions-embargo matters connected with Mexico. The result of this assignment was that the whole investigation and prosecution of German activities in this country was carried on under my direction (the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, often erroneously called the 'Secret Service,' being developed and working on these matters under my supervision through its very able efficient chief, A. Bruce Bielaski, to whom I wish to record my tribute). Upwards of 40 criminal cases were instituted under my direction growing out of violations of neutrality and other Federal criminal statutes, in aid of the German cause, prior to the entry of the United States into the war. In every case, the Government secured a conviction or plea of guilty of some one or more of the defendants.

"Among the most interesting were the Werner Horn bridge dynamiting case; the Stahl perjury case in connection with affidavits as to alleged arming of the Lusitania; the Bunz, Hamburg-American fraudulent manifests case; the German Consul General Bopp, Crowley dynamite plots case in San Francisco; the Hindu insurrection military enterprise cases, involving German officers and agents in San Francisco and Chicago; the various fraudulent passport cases; the Von Rintelen, Fay and German steamship officers ship bombing cases; the Welland Canal dynamiting and military enterprise case; the Kaltschmidt dynamiting case in Detroit; the Steamship Sacramento fraudulent manifest and registry case in San Francisco; the German spies cases in New York;

the rubber exports fraud cases in New York; the seizure of the Von Igel papers in New York in April, 1916, etc., etc. In addition, there were prosecuted under my direction the violation of our neutrality law as to enlistments by the British in San Francisco; also the investigation and prosecution of Gen. Huerta's activities and attempted expedition into Mexico.

"In many of the above cases, very insufficient sentences were given; but this was due to the fact that the Federal criminal law was entirely inadequate to deal with the new facts presented, and many prosecutions had to be instituted under statutes, intended primarily for other purposes and containing inadequate penalties.

"Although I drafted in January, 1916, 18 bills to cure defects in our neutrality laws, and although they were presented to Congress in May, 1916, Congress did not act on them until June, 1917, over a year later, when it combined most of them in the Espionage Act.

"During the period of our neutrality, many hundreds of cases of hostile activities of German and Austro-Hungarian officials, agents and so called 'spies' were investigated; and while many were not violative of our criminal laws, and many other cases reported were 'fairy tales,' the Department accumulated a vast fund of information as to such undesirable individuals, so that when the United States entered the war on April 16, 1917, the Department was able to make sudden and immediate arrests of numbers of the more dangerous, and to keep close surveillance of others. During the war, from April to October, 1917, I had charge of all arrests and internments of alien enemies, and I drafted the Alien Enemy Regulations, contained in the President's Proclamation of War of April 6, 1917; I also drafted the advice to alien enemies issued by the Attorney General, concluding with the words 'Obey the law; keep your mouth shut.' I also drafted the original drafts of the Espionage Act of June 15, 1917, the Sabotage Act of April 20, 1918, and the Trading with the Enemy Act of October 6, 1917; and from October, 1917 to April, 1918, I had charge of all trading with the enemy matters in the Department of Justice.

"A committee, of which I was Chairman, made the original suggestion and recommendation to the Cabinet, April 13, 1917, that the Government should issue an official gazette, from which recommendation there finally resulted the institution and publication of the daily *Official U. S. Bulletin*, the first number of which was issued May 10, 1917 (and continued to March 31, 1919, when it was discontinued as a Government publication owing to failure of the Appropriation Bill).

"Of the forty one cases which I argued or briefed in the United States Supreme Court, there were two of particular interest: one — a case involving the present status of Porto Rico, in which, though I have always been a staunch Anti-Imperialist and have always abhorred the decisions in the *Insular Cases* by which it was held that the Constitution did not extend to the Philippines and Porto Rico, I was obliged against my personal belief, to argue (and, I regret to say, successfully) for a very extensive application of the doctrine of those cases; the other case (*Cercedo v. United States*) was notable from the fact that it was argued before the Lord Chief Justice of England (Lord Reading) sitting on the bench with the Chief Justice of the United States and the Court, and I having the privilege of being the first Government official in the history of the country to argue a case before the two Chief Justices, so sitting together.

"One other experience may be of interest to my legal Classmates. Amongst my other duties was that of making the final recommendation to the Attorney General on all petitions of Federal criminals for pardon or parole; though I thus passed upon about 3,000 cases in my four years, I do not recall that I found a half dozen cases in which I believed that any innocent man had been convicted; whereas in administering the national banking criminal laws, I met many cases in which defendants, who were clearly guilty, failed either of indictment or conviction, chiefly because of the fact that the minimum penalty under the law is so high (viz. five years' imprisonment) that juries are unwilling to indict or convict except in very flagrant cases; thus the stringency of the law defeats itself, and promotes failure of justice and escape of guilty persons."

WARREN, William Homer

is a Professor of Chemistry.

He attended the Plattsburg O. T. C. in August, 1916, and was commissioned as Captain in the Quartermaster Dept.; in September, 1917, was ordered into active service at Fort Hancock, Augusta, Ga.; in February, 1918, was ordered to Washington, D. C. in the Subsistence Div.; in August was transferred to the Chemical Warfare Service and sent to France to an intensive training camp for Gas Officers; then to Paris to a research laboratory; after the armistice, he served with the American Peace Commission, investigating war damage to chemical industries in France. He returned to the United States and was honorably discharged in April, 1919.

At the urgent and special request of the Class Secretary for additional information as to his work with the Army, Warren writes:

“ ‘Getting religion’ is a mental condition that takes quick hold of a man and defies argument. The great World War had about the same effect upon most of us in 1914. I had spent a year in Germany before the War and was an ardent admirer of things Teutonic, but 1914 ended that, and convinced me that I had been following false gods. In 1915, when the preparedness movement took so many eager men to Plattsburg, I regretted that I could not go too. But in 1916, I was there in August as a private in I Company, 9th Regiment. As any Eighty Niner will know, I was not the baby of the company, nor was I the grandfather. We had one member who was nearly seventy. Thanks to low avoirdupois and good physical condition, I did all that was required of me during the month. On the rifle ranges, I qualified as marksman, was never punished for insubordination to individuals I could not always admire, and was finally honorably discharged. My recollections of that short course in army discipline are very pleasant. From that time, military service had for me a new meaning. We were constantly reminded at Plattsburg of the importance of becoming members of the Reserve Corps. The age limit debarred those of us who were older from the infantry or artillery, or in other words from those branches of the service we most

desired. We were told, however, that we were eligible for the Quartermaster Corps or the Judge Advocate's department. Though it was not apparent what need either branch could have for a chemist, I applied for a commission in the Quartermaster Reserve Corps. The following November, I passed the physical examination and was commissioned a Captain, January 5, 1917. Not until August 31st, 1917, was I called into active service. On that date, I received orders to report for duty to the Camp Quartermaster at Camp Hancock, Georgia. The Camp Quartermaster, Capt. Humber, belonged to the regular army and was a typical Georgian. When I reported for duty, he asked at once what I was; and nearly exploded when I said I was a chemist. 'For God's sake, why did they send you down here?' he asked. 'I don't need chemists. I've four more officers now than I need.' My interview with Capt. Humber was brief and ended with his telling me to get a horse and look the Camp over. Surely that was not an introduction to army life calculated to inspire me with enthusiasm. But I procured a mount, — a good word when you hate to say horse, — and passed the first two weeks of my Army life familiarizing myself with the Camp and surrounding country. I should not omit mention of my first real job. Camp Hancock at that time was still being constructed and most of the workmen were negroes. No provision whatever in the way of latrines for them had been made and as a result they were violating every rule of army sanitation. I reported the matter to Capt. Humber and was told that I had found a job. So my first job in the army was superintending the construction of latrines for negro laborers. When I had been at Camp Hancock a month, the officer in charge of the quartermaster detachment and mess was transferred and I was assigned to his duties. This meant becoming Company Commander of about two hundred men. My Top Sergeant happened to be from the regular army and thoroughly familiar with the required paper work. With his aid, I had no difficulty in keeping straight the morning reports, sick reports, service records, muster rolls and many other documents that worry a Company Commander whose Top Sergeant is not efficient. As a side show, I had charge of a

mess for two hundred and fifty enlisted men and one for thirty-five officers. These duties together with daily inspections of quarters, mess halls, and kitchens kept me occupied, most of the time. My work was entirely different from anything I had anticipated, and serves to prove that in the army one must be prepared to turn his hand to whatever his orders demand. It is not the most efficient way to use men but I have observed that in the army comparatively few men are given the task they are best fitted to perform. This is no doubt the inevitable result of mobilizing quickly a large army from untrained or partially trained civilians. The only preventive of this waste of power would seem to be 'preparedness.' In January, 1918, I asked for a transfer from the Quartermaster Corps to the Chemical Warfare Service. Instead of getting what I had asked for, I was ordered to Washington on January 25, for duty in the office of the Quartermaster General. When I reported to Col. Grove, Chief of the Subsistence Division, and told him I was a chemist, he seemed somewhat non-plussed. But he gathered himself quickly and said that he thought I might be of service in the Inspection Branch which had just been started, and which comprised a \$25,000 a year civilian expert (to whom the War Department paid a dollar a year) one desk and six books. Another desk, and myself, now joined him. We were to organize a Service supervising inspections of all foods and other supplies purchased for the Army by the Subsistence Division. I was overcome at first by the seeming magnitude of the plan. We soon decided that food for the Army was being inspected very unsystematically and began issuing bulletins describing how subsistence supplies should be examined. These were sent to quartermasters at depots, camps, and other stations. This scheme has proved valuable and may be permanently adopted by the Army. These inspections called for numerous chemical examinations which were made at the Bureau of Chemistry and Bureau of Standards. As the work developed, our force grew, until last August (when I was transferred to the Chemical Warfare Service), we had fifteen in the office and many inspectors in the field. Seven months later, when I returned from France, there were more than thirty in the office. This

is but one instance of many showing the rapid expansion occasioned by the demands of the War. My desk duties soon developed me into a typical 'waffle' officer. This epithet possibly requires explanation. I first heard it applied to majors in Washington and was informed that a 'waffle major' is one who sits in his swivel chair so constantly that the cane seat permanently imprints itself upon his trousers. I did not, however, fall into that class of officers who, according to Uncle Joe Cannon, wore spurs to keep their feet from slipping off their desks. I was finally rescued from 'waffledom' by being transferred to the Chemical Warfare Service and ordered overseas, August 24, 1918. Over six thousand of us, troops, officers, nurses and crew, left New York for Brest on *La France*. Our companion ships were the *Mt. Vernon* and *Agamemnon*, all fast. The third day out we were without convoy and never saw a warship until two or three days from the French coast. Otherwise no precautions were omitted. There were abandon-ship-drills, daily; port-holes were darkened; lights were not allowed on deck after dinner, not even a cigarette; and all passage-way lights had blue glass. The dining room was the only well lighted place on the ship. Yet no nervousness was apparent. Usually there was dancing after dinner. Late one afternoon when we may have been five hundred miles from the French coast, suddenly shots were fired from the low guns, then from the stern guns and finally from the guns on the other ships. These may have been twenty or more in all. Word was passed that a periscope had been sighted. Probably it had even if none of us could see it. This incident, instead of creating terror, only increased everybody's curiosity. This was the only exciting event to break the serenity of the twelve days' voyage. Those who were inclined to be skeptical of the presence of a submarine may have changed their minds upon reading a few days later that the *Mt. Vernon*, when about the same distance out, on her return, had been torpedoed and barely succeeded in getting back to Brest in a badly damaged condition and with thirty-five of her crew killed and wounded. The night after the submarine flurry, five destroyers joined us. They were very welcome and saw us safely anchored in the harbor of Brest on September 4.

Casual officers below the rank of major were taken immediately to Fort Bouguen, an old fort (built in Richelieu's time) which might have interested us as tourists but as a place of confinement, for five days, soon lost its charm. Leaving Brest at 6. A.M. we reached Tours at three the next morning. Then the next day we had lunch with General Fries, Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, who explained what our work would be. We were then forwarded to Chaumont by the 'dough-boy special,' an ordinary five hour trip for an American train but, owing to stops and turn-outs, we consumed thirty-two, sleeping two nights in an ordinary day coach and having nothing to eat except what we had taken with us. At one stop, the Red Cross did come to the rescue with hot coffee. I shall always remember breakfast at the Y. M. C. A. that first morning in Chaumont and have a good word to say for them. From Chaumont, we were taken to an officers' training camp at Choignes, out about three miles on the Marne. There we had three weeks of setting-up exercises, close order drill, pistol and machine gun practice, and lectures when there was nothing else to do. Then we were sent up the hill to Hanlow Field for special training in defensive and offensive gas warfare which consisted of innumerable lectures interspersed with practical work with artillery, trench mortars, gas bombs, war gases, etc. Upon completion of the two weeks course, each officer was carefully examined. Those who were not chemists received orders assigning them to divisions at the front as gas officers. Chemists were sent to laboratories at Paris or elsewhere. Being in the latter class, I was ordered to the Paris laboratory in October. When I reached Paris, it was as dark as possible at night and every precaution being taken against air-raids, by that time, they had ceased altogether, for the Boches were too much occupied in the other direction. The Chemical Warfare Service laboratory was not in Paris but at Puteaux, a town beyond Neuilly. I found a well-equipped establishment and a thoroughly efficient staff consisting of twenty officers and about fifty men. The character of the work was quite varied. Numerous experiments upon charcoal for masks and upon different war gases were in progress. Exami-

nations of gases removed from unexploded Boche shells had to be made for the purpose of determining what they were using and what measures should be taken to protect against new gases. New combinations of gases were being made and tried out practically at Hanlow Field. Shortly after I had joined the laboratory staff, came the armistice and the bottom dropped out of everything. For several weeks after the armistice, I was engaged in trying to determine what use could be made of our large supplies of war gases. This continued until early in January, 1919, when I was ordered to Angers for return to the United States. Learning that chemists were wanted for work connected with the Peace Commission I offered my services and was ordered to Paris for duty with the Chemical Division of the Engineering Section. Our task was to determine the extent of the damage to chemical factories in the invaded departments of France. The most tedious part of the work was locating these factories, and that had been completed. We were within ten minutes of starting on our first field trip, which would have taken us into every place of importance in the invaded area between Rheims and Lunéville, when the order came to recall all field parties and send no more out. Thus, for some reason unknown to most of us, the labor of four hundred officers suddenly terminated before it had reached the point where it could show results. On March 19, I embarked from Brest on the *U. S. S. Georgia* arriving at Newport News, April 1. From there I was sent immediately to Washington, where on April 2 I was honorably discharged."

WATERMAN, George Waldo

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was a lawyer, in Chicago, Ill. The Class Secretary is informed that his present address is 1 Spring St., Newburyport, Mass.

WATSON, Franklin Oliver

is vice-president and treasurer of the York Whiting Company, wholesale commission merchants, of Boston, Mass., and treasurer of the De Soto Fruit Company of Arcadia, Fla., residing in Somerville, Mass.

*** WEAVER, Benjamin**

Benjamin Weaver died at Newport, R. I., Nov. 9, 1915. He was born at Newport, R. I., May 3, 1866, son of John Goddard and Wealthy Moore (Townsend) Weaver. In College, he was a member of the Institute, D. K. E., Hasty Pudding, Zeta Psi, and Art Club; he also played on the Freshman ball team. His star parts in the Hasty Pudding Theatricals will long be remembered, and the songs sung therein by him have become College classics. After graduating, he was associated with his father in the hotel business in Newport and New York. Upon his father's death in 1894, he sold his interest in New York and in 1906 his hotel property in Newport. He then engaged in farming until 1902. After traveling to some extent, he became treasurer of the George A. Weaver Co., in 1907, and until 1913 engaged in the agricultural hardware business at Newport, R. I. After April, 1913, he was in the real estate and insurance business as a member of the firm of Andrews & Weaver. Weaver married at Newport, R. I., Nov. 30, 1892, Miss Eleanor Whipple, who survives him, with one child, Eleanor Swan, born Oct. 23, 1897. "Benny" Weaver was one of the best-known men in the Class, and at all Class reunions could be depended on for a humorous song or story. Genial and witty, at the same time quiet and retiring, a vein of deep seriousness lay frequently beneath his jester's air. No one can fill exactly his place at our reunions.

WELD, Bernard Coffin

is an East India Commission Merchant, doing business in Boston, Mass.

His son, Aaron Davis Weld (Harv. '18), was 1st Lieutenant Co. I, 7th Inf. U. S. A., and was killed in action October 11, 1918, at Cunel, in the Argonne, France; he received his commission in November, 1917, after three months' training at Plattsburg and was ordered to Camp Merritt, N. J., where he was placed in Charge of the Casual Retention Camp. On August 2, 1918, he went overseas; he was first attached to the 163rd Infantry but on September 22 joined the 7th Regiment.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

His son, George Stephenson Weld (Harv. '20), was a 2nd Lieut. in the Coast Artillery Reserve Corps.

Class Secretary's Note: The following letter from Joseph Warren '97 appeared in the Harvard Alumni Bulletin, Dec. 19, 1918:—

"Lieutenant Aaron Davis Weld must have naturally been an admirable example of that class of the War's great heroes — the platoon leader. Those at Harvard who knew him in that camp will always remember the handsome face, the active figure and the alert efficiency of Supply Sergeant Weld of I Company. Not only did he handle his own duties with unruffled ease, but he was ready at the call of his major to take charge of unexpected battalion needs. His Captain's report of him at the end of the period of training was 'first class.' His family, his University, and his fellow-citizens must take a 'solemn pride' in having laid 'so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.'"

WELD, George Francis

is a clergyman, Rector of All Saints Parish, Montecito and resides at Santa Barbara, Calif.

He was Secretary of the Church War Commission of California, also of the Province of the Pacific.

He was in 1915-1916 president of the Harvard Club of Santa Barbara, and president of the Cambridge Club of Los Angeles. In 1915, he was appointed by Gov. Johnson a trustee of the California State Normal School of Manual Arts; he is also trustee of the Santa Barbara Museum of Oology; and president of Point Hope Association.

He has a daughter, Marjorie Appleton Weld, born Dec. 26, 1914. His son, Edric Amory Weld, is in Harv. '22.

WENGREN, Elmer Lindberg

is in the brokerage business and resides in Portland, Me.

He writes: "With a shipyard redivivus superimposed on my summer location and empty pockets surrounding me in this metropolis, the brokers' chief asset is hope. We turned out a ship that would float anyway. Maine cottages, in great demand, this summer. Our early temperance movement, regarded as an advantage in view of the ignorance of the rest of the country in such matters. Maine leads."

WENTWORTH, George

(Not heard from). In 1914, he resided in Brookline, Mass.

WETMORE, Charles Delavan

(Not heard from). Is an architect, residing in New York City, N. Y.

*** WHIPPLE, Harland Woodbury**

(Died at Lawrence, Mass., Dec. 25, 1911.)

*** WHITE, Henry Russell**

(Died at Boston, Mass., May 2, 1909.)

WHITNEY, James Edward

is an East India goods importer, doing business in Boston, Mass., and residing in Newburyport, Mass.

WHITRIDGE, Morris

is a member of the firm of Whitridge, White & Company, importers, of Baltimore, and Vice President of The John C. Grafflin Company, and resides in Baltimore, Md.

He is a director of the Merchants-Mechanics Bank, the First National Bank, the Fidelity Trust Co., the Maryland Life Insurance Co., the John C. Grafflin Co., and a director and member of the Executive Committee of the Hopkins Place Savings Bank — all of Baltimore, Md.; vice president of the Harvard Club of Maryland. He was a member of the Naval Recruiting Committee; a member of the executive committee of the American Protective League, Baltimore branch; a member of the finance committee of the Second Red Cross Drive.

He writes: "Since we met as a Class in 1914, I have been in good health. Since the War started I have had plenty of troubles in business from red tape and governmental supervision, but these are now over. In regard to my war record, I am afraid I can not feel quite satisfied. I did considerable work among the men from the Camps, who made Baltimore their rendezvous, and at the Reconstruction Hospital for the Blind, near my home. In this line of work, I shall probably derive in days to come the most satisfaction."

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

WILDER, Raymond Sargent

is associate medical director, Ocean Accident and Guarantee Co., Ltd. of England, practicing in New York, and residing in North Tarrytown, N. Y.

WILSON, John Mills

is minister of the First Congregational Church (Unitarian), Lexington, Mass.

He is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Cary Memorial Library at Lexington.

His son, Donald Wilson, was commissioned Ensign in the Naval Reserve Flying Corps, June 4, 1918, and was instructor in aviation at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.; he is now an aviator with the U. S. Fleet in Cuba.

His daughter, Helen Challis Wilson, is a member of Radcliffe '21.

WINKLER, Max

is Professor of the German Language and Literature at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

WOODBURY, Thornton

(Not heard from). In 1914, he was connected with the Metropolitan Advertising Co. in New York City, N. Y. and resided in Pelham Manor, N. Y.

*** WRIGHT, Eben**

(Died at New York City, June 5, 1908.)

WRIGHT, George Eliot

is a lawyer, practicing and residing in Seattle, Wash.

He is a vice-president of the Harvard Law School Association, and has been president of the Harvard Club of Seattle, and president of the Bar Association of Seattle.

*** ZINKEISEN, Frank Edward**

(Died at Chicago, Ill., Nov. 10, 1895.)

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

*"As 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home."*

Henry V, I, s. 2

"Experience teaches some people to go and do the same fool thing over again."—Anon.

"Distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it."

HOWELL, Familiar Letters, Book I, Sec. I, No. 6

"Paunchy old men, in the disguise of young ones, who assume all the foppishness and levity of boys, without the excuse of youth or inexperience."

DICKENS, Sketches by Boz, Character VII

"It is good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood."

LONGFELLOW, Legend of Brittany, Pt. I, st. 35

ATTENDANCE AT THE CELEBRATION

ACCORDING to the Class Treasurer's estimate, there were present at the Field Day at Proctor's, 116 men; at the Oakley Club, at Burr's luncheon, 102 men and 74 wives; on Class Day, about 230 members of the Class, wives and guests; at the Yale Game about 300 members, wives and guests; at the Class Dinner and at Commencement, 140 men; at New London, 165 men, wives and guests. 162 members of the Class were present at the various events, though not at any one event. The following list of 153 men registered at Class Headquarters (84 of whom were accompanied by their wives and are marked in this list with a *):

AGASSIZ, ALEXANDER, ATKINSON,* BAILEY, BALCH,* BALDWIN, BENTLEY,* BIGELOW,* BREWSTER,* BROOKS,* BULLARD, BUNKER,* BURDETT,* BURR,* BUSH, BUTTERS,* CABOT,* CANER,* CASE,* CHASE, CHITTENDEN,* D. H. CLARK,* W. D. CLARK, COBB, COPELAND,* COULSON,* CROCKER, DAHLGREN, DARLING, DAVENPORT,* DAVIES,* DAVIS,* DeBLOIS,* DERBY,* DEXTER, DORR,* DUNHAM, DUNLAP, DURFEE,* ELLIS, EVERETT,* FAXON,* FORBES, GARRETT, GOADBY, GOODALE,* GOODWIN, F. GREEN, W. C. GREEN, C. GREENE,* GREW,* GRIFFING,* GUILD, GUNTHER, HARDING,* HATHAWAY, HAWLEY, HIGHT,* A. D. HODGES, W. T. HODGES,* HOLLIDAY,* HOOPER, HULL,* HUNNEMAN,* HUNTER,* HUNTRESS,* HUTCHINSON, ISHAM, JELLINEK, JENNINGS,* JEWETT, JOLINE, KEYES,* KING,* KIRBY, KNAPP,* LANE,* LATIMER, LEE,* LEFAVOUR,* LYDIG, MAGEE, MANDELL,* MARSH, MARVIN, MAYNADIER, MEEKER,* MERRILL,* MONRO,* MOORE,* MORGAN,* MORSE,* NAUMBURG, NEWELL,* NIELDS,* OLMSTED, O'SULLIVAN, PARKER, PEAR,* PERKINS,* PERRY,* G. T. PHELPS, J. S. PHELPS, PILLSBURY, POTTER, PRESCOTT,* PROCTOR,* RAYMOND,* REUBEN, REYNOLDS,* RICHARDS,* RICHARDSON,* ROPES,* RULAND,* G. B. SALISBURY, R. SALISBURY, SALTONSTALL,* SAUNDERS,* SAVILLE,* H. M. SEARS, P. S. SEARS,* SHATTUCK, SHUMAKER,* SHUMAN, SIEBERT,* SINNOTT, SLATTERY, SLEEPER, STEAD, STEVENS,* STONE,* STORROW,* STRONG, TAYLOR,* F. W. THAYER,* W. H. THAYER,* TOWNSEND,* TRAFFORD,* WALSH, J. E. WARD,* R. DeC. WARD, WARDMAN, C. WARREN,* W. H. WARREN, WEAVER, B. C. WELD,* G. F. WELD, WENGREN WETMORE, WHITNEY,* WHITMORE,* WILDER, WRIGHT.



JUNE 14, AT THE COPLEY PLAZA



JUNE 14, PHILLIPS BROOKS HOUSE



JUNE 14, GOING TO CHAPEL

RECORD OF EVENTS OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

as portrayed in the
DIARY OF A. T. NINER, '89

Oct. 23, 1913. Received notice that Class of '89 celebrate their 25th Anniversary next June. Decided not to attend. Am too old for this kind of thing.

Dec. 10, 1913. Received printed notice from Class Committee asking whether wives of members shall attend. Think wives out of place at such occasion. Will vote: No.

Dec. 11, 1913. Mrs. Niner saw printed notice from Class Committee on my desk. Will vote: Yes.

March 6, 1914. Received printed programme of proposed Class Celebration, and asking that I "now resolve and hereafter arrange to let nothing interfere with my attendance from the beginning to the end." Have decided not to attend.

March 7. My son showed programme to Mrs. Niner. Have decided to attend. So has she.

March 8. Received request from Warren to send my photograph and Class life. Forgot to answer it.

March 15. Received urgent request from Warren for photograph and Class life. Forgot to answer it.

March 22. Received peremptory demand from Warren for photograph and Class life. Forgot to answer it.

March 29. Received sarcastic note from Warren as to photograph and Class life. Forgot to answer it.

April 5. Received pathetic appeal from Warren as to photograph and Class life. Forgot to answer it.

April 12. Received telegram from Warren, prepaid, as to photo and life. Mislaidd it.

April 29, 8 A. M. Mrs. Niner received letter from Warren stating that it seemed a pity that her husband's life and por-

trait should not appear in the Class Report, and that the space allotted to him should be the only vacant space in the book.

April 29, 9 A. M. Sent full account of myself and family to Warren, also my handsomest photograph, taken ten years ago, before I got bald and grew a beard. Doubt whether photo will be of much assistance to my classmates as a means of present identification.

May 2. Received request for contribution to Class Fund. Cannot afford to send more than \$100.

May 3. Sent \$200 to Class Fund.

May 10. Received printed proof of my class life from Warren. Unfortunate omission made by me. Wife gave me hell for forgetting to include births of two of our children — also failed to insert in "Clubs and Societies," my membership in National Geographic Society, American Red Cross, and Animal Rescue League.

May 11. Mailed corrected proof to Warren. Hope I never receive any more letters from him.

May 12. Wife informs me that she has positively nothing fit to wear to the celebration, and do I or do I not want her to be a credit to the Class? I do — but the more important question: bank credit, not Class credit.

May 15. Class Committee asks for contribution to \$100,000 fund. Have already sent more than I could afford. Let Morgan or some of those other Eastern millionaires do the rest. Sent cheque for \$100 more.

May 28. Received notice from Darling asking if I wanted tickets for the ball game and boat races. Wrote him I was too old to be interested in such matters.

May 29. My letter to Darling has mysteriously disappeared. Mrs. Niner suggests my writing for tickets for everything, including Class Day. Last night looking over an old College scrap book, she came across a card of invitation from Carrie Harris, and wanted to know if she was one of the college belles; also asked if I remembered the party. I did. It was given by the Dean (whose first name I can't recall).

June 1. Looked at my picture of Class in Freshman Year. Think I recognize three classmates. My eldest son says we

must have been a lot of jays to wear hats like those. He seems glad that he did not know me in those days.

June 4. Looked over old scrap book containing Hunne-
man's poem at Junior Dinner. Wonder whether it was in-
tended to be humorous. Don't recall the point of the jokes,
if they were jokes. Think my taste in wit has changed.

June 6. Came across photo of Freshman Class Crew.
Recall we had a celebration for coming in second in Class Races.
Why? I recalled yesterday a very funny story Bill (can't
think of his last name) used to tell at our Club Table. Can't
remember what it was about; but it was a good story. Wonder
if Bill tells it now.

June 12. Wife and I started for Boston. Think I'm a
fool to go. Shan't know anybody. Nobody will know me.
Too old for this sort of thing. Wife says that is nonsense.

Sunday, June 14. Arrived at the Copley Plaza in Boston
this noon. To my surprise, find it to be on the spot of the old
Art Museum, where I used to go to see the plaster casts and
mummies, twenty-five years ago. Wonder if my class mates
here are also a lot of antiques. Find Class has headquarters
on the ground floor in the Presidential Suite. Has the Class
a T. R. in it?

Went to headquarters and found a lot of unfamiliar but
friendly looking men. Saw Darling who seemed full of busi-
ness. Introduced myself, and to my surprise found he knew
I was in the Class. Got a cartload of hat ribbons, badges, and
other paraphernalia, and circulars from Mr. Townsend. Saw
Warren handing out Class Reports. He mentioned having
written to me at least once. I said I recalled the fact. Saw
Mr. Saltonstall, who slapped me on the back and said: "Well,
Jack, old fellow, I haven't seen you since the Twentieth An-
niversary." Didn't tell him I hadn't been back since the
Triennial — also that my name wasn't Jack. Still, it was
pleasant of him to remember me. Met Mr. Trafford and
his wife. They introduced my wife to a lot of other wives;
and in a few minutes Mrs. Niner seemed to know more men
in the room than I did. Saw Mr. Parker — we used to call
him "Good Old Frank." He said to me; "By George, Hal,
old man, I'm glad to see you again." Didn't tell him my

name wasn't Hal. Didn't want to remove his gladness. Talked with a lot of men whom I knew, if I could only remember their names. My wife came across the room and said she'd just heard a lot of stories about me that she'd never heard before. Wish I knew which ones they were. Met a fat man who, I think, used to row on our crew. He said he'd like to bet he had more boys than I had. Didn't bet. Too early to begin games of chance. Also it was Sunday. Think I'd better look over the Class Report and ascertain facts, before betting with strangers. Looked at Class Report. Find the photographs useful in picking out some men in the room. Think I made a mistake in sending my ten-year-old picture without a beard. Think I made a mistake not shaving before I came; heard one man say: "Who's that old duffer, he must have got in the wrong room." Mrs. Niner looks ridiculously young; it must be that new dress; ought to have brought the children along.

Found it time to go out to Cambridge. Motored out with a man and his wife who seemed to know us well. When we reached Cambridge, we knew them well.

Mr. and Mrs. Trafford gave the Class a reception and tea at the Phillips Brooks House at 4 o'clock. Surprising how many men I know in the Class; and they seem to know me just as soon as they read my name printed on the badge which we have now all put on. Sometimes, though, the badge gets twisted. Met Mr. Deblois (we used to call him "Debby"). He wrung my hand and said: "Hullo, hullo, Jim, I'm damned glad to see you." Didn't tell him my name wasn't Jim.

At 5:30, we all filed, by twos, across the old College Yard to Appleton Chapel. Never was so glad to go to Chapel before. Sat through very impressive service. Rev. George D. Latimer read the responsive services. Reverend Ellsworth E. Shumaker read the Scripture lesson. Dr. Richard C. Cabot gave a tenor solo from Elijah (I remember Cabot singing scales all the way up three flights of stairs in Gray's Hall). Warren as Class Secretary read the list of men who have left us — the Class Necrology — 44 in all — (I notice from the Class Report that we have had actually and proportionally far fewer deaths of graduates than either of the

five preceding Classes. We are a tough lot.) Rev. F. M. Brooks gave a prayer. Rev. James H. Ropes gave us a sermon — and a mighty good one, too. Think, upon the whole, it was better than his Commencement Day oration, twenty-five years ago. In fact, most everything seems better than twenty-five years ago. Think perhaps I made no mistake in deciding to come on here, this year. Mentioned this to my wife, who said that it wasn't I who made the decision, anyway.

Back to Boston at 7 P.M. Spent the evening perusing the Class Report, that is, I tried to, when I could get it out of my wife's hands. She wants to know why I didn't state in my Class Life that I was a trustee of the Public Library, and that I had written an essay for the Amateur Photographers Quarterly Magazine. She also asked me why Hunneman referred to me in his Sophomore Dinner poem, as the "fatally beautiful Apollo." I couldn't recall — nor why he mentioned an episode in the College Yard in which I appear to have taken part in light underwear. He must have confused me with someone else, as I have always been susceptible to colds and am careful of my apparel. My wife seems sceptical and inquisitive. I think some of my classmates have better memories than I have; or else when they talked to her in the corner of the Headquarters they confused me with someone else. And so to bed.

Monday, June 15. Field Day. Fine, bright weather. Was at Headquarters early. Met Mr. King who said: "I am very glad, Thompson, that you decided to attend." He seemed so gracious that I didn't tell him I wasn't Thompson; and then Mr. Townsend came up and said: "This isn't Thompson, Jim, it's Jackson. How is everything, old man?" I shook his hand, but didn't tell him I wasn't Jackson. Saw my wife with four men telling her stories. She seems to have forgotten that I brought her here. Saw Warren and apologized for not writing him earlier; but he said there were a few men in the Class who were worse than I was. Very complimentary of him.

Saw Darling who looked cheerful, careworn and busy. Noticed he had one or two things to do, so did not converse long with him. Saw Mr. Townsend also looking worried.

He also had one or two things to do. Met Mr. Whitney (Jimmy) who started to talk about old English ballads with me. Did not feel very literary, myself, in this atmosphere. Started at 9:30 A.M. in one of a long line of automobiles bound for Proctor's place at Ipswich. The three other men in the car seemed good fellows, but a bit cautious in their conversation, as to my identity. At Salem, tire burst; all, except myself, voted that I should assist the chauffeur in putting on a new tire. Chauffeur did not seem particularly impressed with my ability. At Beverly, one of the three men said: "By Jove, I know you now, you're old Polly." I didn't recall that I was; but thought it more tactful not to deny the cognomen. Arrived at Coffin's Beach, on the way to Proctor's — fine beach, fine ocean, fine drinks, fine crowd. Mr. Crocker seems a natural born bar-tender. Others were not averse to assisting him carry out the role. Decided to go in bathing. Did so; but after thirty seconds found liquid more pleasant internally than externally. Cannot say that '89, nude, averages very high as to manly beauty. Lack of clothes emphasizes preponderance of adiposity. Assisted Joe Crocker in disposing of his wares. All drove back to Proctor's fine Elizabethan brick house on a hill. More men addressed me as "Polly"; and I misused several of their Christian names. Proctor introduced us all to his very cordial wife. She proved to be a born mixer, and asked us all to feel at home. We did. Found to my surprise that my classmates were intending to play the game of baseball, or at least attempting to indulge in a resemblance of that game. One team consisted of Raymond, Trafford, Joline, Forbes, Proctor, Keyes, Harding, Clark, Richardson and DeBlois; the other, of Hawley, Shattuck, George, Merrill, Slattery, Thayer, Cabot, Lee and Hunneman. After viewing their efforts for a few minutes, I was persuaded to indulge in the game myself. Played right field, and chased balls at least $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles. In my first turn at the bat, however, I hit the ball; and before Slattery picked it up, I had run all round the bases. Professor R. D. C. Ward remarked to me that I had wind enough for him to lecture on in his course on Climatology. This was a professorial joke. While resting, met our representative on the Board of Overseers. He has



JUNE 15, AT IPSWICH BEACH



HOW WE LOVE WATER



JUNE 15, WEARY WAYFARERS



JUNE 15, MRS. PROCTOR GLAD-HANDS US



OUR HOSTESS



TALKING IT OVER



THE BALL GAME "FANS"



THE PRIZE BATTERY



DEBBY LAYS DOWN THE LAW



THE POET QUESTIONS THE UMPIRE



THE CHIEF MARSHAL STRIKES OUT



THE ASS'T. ATTY. GEN. AND THE TRUST MAGNATE



DITTO



ONE OF 89'S KIDS



CAMOUFLAGE

an affluent figure and I guess he makes more money for his firm than he did for the Pudding Theatricals. I said, "Do you find it difficult to attend meetings of the Board, Mr. Morgan?" He said, "Oh, hell, Polly, call me Jack." I did. The next inning, I was fortunate enough to make another home run. As I returned to the plate, Raymond said: "Good, *night*, Baker." I informed him my name wasn't Baker, but Niner. Found out afterwards the allusion was to some professional ball player. Mr. Weaver ("Benny") came up and said: "Hullo, Polly, when did you grow the bunch of spinach?" It is clear to me that I made a mistake not to shave my beard before I came on. Most of these men look younger than they ought to. Still, Griffin, Derby and Siebert have beards. But I am not so fat as the one, nor so red or white as the others. Anyway, I've got more hair than Hodges, Wright and Maynadier. The ball game ended with the score of 18 to 15 in favor of Trafford's team, — thanks to the umpire. As we went back to Proctor's house to lunch, I saw Faxon kodaking Warren and Morgan having a serious conference. Faxon says he's going to sell the kodak to a Hearst paper, as evidence of a deal between the Department of Justice and the trust magnates. Proctor gave us a magnificent feast; and it was not a dry one. At the end, we gave rousing cheers for Proctor and his wife, "and then some" (as my youngest son says). Also we sang. Curious how well I sang. Never used to. After lunch, we had our pictures taken in a big semicircle with and without hats. Am inclined to think the hats improve the picture; they conceal all of the baldness and considerable of the face. The *toute ensemble* (as old Bôcher would have said) brought forth many ribald remarks from the integral factors (as Jimmy Mills Pierce used to remark). After this photograph, we indulged in various sports respectively, also in conversation of an exceedingly variegated, and discursive nature, suited to our enfeebled mentality. Proctor's daughter's pony painted in stripes amused us.*

At 5:30 P.M. we returned to Boston after a most enjoyable day: thanks to Proctor's generosity and geniality and Mrs.

* It would have been termed camouflaged, if that word had been invented then.

Proctor's graciousness and good fellowship. 116 men attended. Arrived at hotel just in time for dinner. My wife had spent a wonderful day at Mrs. George S. Mandell's house at Hamilton with the other '89 wives. They had "got together" in a remarkable fashion; and had learned a lot about their own husbands, also about each others' husbands. Mrs. Mandell was an ideal hostess. Mrs. Niner said no wife missed her spouse in the least. Surprising what the women found to do, all alone. After dinner, we attended a supper and dancing in the hotel, interspersed with music. Considerable matching up of experiences during the day.

When we retired to our room, my wife perused the Class Report, and found several allusions to me in the Class History which she wanted explained. My memory as to my youth seems singularly indistinct. If I can get a chance at it, I am going to read the Class Report myself. Think Warren has, perhaps, included in his book more details of the past than were absolutely necessary. And so to bed.

Tuesday, June 16. Class Day. Fine sunny day. At headquarters, saw Mr. Perkins ("old Bob"). He said: "Hi, Polly, you were the damn poorest candidate we ever had for the crew." I was. Saw Darling who looked cheerful and busy. Saw Mr. Prescott who does not now resemble "Lampy" in appearance. Most of us, however, look far younger and less sober than I had supposed we would. Have decided to stop addressing classmates as "Mr."; they are not dignified enough to warrant the appellation. My wife says neither am I. Astonishing how little married I feel. My wife says she has noticed it. Am not sure that I like the tone of voice with which she makes the remark. At 11 A.M., we all motored out to the Oakley Country Club, where a delightful luncheon, given by Mr. and Mrs. Allston Burr, was served on the piazza; 102 men and 74 wives attended. Before lunch, we all had our photograph taken. A high wind did not add to the comfort of the ladies who spent most of their time keeping dresses and hats in their normal positions. The average of beauty, however, was considerably higher than at Proctor's yesterday, — my wife says she does not consider that remark any great compliment to the ladies. At 1:30, we sat down at small

tables, appropriately decorated for '89. A handy '89 song book helped us to indulge in alleged music. At the end of lunch, Darling rose, looking even more worried than usual and began an oration. It was modelled after Demosthenes, Billy Sunday, Edmund Burke and Daniel Pratt. Gradually it dawned upon some of us that it had something to do with Warren and his efforts as Class Secretary. As Darling approached a pathetically heartrending peroration, he asked someone to find a piece of silverware which was hidden somewhere. Neither the silverware nor Warren appeared to be in evidence. Finally, Warren was discovered inside the clubhouse sitting on a window seat, and under the seat was the missing silver. Warren was hauled out through the window, and the silver bowl, platter and spoon were foisted on him. He grabbed them without any false modesty. Darling nearly broke down with chagrin when he found that Warren hadn't heard a word of all his eloquence in making the presentation. Luckily, Mrs. Warren who sat at Darling's table had a good memory. Warren tried to make what he called a speech of thanks. If he can't do better than he did, I'd hate to have to listen to him argue in the Supreme Court. However, the painful scene was soon over; and a few well directed knocks from his classmates put an end to the suffering animal's agony. After this distressing episode, we proceeded to enjoy ourselves again, until a hurry call at 3:15 summoned us to take motors to go to the Class Day exercises. Our wives had choice seats reserved in the bowl of the Stadium. We were assembled, however, in the Yard, and from there marched to the Team Club House on Soldiers Field and then marched into the Stadium, two abreast — an imposing sight upon which the eyes of countless thousands were fixed (at least so we assumed). The exercises were interesting; and the finale — the throwing of long strips of colored paper and confetti — a brilliant and fascinating sight. But there was not the same intimacy of association with the audience, or the same sense of personal partaking in the ceremonies, which marked the old Tree Exercises behind Hollis, twenty-five years ago. I asked Jimmy Whitney if he remembered how he got the bulk of the flowers then. He said he still preserved traces of the bruises. My

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

wife asked me, later, if I got any flowers from the Tree in 1889, and to what girl I gave them. I told her I couldn't recall exactly. This was true; but I have a suspicion that I gave them to a girl who is now the wife of another '89 man and present at this celebration. But why intrude such suspicions on the perfectly enjoyable time my wife is now having?

For the sake of the record, I append the order of Exercises at the Stadium.

- I. 1. 1915, 1916, 1917 together cheer the Seniors as they enter the amphitheatre.
 2. Graduates cheer Seniors.
 3. Seniors give one cheer, ending 1915, 1916, 1917.
 4. Seniors cheer Graduates.
- II. Glee Club sings "Johnny Harvard."
- III. Ivy Oration by (J. R. O. Perkins).
- IV. Seniors alone cheer (3 Harvards and 3x3).
 1. Football team.
 2. Baseball team.
 3. Track team.
 4. Crew.
 5. Hockey team.
 6. The ladies.
 7. The ladies (by 1915, 1916, 1917 together).
 8. Graduates give usual 9x3.
- V. Song by Glee Club.
- VI. 1. The First Marshall holding the class colors mounts the platform, and after short address, leads the Seniors in Class cheer ending 1917. (3 1914's and 3x3.)
 2. The president of the Freshman Class mounts the platform and, after receiving the class colors, leads the Freshmen in in their class cheer ending 1914. (3 1917's and 3x3.)
- VII. 1. Seniors and Graduates cheer President Lowell.
 2. All graduates and undergraduates give 9 Harvards and 3x3.
- VIII. All stand and sing "Fair Harvard."
- IX. All join in regular Harvard cheer.
- X. Seniors, led by band, march around track and out of Stadium while confetti is being thrown.

I append also a description of the occasion from the *Boston Globe* of June 17, 1914.

When the crowd flowed into the Stadium just before 4 o'clock the sun was shining brightly from a cloudless sky, and a brisk, cool wind was blowing.



JUNE 15, OUR OVERSEER



A GALAXY OF MANLY BEAUTY



JUNE 16, OAKLEY COUNTRY CLUB



DEBBY STEPS OUT



PHIL IN A HEAVY GALE



GEORGE LAYS DOWN THE LAW TO BOB



CHIEF MARSHAL'S WIFE AND OTHERS



WHO SPRUNG THIS JOKE?



MALE v. FEMALE



ALL TOGETHER



CLASS DAY, THE LONG, LONG TRAIL



THE CLASS GRANDFATHER



CLASS DAY — GETTING IN LINE

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Across the football field a Greek temple stage formed the background for the exercises. This was in simple white, relieved by slight decorations in green.

Behind the first band to appear came the classes, arranged in order of seniority. They gathered near the baseball cage while the seniors were hastening down from their mysterious rites around the class elm. Then the parade swung down the cinder track and around the bowl of the Stadium to places at the left of the open space.

The parade was marshaled by Perry D. Trafford '89, chosen marshal of the 26-year class. Behind the band came a group of nearly a score of men with their class banner, '64, showing that they were the 50-year class.

But in the front rank, escorted by one of the '64 marchers was an erect, gray-bearded man of an older class yet, F. S. Greeley, '44, one of the two or three oldest living graduates of Harvard. A vigorous man of 90, still very capable on the 70th anniversary of his graduation, he had come from Winnetka, Ill., where his home is, to be one of the central figures in this year's Commencement Week. His grandson will graduate next year.

The first large section of the parade was that of 1889, the 25-year class. A large group of the wives and daughters of members were seated in section 9, and there was much waving of hats on the one side and bouquets on the other as '89 passed.

Next came some of the other reunion classes — '94 and '99 in considerable numbers and distinguished by badges on their lapels. But the greatest attention was centered on '04, '08 and '11, the classes that had come back in largest numbers and were present in costume. The decennial class wore white trousers, blazers of blue and white and hatbands of the same color. Marching by fours, with locked arms, and doing a "lame duck" effect as they passed, they got more than one round of cheers.

The class of 1908 was an orange and black pirate ship, its sides supported by the lines of marching men. It was a rough pirate crew, and the name of the craft, blazoned along the sides, was "Merry Naughty Eighters." A big class banner and the Stars and Stripes floated from masts, between which a wireless outfit was strung, and from somewhere in the mass a ship's bell sounded the hours at frequent intervals. The pirate craft was swung into place at the left of the stage.

The classes of 1909 and 1910 were slimly represented, because this is an off year for reunions for them. But 1911, for whom orange and black was also the color, was there in force, with 252 men, the largest number that has ever been rounded up for a triennial. Their stunt was to count as they marched up to "11," and then to bow with great solemnity.

Behind them came the undergraduate classes in large numbers, each with its flag and led by its class president. The seniors marched in to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." They were led by First Marshal Storer and W. P. Willette, as chairman of the Class Day Committee. The 400 men were at last all seated on the grass in the middle of the open space.

Then the first marshal mounted the rostrum, and called for cheers for the graduates, and then for the ladies, and the graduates unbent from their front row stations and also gave a cheer for the ladies. The glee club sang a couple of numbers under the leadership of chorister Pickernell, and then the seniors gave a hearty cheer for "Greeley, '44."

James Ripley Osgood Perkins of Newton, the ivy orator, was introduced, and delivered his humorous part, the sallies of which were appreciated by the audience in the stands quite as well as by the classes on the grass in front.

Another song by the glee club was followed by presentation of the senior colors, black and gold, to the freshmen. O. G. Kirkpatrick, president of '17, received them from Storer. The classes and the graduates gave a round of cheers for each other, not forgetting the athletic teams and Pres. Lowell. "Prexy" bowed his appreciation from a front seat near the middle.

About this time the ship's clock of the "Merry Naughty Eighters" sounded three bells, as a gentle hint that it was time to repair to the spreads of the college grounds, so "Fair Harvard" was sung through, and in the flash of an eye the throwing of the confetti had begun as at a signal.

After the Stadium, we proceeded to the Colonial Club on Quincy Street. I find that I cannot cheer nine times nine for the ladies, with the same ease and lack of hoarseness as I could at my own Class Day. In fact, I felt exhausted, voiceless, breathless, and arid to a remarkable degree. Remedial measures, however, were applied at the Club; and a substantial supper also helped in the work of restoration and reconstruction. Was astonished to find how well my wife could dance, when she didn't have to dance with me. Other men remarked the same thing. Finally insisted my wife should at least walk with me to the Yard. Same old Yard, same old Glee Club, same old lanterns, same old girls — well perhaps not the same, and not old — but then my wife said: "Stop reminiscing." I said, "Well, who were you with here twenty years ago?" She said, "It wasn't twenty years ago, and anyway I just came out of curiosity." We both dropped the subject.

Returned to the hotel at 10:30 P.M. My wife sat up to read the Class Report. She must have acquired a great deal of misinformation about me today. She asked me a lot of questions, the answers to which I was unable to remember. She has become very inquisitive about a number of other husbands. I don't understand why she is interested in such



CLASS DAY — THE LINE-UP



CLASS DAY, THE STADIUM



JUNE 17, HARVARD — YALE

trivial and boyish matters. For instance, she asked me about Burr "doing up a proctor." I explained it wasn't Jim Proctor. Then she wanted to know the connection between "Batchy" and beer; and what was the matter with Bill Pfeiffer's legs; and why Davis was called "Truly," and whether Ropes was really as wicked a man in college as Hunne-man called him; and how many times Jake Woodbury mentioned "Spirit of esprit de Corps" in his speech; and whether Saltonstall was really a ladies' man or only thought he was; — and a lot of other unimportant details which really seemed to me to be quite unnecessary to explain. She says, however, that it helps to break the ice of my classmates' decorous perfection when she meets them. Just as we were retiring, she asked: "Why do they all call you Polly? Has it anything to do with Apollo?" I said, "Don't be absurd. I'm sleepy. Good night." She had the last word: "It couldn't have been Apollinaris, after what I've seen of you today." I had a clever retort to make; but I forgot to make it. And so to bed.

Wednesday, June 17. Fine sunny day. At Headquarters found Darling cheerful and busy. Townsend also looked a trifle less worried. Asked Darling if he wanted any more money for the \$100,000 Fund. Said I'd give \$200 more. Don't know where I'll get it. Will manage somehow. Found Warren checking up errors in his Class Report. I suggested a few things which he might have omitted to advantage. Discovered that other husbands had a few omissible things to suggest. It appears that the wives are scanning this report with meticulous scrupulosity. I learned that phrase from Clifford Moore, whose Latin I am told is fairly good. Moore looks overweighted with care and responsibility, and evidently his speech to be delivered at Commencement is depressing him. Trafford also has *atra cura* (credit is again due to Moore for this) on his brow; the Chief Marshalship is no sinecure. Mrs. T., however, is not allowing it to interfere with her celebration. Wives are generally more sensible than their husbands, I gallantly told her. My wife happened to overhear the remark, and smiled — sarcastically, I thought.

At 1 P.M., we attended a handsome luncheon given by Her-

bert M. Sears, at the Copley Plaza. Sears serves a lunch as well as he used to serve a tennis ball. It was not at all dry; and, as the country newspapers say, "an enjoyable time was had by all." One unfortunate incident, however.—My wife said to a classmate (who shall be nameless): "Why do all you men call my husband Polly?"—"Hasn't he ever told you about the underwear party in the Yard?" my indiscreet classmate replied. "No, what about it?" said Mrs. Niner. "Apollo Belvedere, Americanized is 'Polly B. V. D.'" he answered. Mrs. Niner looked amused and confused. I suddenly recollected the episode. It was after the Junior Class Dinner. A few of us gave a symposium in the Yard in front of Holsworthy in honor of the Greek Professor, who roomed on the second floor, and I recall now that our attire had been rather sketchy—in fact Isadora Duncan was perhaps muffled up, compared to us. Fortunately, before there was time for my unreticent classmate to expatiate further, Ruland came up to be introduced to Mrs. Niner. Seeing that his figure had not altered from the old days, I came near introducing him by his old nickname. Decided, however, it was undignified. Anyway, he ought by this time to have known that there was no longer any need of anybody being introduced to anybody. '89, both male and female, has become a genuine body of mixers.

At 2 P.M. we all motored out to Soldiers Field to the Yale game. It's a good field, but it isn't like old Holmes. There are no willow trees; and there wasn't any "Waldo W. Willard wielding the weighty willow wand," and no 300 pound Henshaw making with difficulty two bases on a home run hit over the trees. Nor was the pitcher any old Charley Downer. I think, however, there were one or two men on today's team who played as well as Walter Clark used to. But perhaps I am wrong. Saddest of all, however, was the absence of old John, the Orangeman. There will never be another John. The game was a good one, although the Yale pitcher was no Stagg and indulged in no prayers; and the crowd did not seem to me to be quite so intent on the helling of Yale as it used to be. However, I think our '89 gang conveyed the correct impression of our views in that respect. "Wing"

Lee covered the Class with glory by catching the first hot foul tip which came sailing into the grand stand — which shows that you can't keep a good man down.

Back to the hotel just in time to dress for the great Class Dinner at the University Club at 7:30 P.M. Before leaving the hotel, I received some kindly advice from my wife which, later in the evening, she told me it was evident that I at once forgot. "There must be a first time for everything, however," I remarked, whereat she sniffed. But I am anticipating. At the Club, discovered Warren pouring a yellow liquid into his new silver punchbowl to christen it. I asked him what name he was giving it, and he said "Philup." It is plain why Warren was never elected a Lampoon editor. Finally, after testing the yellow liquid thoroughly, the Class to the number of 142 got seated at table. Being now attired in decent clothes, made or rented for the occasion, they appeared to me to be a fine-looking body of men — in fact, a particularly fine looking set, well preserved, well seasoned, well bred, well fed, well wined — thanks to old Mother Harvard — our *alma mater* (as Moore, with great originality, termed her). The food was good food, as I recall; but there were so many interruptions in my partaking of it that I did not particularly notice it. Bob Perkins was inclined to throw across the table whatever he could not otherwise dispose of; and this made the art of dodging a necessary accompaniment to eating. Trafford presided, and made a speech of reminiscence of our Freshman Class Meeting, when by accident, he was first elected our President. The result of that election explains why '89 has always liked to indulge in games of chance. After other desultory remarks, Trafford introduced Oliver Prescott as Toastmaster. At this point, a delegation from '86 headed by Odin Roberts appeared, bearing the customary testimonials, and presented to '89 what he termed "an effervescent nucleus in the restraint of a vitreous envelope." Bernard Weld's big brother George also said a few pleasant words about '89, whereupon '86 retired. The toastmaster announced that the Fifty Year Class, '64, had sent to us a similar effervescing remembrance. Prescott turned loose an assorted lot of material from his old Lampoon files; and then introduced John

Pierpont Morgan, our Overseer. The latter made himself solid, by a tribute to the Class wives. Dr. Richard C. Cabot was then called on to represent the Faculty, and poured laudations on the other '89 Harvard Professors. The Class Grandfather, Philip L. Saltonstall, was then produced for inspection. Singularly enough, he chose for his topic, the Ladies and the Class Baby. The poet, Carleton Hunneman, then poetized in his good old doggerel way. Everybody breathed freer when it was over, and we realized that it was not necessary to have another poem until after the lapse of five years. To my surprise, I was then called upon to make a speech. I fancy others were surprised also. In fact, some said so quite audibly. I forget what the subject of my speech was; but it was a very good speech. In fact, if I could remember it more clearly, I should say that it was the best speech I ever made. I was assisted in making it by several of my classmates. But I didn't wish to destroy their pleasure by declining their co-operative efforts. The Class liked the speech so much that they began to applaud loudly, long before I had finished. In fact, it became quite difficult for me to finish. Now I think of it, I don't believe I ever did really finish it. But it made quite a hit, and three cheers were called for "old Polly-syllabic" — meaning me, I assumed. Then Edward W. Hawley of Minneapolis gave some Swedish imitations, which pleased everyone, since nobody knew Swedish; and Vic Harding said it sounded like Greek to him. I don't recall seeing Harding in any of the Greek courses in College. The Toastmaster then presented the Joseph Jefferson of the Class, Benjamin Weaver of Newport, who indulged in a poem written by a deputy sheriff in Nevada. The poem reminded me of something I had forgotten to say to the Class, and I was about to rise to conclude my remarks, when Clarence Hight pulled me down, saying that it would be a pity to spoil the fine impression which my previous speech had made. I thanked him for the compliment. Hight is certainly a fine fellow — also he is muscicularly strong. Just then a remarkable event happened. Warren tells me he is going to describe it all in his next Class Report, so I will be brief. A young man entered the dining room, carrying a parcel. He informed Trafford that he had been sent up from

New Haven by Yale '89 to bear its greeting to Harvard '89; whereupon he produced a superb silver loving cup, which he presented to us, in recognition of the basket of flowers and souvenirs we sent down to Yale '89's dinner last night. We placed the messenger on the table, and called on him to lead us in singing "Boola Boola" and "Here's to good old Yale, drink her down." We accented the "down," however, more than he did. This, I believe is the first time these songs were ever sung at a Harvard dinner. After filling the messenger up with messages and otherwise, we allowed him to depart and return to New Haven — if he was so able. After this pleasant interlude, Caleb M. Saville, of Hartford, Conn., made an excellent speech on "Scientific Progress since '89." I am not certain that I understood it all — but the smoke was pretty thick in the room — also I was thinking of some things I had forgotten to say in my speech — not many, however. Ervin Wardmann, of New York, then spoke on Journalism. Then George E. Wright, who had travelled all the way from Seattle, spoke finely on the Harvard spirit on the Pacific Coast. Then Warren got up to speak. He was hoarse and terse, and told us that 162 men had registered their presence at the celebration — a record that he believed had never been touched by any Harvard Twenty-Five Year Class. We then sang Fair Harvard — or at least we sang a few scattered words in every other line, and a considerable number of la la's. I find I have omitted to mention any singing previously. There was a good deal of noise throughout the evening, and I believed some men called part of it "songs." But '89 never was a very musical Class; and their voices do not improve with age. George Brewster, as usual, indulged in "Damn your Eyes," and Weaver gave us "Hello Riley." We songfully asked Perry Trafford "Was ist los mit Heffelfinger." We reminisced as to General Grant "by gosh," and attended "The Party at Odd Fellows Hall," with Patrick McKenna, and all wept over "The Little Old Red Shawl," as we heard "Schneider's Band" come marching "Up the Street." And then, it was "Auld Lang Syne" — and the great and glorious dinner was all over. Asked Darling how much he needed to complete the \$100,000 Fund and I told him that he could have \$300

more from me. He said he didn't need it. Am disappointed not to be allowed to do my part. And so back to the Hotel. My wife asked me what time it was; but luckily my watch had stopped. I think it must have stopped when Hight pulled me down from my third speech. My wife had been reading the *Class Lives* and seemed quite discontented because I hadn't been Mayor of our City, Judge of the Supreme Court President of the American Historical Association, an LL.D. and Fellow of the Academy of Arts and Sciences. I said, "That's all right, my dear, it's enough of an honor to be your husband, and father of two prospective Harvard men." Rather neat — that. Especially, after a Class Dinner. My wife had nothing further to say. Neither had I. And so to bed.

Thursday, June 18, Commencement Day. — Fine, sunny day.

Had a late, frugal and conservative breakfast. Did not feel quite as buoyant or resilient as on other mornings. Think I smoked too many cigars last night. Must remember that oversmoking for a man of my age is bad for the heart, — also apparently for the liver. My wife says no sympathy is due to those who refuse to take advice. She seems to have a somewhat superior air this morning. Think my pretty compliment last night must have gone to her head. Read account of the '89 dinner in the morning papers. Am surprised to find how much happened that seems to have escaped my notice. Apparently three men made speeches which I never heard at all. Sorry I let anything get by me. Went into Headquarters rather late. Found Darling looking cheerful and still busy. Townsend seemed visibly less careworn. There was a certain subdued air about the other men. Evidently the years are telling on us. Did not remark any lessened sprightliness, however, in the wives. Every man, however, was confident that it was the greatest dinner we ever had — and successful beyond all anticipations. I was widely complimented on my speech. Several men asked me when the next installment was going to be published. There seems to be an impression that I did not complete it. When I asked Caner about this, he said: "Which of your speeches do you mean?" — a curious remark, especially as I always thought Caner a man of great sobriety. At 11:30, I went



JUNE 19, HARVARD WINS FRESHMAN RACE



JUNE 19, HERBERT ROUNDS THEM UP



FINE PICTURE OF HAT-BANDS



DEAR OLD FRANK



BOB HAS A GROUCH



JIMMY ON HIS DIGNITY



HARRY, HERBERT AND THE HAT



WHAT WAS '90 DOING HERE?



BOB ORATES AND '88 SMILES



THE CLASS SECRETARY IS PLEASED



NED IS NOT PLEASED



ON THE WEST BANK, NEW LONDON



JUNE 19, RED TOP



out to Cambridge. Attended Trafford's Chief Marshal's spread in the Harvard Union. That is a wonderful building. I wish we'd had something of the kind when we were in College. Was too busy to notice my Classmates; but when I later went over to our room in 12 Hollis, I thought they looked a little older than yesterday. We all admitted again, however, that it was a great dinner. At 1:30 P.M. I found that a glass of champagne was not unrefreshing. I was not particularly enthusiastic about the lunch — although it was a good lunch. At 2 P.M. the procession formed in the Yard, headed by Chief Marshal Trafford, and instead of proceeding to Memorial Hall, wound its way to the quadrangle back of Sever Hall, where the Exercises were held. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge presided as President of the Alumni. The speakers were President Lowell; Governor David I. Walsh; The Argentine Ambassador, Sr. Don Romulo S. Naon; the Secretary of Agriculture; David F. Houston; and the Chief Justice of Canada, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. The speeches were excellent but not up to the standard set by the speakers at our Class Dinner. Of course, the gem of the occasion was the oration by our classmate, Prof. Clifford H. Moore, who said that the Class "comes to-day, in the middle of its course, to tell of its love and gratitude to the spiritual mother of us all, — true to the ideals which we learned here." I hope the last was true. After Fair Harvard was sung, Commencement Day of 1914 was over. While we were lunching in Hollis 12, our wives were enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. James Hardy Ropes, at her home on Follen Street, Cambridge, whence they came to attend the afternoon exercises. The applause for Moore's speech coming from the seats in the rear was noticeable.

Back to the hotel for dinner. Spent the evening in comparative quiet, interrupted, however, by frequent interrogations from my wife, who was still perusing the Class Report. I was unable to answer most of her questions, some of which were as follows. "Why was I a vice president of the Polo Club, when I didn't play polo?" — "Was the 'Fly' Club a zoological society?" — "Who was the Widow Nolan's husband before he died?" — "Why did they call it Commencement if it came at the end of the College Year?" — "What was the matter

with Prof. Barrett Wendell's voice?" — "Was the singing at the Class Dinner as finished as that of the Alumni Chorus at the Exercises?" — "Why did the Aides and Marshal carry those funny black sticks with crimson bows?" — "Why are you so sleepy?" — I could answer the last question. And I did. And so to bed.

Friday, June 19. Race Day. Fine, sunny day. Rose earlier than was entirely agreeable in order to catch the train for New London. Everyone sad at thought that this was our last day — at least until 1919. Much conversation of a frivolous nature in the train. Arrived in time to witness Freshman race, rowed in rough water, downstream 2 miles, and won by Harvard by four lengths. To pass the time until the University Crew race, '89 chartered the good ship Chester W. Chapin on which we embarked for a trip down the Harbor and Sound. It was a joyous occasion, but premonitions of the approaching dissolution of the celebration quieted the over-boisterous. We certainly enjoyed the lunch, however; and I found to my surprise, that champagne drunk out of paper cups was excellent. But I surmise that any old receptacle would not have been amiss. Returned to New Haven in time to drop into the Crocker House, and there to meet a bunch of Yale '89 men, for whom we threw aside partisanship and performed appropriate functions of respect and greeting. We declined to be neutral, however, on the subject of the outcome of the race. At 4 P.M. we climbed onto the Observation Train and proceeded slowly up the West bank of the Thames. Tongue cannot describe nor pen depict the thrills of that race. No man present had ever seen its like in the past, nor will he see its duplicate in the future. As the two shells crossed the line at the finish, no one on shore or on the train knew which crew had won. We finally learned that the race was awarded to Yale by one fifth of a second. There was glory enough for all. No one could feel really sad; for it was a real race.

And so the Class Celebration ended. We bade warm farewells to all our good friends, the old and the new, of both sexes, and took the train to New York, and thence to our Western home.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLASS DINNER

AT THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, BOSTON, 17 JUNE, 1914

"Judicious, drank, and greatly daring, dined."

POPE, *Dunciad*, Bk. IV

"Every investigation which is guided by principles of nature, fixes its ultimate aim in gratifying the stomach."

ATHENÆUS, *The Deipnosophists*, Bk. VIII

*"If on my theme I rightly think
There are five reasons why men drink,
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be bye and bye,
Or any other reason why."*

Père Simond (Amsterdam 1693)

by HENRY ALDRICH

"The applause of the crowd makes the head giddy, but the attestation of a reasonable man makes the heart glad."

ADDISON, *Spectator*, No. 188

SPEECHES AT THE DINNER

TRAFFORD'S SPEECH

Gentlemen of the Class of '89: We are now approaching the end of the greatest anniversary celebration in the history of Harvard College. For the last four or five days we have had the joy of talking with each other all talking at the same time. The time has now come, not to speak more formally, necessarily, but for one to speak at a time while the others listen. One glance at the men who stretch on either side of me will show you that the dinner committee has assembled from all over the country men to whom you are bound to be anxious to listen. If I were going to describe them in a word, in my clumsy way, I should call them an All-America team. They will bring to you many thoughts and many sayings well worth treasuring.

I, too, have a little message which I wish to give, and about the giving of which I hesitate, for fear I shall not state it as I should, — but I trust I am standing before kind critics. It seems to me that any man with any red blood in him could hardly let an occasion like this go by, if he is placed as I am placed, without some single word, at any rate, to express his tremendous indebtedness to the men who surround him. When I learned that you men had chosen me to lead the procession of seventy classes of Harvard men around the old College Yard to-morrow, my first thought — and I will confess it — was — “This means a new silk hat.” Gentlemen, that passed. I don’t mean that I have forgotten the silk hat. That thought passed. And then came the really overwhelming thought, — “This means that my class-mates still love me.” [*“Right! Right!”*] Perhaps only a few of you realize what to a man of my temperament, that thought means. It has changed my whole attitude toward things. It has made life look different to me. I cherished that happy thought without

allowing anything to disturb it for some time and then I woke up very suddenly to the idea that there was something else for me to do besides pick out the silk hat I was speaking of, — and since then I have been very busy, by night as well as by day, working over interminable lists in your behalf — lists of all kinds, lists of all sorts, — Harvard graduates. My mind is entirely befogged and befuddled. But there is one list, and one only, which remains imprinted in my mind, and that list is the list of the men who have had charge of this anniversary celebration. It is a roll of honor. And the men upon that roll of honor may be sure that they have not only earned but actually have the appreciative thanks of every one of us. The committee which has had, perhaps, the hardest task of all has been this dinner committee, and the hardest problem which they have had to face, perhaps, was to find out what they would do with me. Somehow or other, through no fault of mine, the impression grew that I would make the altogether absurd and vain attempt to do what the Reverend Jim Ropes did to such absolute perfection in Appleton Chapel on Sunday. And our clever dinner committee — for clever they are — decided that they would dispose of that problem very readily by asking me to preside. They said, “Certainly he will not dare to do anything more than say ‘Welcome to our city’ and then sit down.” My idea is different. I think the temporary chairman, as I am here, is privileged to sound, as they call it, the key-note of the campaign. I hope you will allow me to sound the key-note as it appears to me. I do not wish to elaborate it, and yet I would like to take time to tell this plain and true story, as I hope it will awaken some memories in many of you, if not all of you. As I stand before you now there comes before me one of the most vivid pictures, if not the most vivid picture, that my mind carries. I ask you all to go back with me to the very first day of this Class, when we as freshmen in the fall of ’85 went into old Boylston and held the meeting for the organization of this Class. There was the greatest uproar ever known in a small place. In some way or other — no one knows — I surely don’t know — I found myself, as I find myself now, facing the most maddening mob of men, whose faces were strange to me. You will remember

that the tiers of seats rose as in the gallery of a theatre in Boylston. The Freshmen were pretty well massed in the centre. All the Sophomore Class were around the sides. [*"All voting."*] Yes, they were all voting. [*"All voting right."*] No, they were not voting right. As I recall that time, I recall it as the time when I was certainly more frightened than at any other time before or since. It seemed impossible to do anything with that mob. As I tried to get on with our proceedings somebody nominated a man named Gitterman, a very prominent but hardly athletic member of the Sophomore Class, for captain of the crew. I declared him elected almost instantaneously. And then things began to go to the bad pretty fast, and I began to lose myself. Now, gentlemen, I don't believe I have ever mentioned this to any one of you. We are now telling innermost secrets. As I stood there facing that howling mob—I could understand the Sophomores,—I could forgive them, perhaps,—but as for the Freshmen, my class-mates, who were howling at me in that way, it seemed beyond all bearing. I began to see red,—and then my anger seemed to center upon one face that stood right out directly in front of me. This man was accomplishing the impossible. He was howling with all the strength of his lungs and at the same time he was leering at me in the most horrid manner. [*"Who was he?"*] I will tell you. The table before me was low. The heads seemed like solid ground; and as I stood there I had this almost uncontrollable impulse to step on the table before me, two steps on the shoulders of those men, and grab that man by the throat with one hand and with the other hand, as George Wright used to say, and with the other hand disrupt that whole meeting. The destinies of the Class of '89 for the time being, as I knew, and as you have not known until this moment, for a time hung in the balance, but somehow or other I managed to contain myself, aided by the steadying influence of Ned Storrow who was somewhere near me. In fact, I think that the personality of Storrow has given this whole Class a reputation and a standing for steadiness. If you will all keep, quiet I will soon tell you who the man was, although the man himself has no more idea than any one of you. I want to tell you first the sequel of

my story. It is in three chapters. This man I speak of before long, — long before our freshman year was over — I had come to know, to admire and to respect. Before our college course was over I had a very warm liking for him, and I think he had for me. And since graduation — and this is the point which I wish to make — since graduation I have lived in one city — he in another, — I have seen him very seldom indeed — these reunions almost the only times, — and now I count him as one of my real friends, and I think he would say the same of me. I think none of you are missing the moral of this tale. I intend that none of you shall. It shows, — this story teaches, you remember — it shows that the differences of our early days in college, our freshman year, had practically all, if not all, disappeared before we got to the end of our course; that while we have been finding ourselves, during these twenty-five years, the last vestige of any silly lines of division have disappeared. And what is more, as time has gone by, the seedlings, you may say, of friendship which were just beginning to sprout there in our senior year have grown into high trees and this Class now finds itself at its Twenty-Fifth Anniversary more conspicuous in this than in any other thing, that it has grown together, and comes here to-night a strong, brave, united Class. If I have succeeded in arousing any curiosity in your minds as to the name of the man of whom I speak I am glad, for I intend to gratify it. At this time, there should be no secrets among us. The fixed custom at Harvard College will prevent me doing that which I should so like to do, marching with the Class of '89 in that procession of the seventy classes that I have referred to. But it has given me the privilege, as well as the duty, of selecting a man who shall lead the Class of '89 into the Sever quadrangle to-morrow. My greatest wish has been to choose a man who would be approved and welcomed and greeted by all of you, but in doing so I certainly have pleased myself. I wanted a man with strong lungs and an agreeable smile. I went back to the freshman year, to the howling, leering face that stood in the centre, and I have asked him to lead the Class of '89 to-morrow. The man I refer to, we now call Grandfather Saltonstall.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

Gentlemen: I offer you my congratulations. I congratulate you, in the first place, in having been molded to manhood in Harvard College. I congratulate you, in the second place, upon being members of this Class of '89. We are not too big to be interesting and to be interested in each other. We have traditions and we have achievements to be proud of, and we have great expectations for the future. I congratulate you, in the third place, upon being here to take part in this celebration. And in doing so, I speak with especial feeling because I am one of that quite numerous class of men who have seen the times when they doubted very much if they would ever be able to get around to this. I congratulate you upon your toastmaster. If you wish real humor, true wit, real kindness, then I beg of you to listen attentively to the man who sits at my elbow. I spoke before of this All-America team that surround me. If you will allow me to make another football illustration, I will refer to these men as the players, the half-backs who carry the ball. The toastmaster will be the quarter-back. And you gentlemen are the men who go ahead to interfere. The dinner committee, having put a tremendous burden upon the shoulders of this same man at my elbow, are wondering what sort of a dinner this is going to be. I know it is going to be far and away the greatest dinner this Class has ever known. And why? Because of the interferers I speak of. Every one of these runners, as he gets the ball from this quarter-back, will have all of you going before him. It will not be their jokes which count; it will be your laughter; not their witty sayings and worth-while thoughts, but your sympathetic applause.

I now present to you, gentlemen, the quarter-back of this All-America team. Go to it, Oliver.

THE TOASTMASTER: Before I start in on my duties I recognize some familiar faces from the Class of 1886, the Class from whom we received our Class colors. Before we proceed on our own business we would like to know what they have come for.

MR. ROBERTS. *Mr. Marshal and Mr. Toastmaster: Good Friends of the Class of '89: Fred Weld, '86, and I have constituted ourselves what looks like a volunteer fire brigade, and we have come to you not to ask you to quench those*

sentiments of friendship which have always subsisted between the two classes, because such things could never be quenched, — that is an undying flame. We have come to you with a sentiment accentuated by the fact that this Class of '89 is, the last class which is going to have its 25th Anniversary which was in Harvard while we were there. Is it any wonder that you are this evening particularly and especially beloved of us? As your toastmaster has remarked, the colors which you wear — the blue and white — were very familiar to us. They descended upon your worthy shoulders from us less worthy — if you will allow me to say so — [*"No, no."*] MR. ROBERTS: I may say that I expected that remonstrance. Now it is not our part to interrupt these proceedings longer than is necessary. Here is a very — [*"Ow—ow."*] MR. ROBERTS: This, gentlemen, is merely a symbol. [*"It wouldn't last long here."*] MR. ROBERTS: It would not. Nor do I expect, gentlemen, that it will go very much farther from its present situation. But this effervescent nucleus in the restraint of a vitreous envelope is, I trust, completely symbolic of our feeling toward the Class of '89. If you will but cut the strings of convention at the top —

It is cutting the strings of convention which I have come here to do. The effervescence and ebullition from the interior will faintly express our kindly and heartfelt feelings toward you. I know you have had the best time of your lives. I know that, because, three years ago, we had the same. God bless you and long life to you.

MR. WELD. *Mr. Toastmaster, and gentlemen:* So much has been said and so well said by my classmate, Mr. Roberts, that it would be useless for me to add anything in the way of expression of good feeling to the Class of '89 from the Class of '86. However, we fully realize that you are in about the position that we were three years ago. Three years ago, wasn't it? Three years ago we thought that we owned the earth. The year ensuing, we went into the Pop Concerts and we found that we were stuck way off in a corner. We realized that immediately thereafter we had lapsed into the insignificance of undergraduate freshmen. And you are about to endure that same experience.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

Now of course, after all Odin has said, it would be useless for me to tell you how really kindly and cordially we men of '86 feel to you men of '89 — or — yes, I remember one of my early experiences which took a good deal of the cordiality off of it. In the huge superiority of the senior, I bet my brother a five — five good simoleons — that '86 would do '89 in the class races. Oh, it was an awful humiliation to cough up that five. Now we are not going to interrupt the order of your business with the most mild or any other kind of confusion, because we are going over to disturb '84 now. However, we trust that you will drink up your champagne — our champagne — as far as it will go. We trust you will enjoy it, such of you as can get a whack at it, and before bidding you a very kind good night, I allow myself, as the Governors say, to drink this to the very good health of the Class of '89, every one of you, and your wives and children, and grandchildren, trusting there are such.

[*The representatives of the Class of '86 withdrew.*]

PRESCOTT'S SPEECH

The very first gift which we received to-night was a bottle of champagne with a card saying, "With many thanks and best wishes from the Class of 1864."

Well, Gentlemen, —

*"The time has come, the Walrus said, to talk of many things: —
Of Bushes, Stones and Partridges, of Shumakers and Kings, —
If Yale is in the boiling soup, if Harvard crews have wings."*

Here are a number of apparently very suitable subjects for our speakers to-night in case they have forgotten their own and left them at home. A very slight knowledge of botany will be sufficient for a speech on Bushes. If the speaker comes from Missouri he can speak on the allied subject of Anheuser Busch. We remember enough of our NH_4 to speak on Stones. A sportsman or a naturalist can speak on Partridges. Any of you who have read in the newspapers the account of the case against the United Shoe Machinery Company must know something about Shumakers, and if you don't you may re-

member long ago something about Sherry Cobb-lers. As to Kings, there may be one of the speakers to-night who possibly has a sufficiently intimate acquaintance with the crowned heads of Europe to give us the latest court gossip and scandal. If Yale is in the boiling soup,—we all know that Yale has been in the soup for several years. I don't think, however, we ought to speak about it at a Harvard meeting,—it would hardly be kind. I don't think the Walrus should have suggested that subject. I can't help remarking, though, that if Yale is in the soup, judging from the abiding place with which we generally associate Yale, it is undoubtedly boiling hot. If Harvard crews have wings,—we all know that our crews for the last few years have been very well furnished with wings and well taught how to use them. It would be exceedingly interesting to be told to-night by anyone that knows what he is talking about whether this year's crew is similarly equipped and instructed. Here, as I have said, are a number of subjects for these men, in case they have left their own at home.

I will now proceed to turn on the juice. For the benefit of you who know anything of engineering, I will say that the juice is going to be, I hope, an alternating current of very rapid frequency. We have told our friends on each side of me that the guillotine will work at precisely the end of ten minutes. I am afraid that when we were in college we had a very poor opinion of the Board of Overseers. You remember that they held different views upon the subject of athletics from those which we entertained ourselves. I think we regarded them as a collection of crusty old gentlemen with very little hair and no teeth,—eminently respectable, no doubt, but certainly very poor sports. I remember a contemporary poem the last verse of which ran as follows:

*"We never resign and we seldom die
But we meet death without fear,
For there surely must be a seat near the throne
For a Harvard Overseer."*

I think we have changed somewhat in our opinion of the Overseers and I have no doubt the Overseers have changed also. They have certainly changed for the better in one

important respect, at least, and that is that they now have an '89 man on the Board. I think it is fair to-night that we should ask our Overseer what earthly use the Board of Overseers is, anyway. I will therefore ask the Very Reverend, I think the title is — I am corrected — Honorable and Reverend Overseer, Jack Morgan, to speak to us.

MORGAN'S SPEECH

This is a nice business. Perry Trafford said you were to be protected from time-worn jokes. I am time-worn. What use are the Overseers? I don't know. Their functions are queer. As far as I can make out they consist of inspection, investigation, discussion and finally approval of what the Faculty or the governing board, the President and Fellows, do. I never have seen them differ from the President and Fellows but once and then the President and Fellows had decided that the Socialist Club should not be permitted to entertain Mrs. Pankhurst in one of the College halls. The Overseers felt that that was narrowing the bounds a good deal and they asked the President and Fellows to be kind enough to reconsider their vote, and the President and Fellows reconsidered it to this extent: they said, "*Nobody* shall be allowed to be entertained by *anybody* in the College without the previous permission of the President and Fellows." And therefore, Mrs. Pankhurst was held to be all right, and the thing passed off. But it was the nearest to a breach between the two bodies that I have known. But I haven't said what I wanted to say to start with — how very much I thank you for giving me the job which, of all the jobs I have ever had, I like the best. I said when I went into it, that nothing but a family funeral would keep me from the meetings, if I was in this country. I have been in this country each year from December on and in that time I have been to every single regular meeting that has been held, since I have been a member. I want to report that as a duty done. Now to brush aside the Overseers, which was a light subject, and come to one that is really important, I think it behooves the first outsider who has anything to say to this very splendid meeting to speak for the

outsiders and express somewhat, if he can, the thanks of this body to the Boston men who have organized and worked up this plan of campaign that we have carried out these last few days. I am sure I speak for all of you, for the outsiders. There has not been a single corner anywhere that has not been filled in by some perfectly hospitable Boston man with some perfectly good plan to take care of the next few minutes. And then, what can I say of the ladies? I think we ought to thank most particularly, and with due observance, Mrs. Mandell, Mrs. Proctor, Mrs. Burr, Mrs. Ropes, Mrs. Saltonstall, Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Reynolds who have been hostesses in one way or another to all or part of the Class and I suggest that their respective husbands be requested to take from the dinner one of those baskets of roses — unfortunately they are somewhat faded like their husbands — nevertheless they express a sentiment, — and to lay them at the feet of the ladies with the expression of the fervent gratitude of every single member of this Class.

THE TOASTMASTER: I am afraid the Board of Overseers was not the only administrative part of the University for whom we had too little consideration. The Faculty, for instance, as I recall it, — we used to sympathize a good deal with our old friend, Professor Shaler, when he always referred to the Faculty as “They,” with a tone of voice which seemed to indicate that “They” were a body with whom he had nothing to do and for whom he had a very scant respect. It will not do for ’89 to speak of the Faculty as “They”; for ’89 has an unusual number of able and brilliant representatives on the Faculties of the University. One of our classmates, with amazing versatility, is not only a prominent member of the Faculty of the Medical School but he is also a leader in the medical profession, a pioneer in constructive philanthropy, a teacher at times (by way of pastime), in philosophy and psychology, a writer of books and a skilled musician. Most men have but one vocation by which, among other things, they live. Here is a man who could choose one, I might say, *e pluribus unum* — Dick Cabot.

CABOT'S SPEECH

Your Toastmaster is always happy; he is always graceful and fortunate. He has introduced me here to represent the Faculty. He wanted to save my feelings. He would naturally have introduced me to represent the long-haired grinds, and I should have, with the greatest delight, accepted the office of answering for the long-haired grinds. [*"Where is the hair?"*] Harvard has, as you know, now, five full professors from the class of '89. I, as only an assistant professor, if there were time, — if I had more than ten minutes, — I might, and should like, to say something of each of those men. I should like to be able to say something of the work that has been done by each of our classmates who fills a full chair, — by Ropes, by Ward, by Reisner, and by Moore. But there is one man of whom most of you, I think, like myself, know less than you do of those four men, and yet he is as distinguished a man as any of them; and I want to spend my whole time in speaking of him. Many of you might not know him by sight if you saw him to-day. I mean Irving Babbitt. Now Irving Babbitt, as we remember him in our undergraduate days, you may remember, had something of a furtive look. He was lean and looked sick. He had a hectic, red spot in each cheek, and we wondered whether he was going to get through the course. But if you saw him to-day, you would say that he is good for a full twenty-five years more and probably twenty-five more after that. Irving Babbitt took almost wholly Greek and other classical courses here. After he graduated, he studied, for some reason unknown to me, French, and he is to-day Professor of French Literature at Harvard University. But Irving Babbitt stands, as all of our professors stand, all our '89 professors, for something more than scholarship. He stands for scholarship, but he always stood for what he calls "the humanities," — that is, for putting into the word "scholarship," something of life and character. He has never taught the French language merely as a language. He has taught French as the French life and civilization, an interesting part of human civilization. And one of the things that he has always stood most for in his writings and his teachings

is the refusal to take either horn of a dilemma ordinarily offered to a scholar at this time. Educators are always trying to align themselves up on one side or the other of the distinction between what is called cultural education and what is called vocational or practical or utilitarian education. And Babbitt has always refused to be counted on either side of that wholly artificial line. To him, it has seemed as if a man should ask you which of two obviously wrong things you would take. I remember once, at a dinner something like this, sitting beside a learned judge, and asking him whether he didn't enjoy very much, as I do, the practice of his profession. He said, "No, most of the time I don't, because most of the time I am trying to do the best I can, according to the laws of procedure under which I work, to say which of two people is right, when I know they are both wrong." Babbitt has refused and refused steadily to say which of two people are right, when he knows they are both wrong. He has refused to stand for cultural education, in the sense of only working for things in the background, far off; and he has refused to stand for the other kind, vocational, utilitarian education, which means standing for nothing but the things right in the foreground. He has insisted on having a full picture, with a perspective of the foreground and the background, and won't let himself be confined to either alone. It is as if one should say — "One should have a foundation, yes — that is cultural education, but we will have no superstructure," or as if one should say, "We will have a superstructure — that is vocational or practical, — but we will have no foundation." He has refused to do that. He has built into his books and his life and his teachings that which contains a foundation, and also what ought to go on top. People, ordinarily, when doing work like Babbitt's, take one side of two alternatives, — Shall we stick to the old standards, the old parties, the old beliefs, or shall we cut altogether loose and be free and have no beliefs? And Babbitt has always refused to take either alternative. He says he will not stick merely to the old beliefs or old parties or old standards but that he will have new beliefs, up-to-date parties and proper standards. He regrets, as any one would regret, the charge of formalism which is always thrown against a

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classical scholar, — as if a man should say, “No, in rowing, we will have no formalism. We don’t care anything about form.” He regards the opposite of form as slouching. If you don’t have form, you slouch, just as much in life and in study as in rowing. And he has demanded that you shall have form and get form — not formalism, but the thing we have in athletics and the thing that makes a crew go. Now I have been particularly glad to hold before you, for the few minutes I have here, Babbitt as a good type of ’89 man for the kind of independence he has shown, the kind of courage he has shown, — a kind of courage and independence completely compatible with courtesy, charity and tolerance for all people’s opinions. This is the sort of thing that has come to us through our officers and the best ’89 men, through Charlie Warren and Perry Trafford. Those of you who have known Charlie Warren’s work better, perhaps, than some of us do — those who have known his work in detail, know how he has stood there in the Civil Service Commission inflexibly for principle, and how no kind of abuse has been able to move Charlie Warren. Those of you who have respected and loved Perry Trafford, as I have, since freshman year, know that Perry Trafford, while always the most courteous of men, and tolerant, has always stood, as he has stood to-night, for an inflexible principle. And it seems to me Babbitt has followed the good old ’89 principle, — that of Warren and of Trafford.

THE TOASTMASTER: I have always been told that while children were a mixed joy and responsibility grandchildren were nothing but a pure joy with no responsibility whatever. There are very few men in our Class, — I think only two, — who have the necessary qualifications as experts to speak on this subject. I suggest that we drink a toast to our Class Baby, our Class Grandbaby and our first Class Grandfather, — the Saltonstalls.

[The Class drank the toast.]

SALTONSTALL’S SPEECH

I am not going to make a speech because I don’t know how, but I am just going to say a few words in default of it. It

seems to me that we have arrived at the important milestone of our career. It seems to me that we can now well pause and look back upon the past twenty-five years. And if we do I believe that we will all come to the conclusion that it has been a period of construction, of formation and of development. And in that time, we have formed and developed and constructed our careers; in that time, we have formed and constructed and developed our homes; in that time, we have formed and developed our characters. And these three constitute the structure by which each and every one of us is known. We may in the future alter and change the structure; we may add to it; but the general character will remain the same, and by it we will be known. Now I fear that the tendency will be, as the years roll by, that we will say, — irrespective of this structure, irrespective of its size, of its elaborateness, of its what-not, — “Well, it represents the best we have been able to do and we are willing to stand on our laurels.” That means that we are likely to grow indifferent. Indifference means that we are likely to grow callous, to enjoy great pleasures less, to feel great sorrows less. Now, Classmates, I beg of you not to let that spirit of indifference come over you. I ask you for two reasons to fight against it: one, on account of your children, and the other, on account of your friends. Our children look to us, naturally look to us, and we want them to look to us. We must not be indifferent to them. We must live our lives over again with them, and we must make them our confidants. If we make them our confidants they will make us their confidants. Don't let your children feel that you are back numbers. Don't let them feel that you don't appreciate and sympathize with everything that they are doing and everything that they are thinking.

Now as to our friends: what is more valuable to us all than our friends? What can be more valuable with advancing years than our old friends, — and what friends can be compared to our classmates, — men who have been together for thirty years? Now don't feel that because you have come to this, our Twenty-Fifth Anniversary, you have done your duty. Don't grow indifferent, but on every Class Reunion turn up and see each other. As the years roll by our numbers

will grow less and less, and let those who remain have a stronger and stronger feeling towards one another to make up for it. Now, gentlemen, I have had the honor, for the past thirty years, to respond to "The Ladies." I felt it an honor to respond to anything which my Classmates called upon me to do but I had no idea till this week what that honor really meant. I have now met many of your wives; and, whatever may be said about '89 in other ways, they never can say that she has not come up to a very high percentage of efficiency in choosing her wives. Having had the pleasure of meeting those wives, I am perfectly confident that there are a lot of splendid children in the Class; and I believe that, if all those children were assembled together, their percentage of efficiency would be unequalled by any Class before us, and I believe also any Class which may come after us. I have been the fortunate member of the Class to have the first child. I don't believe any of you know what I feel, and what she feels, at the attitude which each and every one of you have shown towards her and towards me. It is something which I don't think has ever been equalled before. I believe if this good piece of fortune, this good piece of luck, had not fallen to me, whoever had been the Class Baby of this Class would have carried off the dignity and the honor of that office equally well with Katharine, but I am perfectly sure that there could be no Class Baby who ever had greater love, greater respect and greater esteem for her Classmates than the present Class Baby of '89. [*"Three times three for the Class Baby" were given.*] I thank you, boys.

THE TOASTMASTER: An '89 Class Dinner without a poem from Carl Hunneman would be like a pudding with the raisins left out — a pudding, it is true, but not the kind that Grandma used to make. I don't mean to intimate that Carl Hunneman's poems are like the kind that Grandma used to make. Such a comparison would not be fair — to Grandma. Neither do I want to intimate that Carl Hunneman's poems are like raisins, which, after all, are nothing but old grapes with all the juice squeezed out. Comparisons, as has been well said, are odorous. Carl himself on one occasion used a comparison in one of his own poems. He likened himself unto an old

mill grinding out something — I forget what — and, as the Class Secretary reminds us in his Report, a wicked '88 man came along with a parody and changed the "old mill" into an "old mule." I don't wish to be understood as endorsing this metamorphosis. I think I have said enough by way of preface to the Class Poem. Any further apology which the Poem requires, I have no doubt, Hunneman can make adequately for himself. I will now present Carl Hunneman who has given us a poem for many and many a year.

HUNNEMAN: *Gentlemen:* This is not a *great* poem but it is a *very complete* poem. I don't think there is any word in the English language that rhymes with any other that is not in this poem. If there is I overlooked it.

DINNER POEM

June, 1914

[*Overture*]

Oh, Halfway House is a pleasant place
 For limbs that are weary and feet that are sore,
 And the pilgrims are crowding the Inn tonight
 Who follow the road that runs by the door.
 Tho' the clouds hang dark and the night-winds moan,
 Wide yawns the hearth and the fire gleams bright.
 The way has been long and the road stretches onward,
 But whatever awaits, we'll make merry tonight.
 Sit closer, old comrades, come, fill up your glasses
 Roll out in full measure the song of the stein.
 Let other good fellows exalt their own vintage,
 No vintage for us like that year Eighty-Nine.
 Brimmed full are all cups? Here's a health to our Leader;
 As Freshmen we chose him years, long years ago.
 Some classes may change but we wanted no other;
 We followed him then and we follow him now.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

The cheeks may be lined and the heads may be grizzled,
The shoulders may bend 'neath their burden of care,
But the hearts that leaped up when the burden was lightest
Leap again as we see him still young and still fair.
Sit ye close, ancient comrades, let shoulder touch shoulder
As daylight fades out and the darkness creeps o'er.
Let all the *Who's Whos* gather round the high table
And all the *Who's Hes* find a place on the floor.
Idle words, empty baubles, who cares for a title,
The toy of an hour, the sport of a mob?
If the Fates ever choose to crown me with the laurel
May they hand me a well-lined political job.

[*The Curtain Rises*]

But hush, for time is on the wing.
Now let the withered minstrel sing
Of deeds of warlike men and arms,
And as his trembling fingers stray
Across the strings, list to his lay
And realize poets have their day
And oft-times lose their charms.

[*A Tragedy*]

Oh, Eighty-Nine, thrice welcome,
Thrice welcome may you be.
The college-gates are open wide
With welcoming hands that point inside
Like lover beckoning his bride
There stand the dauntless Three.

There's Parker of Bay City
(Wherever that may be)
And Darling of the Trojan race
And King of legal form and face
A fountain pen could hardly trace
Their great celebrity.

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"Now welcome, welcome, comrades,"
They shout with one accord.
"Back from your dusty office,
Back from your trip abroad,
Back to these ancient temples
'Mid spreading elm trees."
(Such were the facts until the axe
Eliminated these.)
"Back to your Alma Mater
Beside that classic stream
Where lusty rowers raise a shout
And crimson blades flash in and out
And Yale knows what it's all about
This is no idle dream.
Beside that peaceful river
That wanders to the sea
Through serried walls on either hand
And sometimes bridged and always damned.
Sweet Charles we sing of thee."

Now when the Three had spoken
There were feelings of relief
Because the formal speeches
Had been so exceeding brief.

And one turned to another,
And oft the tale was told,
How A. J. Drooling held the floor,
And King shed quarts of Crimson gore,
And Parker, (but I'll say no more)
In the brave days of old.

But now a shout of, Onward!
And through the gates they press,
Great overlords and heroes bold,
And knights whose deeds could not be told
In half a day or less.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

First comes the great lord Morgan.
Hark, how the trumpets crash,
Striding along with a heavy air
Cutting an awful dash.
He cowed the wolves of Wall Street,
He faced Death without fear,
'Twere long to herald all his names,
His castles and his broad campaigns
His curling whip his trade proclaims
A Harvard Overseer.

Now burst the ranks asunder,
And like one born to rule
Swift to the front C. Warren spurs
The Democratic mule.
His canteen filled with grapejuice,
Indictments in his grip.
McReynolds was in evil case
Till Charles, reluctant, took a place,
"To bust a trust is no disgrace,"
Quoth Charles and took a sip.

He draws a fresh indictment.
He overdraws his pay.
Anon he bullies Mexico.
Anon he wets his clay.
He hears his Master, Bryan,
"Sir — though you draw true bills
That stand the test in court of law,
The truest bills I ever saw
Are those long-green I nightly draw
Beside Chataqua's rills."

Now comes a leech with head askew
One whom the gods commend.
Him Sewing Circles dote upon
His words the wise attend.
Sprung from an ancient people
That antedates the Flood.

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He works his wonders far and wide.
Social eugenics are his pride.
Burke and DeBrett are cast aside
For Cabot on the Blood.

Faster the lines press forward.
The trumpets sound the charge.
Straight thro' the gates where Honor waits
Harnessed with sword and targe,
Those whom the gods celestial
Mark for eternal fame,
Heroes who conquered in the fight
Or proved their worth with main and might
Or made good somehow — and that's right,
You know it's all the same.

Four-footed Whitney trots along
With muzzle hanging low
Like some gaunt wolf that scents his prey
Beside the river's flow.
Like some tall pine P. Reynolds
Heaves up his head so high
That boys who scale that dizzy height
Peering thro' hooding hands can sight
Far, far beyond this darkling night
Deferred Prosperity.

Old Jake, whose hollow chest is filled
Full of *esprit de corps*.
And Townsend, whose regalia
Would tempt a rajah's maw.
And Slattery with his money chests
In Saltonstall's sure things invests,
And that is why the City's pressed.
But what's the use, you know the rest.
This is an awful bore.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

So marched they through the gateway
At least an hundred strong
With heads held high and hearts of oak
With measured tread and strong,
To Alma Mater's Temple
To chant the pilgrims' prayer;
And then uprose the dauntless Three
* And eased them of their prawpertee,
Nor left as much as one bawbee
To pay their homeward fare.

[*The Curtain Falls*]

Soft died away the minstrel's lay.
The withered singer bowed his head.
With brazen clang his lyre rang
Upon the floor; — the bard was dead.
No more he sings — the vibrant strings
By nerveless fingers touched are stilled.
Tyrtaeus dies, — and there he lies,
His song is sung — his task fulfilled.
They laid him on his broken harp.
They crossed his hands upon his breast.
And whispered as they bore him forth
"Both he and we are now at rest."

[*Now reach for your Hat*]

Oh, Halfway House is a pleasant place
For limbs that are weary and feet that are sore,
And the pilgrims are drinking and clinking their cups,
And the song rings clear through the rack and the roar
Till the night goes out and the day comes in,
And courage comes back to the tired breast.
Then its Ho, for the road that runs by the door
And on out into the shining west,
Till the sun sinks into the dying day.
And the road is called the Whitheraway.

THE TOASTMASTER: It is the proud distinction of Harvard University that she is able to take the graduates of other

* NOTE. All they ever recovered was a receipt.

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Colleges and after working on them for one or two years send them out into the world with Harvard degrees as loyal sons of Harvard. In our own time, and in our own Class, were several men who came to Harvard from other Colleges, whom we are now proud to claim as Harvard men and Classmates. One of these men in the middle West has for a number of years been demonstrating that college men in general, and Harvard men in particular, are of real value in any community in helping to maintain a high standard of civic virtue. Every section of this country has its particular problems, differing, I think, more in degree than in kind, and the differences, I think, are due to peculiarities of the people who live in the different sections. I don't know exactly what the problems have been in Minneapolis. I think we know that in Minnesota there is what is called a New Scandinavia. I think I know we should be interested to hear what the product of the melting pot of the American civilization has been in Minnesota from the Scandinavians who have settled there. I think Edward Hawley will tell us.

HAWLEY'S SPEECH

I had thought at first, in deciding what to speak of, to say something along the lines of civic matters. It is something that is very dear to my heart. Ever since 1894, I have taken an active interest in civic matters in the city of Minneapolis. But, somehow, I got to feeling that you have on this occasion several addresses, perhaps, of the character of that to which we have listened, about Irving Babbitt, whom it was my privilege to know well in a Sanskrit class which numbered only four, and I was most glad to hear his praises sung as they were sung to-night. And thinking of that possibility I decided I would speak along an entirely different line, and so chose something such as our Toastmaster has referred to, — the products of the melting pot in Minnesota. I had almost said that we have, to use the Biblical expression, — “Parthians, Medes, Edomites and dwellers in Mesopotamia,” and so on, — but perhaps no more than in other parts of our country. We have the Germans who founded the settlement, and representa-

tives of many nations; but, more than all the rest, we have the representatives from Scandinavia, particularly Sweden. It is said that in the city of Minneapolis we have more Swedes than are found in any city of Sweden except Stockholm. And we have Norwegians and Danes in equal or about equal proportions. And so we see much of their capacities. Whether it was Josiah Parsons Cooke or some other great chemist who told us about such matters, I am not sure; but we have heard that in the nascent state, as we call it, when the elements in a combination are changing and freeing themselves and going into some other combination, those elements show the greatest activity, and also show their truest nature, their fullest nature. So it is, I think, with these people who come to us from the old world, as they strive to grasp our language and our customs. They forget those conventionalities and eccentricities which we find in most men, and their real selves come out. And it is of that sort of thing that I wish to say a word to-night.

There have been among us many of these men who have risen to very high station in every walk of life, and we are proud to own them as citizens. They are entitled to the greatest credit for their thrift, their industry, their perseverance, and, among other things, the thing that appeals to us lawyers, their stubborn insistence on their rights, which is to us a great delight and a despair to the would-be despoiler. They are most worthy citizens in every sense of the word and really constitute the bone and sinew of our state of Minnesota and that general vicinity. But among them all three stand out more particularly, I think: Governor Johnson, of whom you have all heard, who was cut off in his prime. Knute Nelson, our Senator, who has served us so long and so well. And John Lind. And in that connection I perhaps ought to say just a word or two about the peculiarities of the language, for it is a most marvellous language in some ways. Every y is a j. A peculiar illustration of that came to my attention recently. Alderman Williams, who was running for Mayor, and perhaps was nominated yesterday as one of the two candidates, told me of this experience of his: a man called him up — this shows the various things that come to the attention of an alderman — a man called him up, and told him he had

had trouble with his wife and wanted him to come down with some money in his pocket, and spoke of the court-house as the place that he would meet him. Mr. Williams said, "Well, lots of people have trouble with their wives. I don't know that that is so very serious. Why should that be so great a trouble and why should it need money?" — "No trouble! Man, no trouble! My guidness, I am in *yail*." A Swedish foreman was sent to put in the curb and gutter in one of our streets in Minneapolis where we have Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth Streets in the University section. He did his work well, and when the inspector went to look it over he found carved in the curb at each corner in letters two inches deep, that will last forever perhaps, the word "*Jale*."

[*Hawley then recited an original poem in Swedish-American dialect on "The career of John Lind."*]

THE TOASTMASTER: When your dinner committee undertook to provide entertainment for this portion of the evening, we felt that it would be entertaining to have a song from one of our old time songsters. We accordingly wrote to Bennie Weaver and asked him if he didn't know a few songs that he could sing. He wrote us back and said that he knew several and gave us the names. One of them was "Gazing through the knot-hole in Father's wooden leg." Another was "There's a bunch of Father's whiskers in the locket Mother wore." He had still a third that was entitled, "She was strangled by her husband while in bed." And Bennie said that he could produce a sound of strangling that sounded like pouring kerosene oil down a tenement house sink. After he had raised our hopes to the highest pitch, he dashed them to earth again by saying that his voice had become of such a rare quality that he felt justified in retaining it for the exclusive use of the Metropolitan Opera Company. We asked him to make a speech. He said he wouldn't stand for it. We didn't agree to let him off, and he finally consented to do something or say something which for lack of better knowledge I can only entitle "A few well chosen remarks." He has left his seat but he is down at the other end of the table.

WEAVER: *Gentlemen*: Here is something I am going to recite. It is a little thing that was written several years

ago by a deputy sheriff from Nevada. Several years ago, he wrote it on a rough piece of paper and tossed it over to a friend of his who is a great friend of mine. They were out there looking for somebody who had done something that was probably not right — I don't know what it was — anyhow, that has nothing to do with it. But this is about a dog, and it is called "Just Plain Dog," and it is very crude and all that sort of thing, but to a certain extent it illustrates the difference between almost any old dog and some women.

[*Weaver read the verses, "Just Plain Dog."*]

THE TOASTMASTER: There is no great work can be carried on in the present day to success without the assistance, at some stage of its progress, of the Class of '89. The Administration at Washington has just discovered its error. There are some of us here, irreconcilables, who are afraid that not even the Class of '89 can pull out the Administration. Colonel Goethals at Panama made no such mistake. He sent for an '89 man at the very outset and kept him there long enough, till the final success of the work was assured. When the capital city of the State of Connecticut undertook to install a new system of water works, it did not turn to Connecticut's pride, located at New Haven, as it might have done if some other means of quenching thirst than water had been under consideration. I don't know how much they know about water in New Haven. They have certainly been unsuccessful on the water in recent years. At any rate, when Hartford, Connecticut, undertook to build a new system of water works it sent for Caleb M. Saville of the Class of Harvard '89.

SAVILLE'S SPEECH

We men of '89 were specially privileged in the period in which we started our work. The 25 years during which we have passed to man's estate have been full of stupendous works, all of which are for the uplift of mankind. The world's work is ours, and never before has it been so splendid a labor to carry the "white man's burden." Ignorance, selfishness and superstition are even less able to impede the world's

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLASS DINNER

progress now than in the days of Galileo. We be men at manhood's post to whom is given to do a part of the world's work, and until 25 more years have passed we have neither right nor time to lift our hands from the plowshare handles.

This is the age of thought and scientific progress. Amid the whorl of life a few moments' pause may well be taken to contemplate some of the great achievements in the 25 years since '89. Science covers all branches of human knowledge, and the broader the view the clearer the vision to devise means for the uplift of mankind. Truth before all else is the object of science. Consider if you please: The progress of preventive medicine and surgery with its triumphs in the treatment of venereal diseases, the prevention of yellow fever and malaria, the alleviation of tuberculosis and the bright promise held out for the cure of cancer and cerebro-spinal meningitis. Recent improvements in the wage system, sanitary conditions of living and successful crusades against child labor have brought health and happiness to thousands of hitherto almost hopeless hearts. The application of insurance to social and industrial risks has brought relief from despair and desperation to many a humble home. Government control of conditions affecting health and welfare has achieved wonders since '89; and comforts and conveniences are common to-day that a century ago were unknown even in the homes of the wealthy. In almost every sphere of life collectivism has been setting bounds to individualism. The postal system with its recent extension to the parcel post is perhaps the most noteworthy example in this country. All parts of the world are coming into close touch. The "Open Door" for commerce of western with oriental nations is fast breaking down race prejudice and caste distinction.

Notable have been the development of water powers, the inventions of the steam turbine and wireless telegraphy, the applications of electricity, the expansion of the automobile industry and the perfection of the aeroplane. These and similar works not only have made for human comfort but have given new opportunity and stimulus for physical and mental development. The improvements in agriculture have developed hitherto neglected or unknown resources, and food-

stuffs once luxuries are now of common use. Irrigation has opened up desert land and the discovery of methods of control of insects attacking plants and animals constitutes a most important advance. Of very present interest is the completion of the Panama Canal, the silver link binding the sunset ocean with the golden Caribbean Sea — the dream of the centuries, the failure of the older nations and the triumph of our own.

Perhaps history will give the wreath for the greatest achievement of this age for the establishment of the Hague Tribunal, the court whose influence for world-wide peace the nations admit even if not yet ready to accept its final judgment.

Education seems to have advanced less than it should during the past quarter of a century. Our youth require pap and sugar-coated pills, discipline is lax and working time reduced to a minimum. Antiquated methods of pedagogy hinder broad education and valuable time is lost at the most critical period in man's life.

When we consider the great spirit of unrest that is sweeping over the country, one side of the shield seems to have a somber lining. Such conditions are not new. Ferrari, writing of Rome in the second century B.C., says: — "The destruction of Carthage and Corinth had already worked serious havoc in Roman life, spreading luxury and ostentation among the upper classes, a distaste for work among the lower, and wastefulness and intemperance in all ranks of society."

Work is the panacea for all ills of this kind. The great apostle says, "If any will not work, neither let him eat," and this stern mandate must be implicitly obeyed if we would continue onward to the light. The law of progress is the law of evolution, the survival of the fittest and the elimination of the weak and unfit. Progress and the advancement of truth and right already have made great strides forward. Life is a thousand times more worth the living than ever before. Even now we may be only getting our wind for a plunge ahead up a steeper slope to a fairer and broader outlook than was ever before spread to the vision of man. "To-day is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it and now is

our time. It is a part of love, not cynicism." * Individual and combined efforts are absolutely essential to success. As the strength of the chain is in its weakest link, so will the time of final triumph be delayed unless each one of us gives freely to the cause the best that in him lies. Work — duty — truth will win against all odds. Ability to do things and get results is to-day prized as never before, but ability without truth has put many men behind prison bars. We '89 men are even now in the very thick of opportunity. Bismarck accomplished his greatest success after the age of 50 and Gladstone and Voltaire were over 60 when their best work was done. It has been said that opportunity knocks but once at a man's door. Experience shows that opportunity not only knocks but is continually pushing at the door, and in the vernacular "it is up to us" whether we open or bar the door. True, we cannot all wear the bearskin shako and twirl the drum major's baton at the head of the band, but we can all do our whole duty. In life as in war the alert sentry is of more value to the safety of the army than the music of the band.

It is not "honors" but honor to be striven for, and it is up to each one of us whether or not we meet the supreme test which —

*"Comes now to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers." †*

We are all workmen, in whatever sphere we labor, and while all men are equal before the law, our peer is he who, striving as much as in him lies, has at least equaled our own work for the good of the world.

History repeats itself and things move in cycles! May be so — but through science and sincerity of purpose the brotherhood of man has advanced to such a point that a new conception must perforce be recognized and taken into account. The laws of motion still hold and the cycles keep on returning, but scientific thought is the powerful external force that will be sufficient to change the course.

* David Starr Jordan.

† Kipling.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

On us Harvard men and men of '89 is put the burden and I would like to leave with you this word of Garfield: — "The highest human attribute of omnipotence is the ability to do work — strong, sturdy, honest work."

THE TOASTMASTER:

*"To grind, or not to grind: that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for a man to suffer
The pangs and sorrow of outrageous striving,
Or unprepared to try the examinations,
And by guffing pass them? To try to pass:
No more; and if we pass why then we end
The heartaches and the thousand restless nights
A loafer's heir to, — 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd."*

So the present editor of the *New York Press* wrote in his college days. I wonder if he writes anything half as good to-day.

WARDMAN'S SPEECH

If I ever wrote anything like that, at any time in my life, I think I must have been insane. I have heard a good deal of talk here to-night about engineers and presidents and all sorts of things but I haven't heard as much as I would like to hear about the Class of '89. I don't think we ought to let any false modesty restrain us from shouting about the glories of this Class and about the feats of the men and about the beauty of some of them. First of all we might speak about the beauty. I think it is a wonderful thing that some of the men in this Class should have increased their beauty, in the mysterious way that the spider weaves its webs. Now there is our own President. We remember when his head was like a billiard ball — he had no hair upon it — and now we see him when he looks like one of the seven Sutherland sisters. Once we remember Harry Meeker when his head was nearly purple; now it is a gorgeous golden. Now we look upon Gardner Perry who at one time was a slender sylph and now he is so stout that he wonders how the spook in Hamlet had a belly. Then we have other men who have risen to great fame. We

have Charlie Wetmore, who, as I remember him, in one day made a fad of collecting flasks but in later days he has been renowned in New York for building things known in our city as hotels. We have men like Morgan (he has gone, I'm sorry — because I wanted him to hear this) I remember when Morgan, like most idealistic juveniles, wanted to be a sort of a tribune of the proletariat. Of course, a tribune of the proletariat goes out to fight the wicked rich, — and all I can say about Morgan now (I am terribly sorry Morgan isn't here) is that he is a sort of target out on the proving ground.

We have other men who have not improved as have those I have mentioned. That is largely because they had attained a degree of superiority before they began. I remember there was Jim Marvin. Now Jim was born as a speed marvel. Of course he couldn't get past that degree, but I will say for him he has never let down. He has always kept up to that high degree — of the first speed. But whether we have all improved in these recent years in respect to our morals or our intellect, whether we are wiser than we were or whether we are more foolish, whether we are more sinful or whether we are more sanctified, I think we have all grown younger, — I think we are all here to prove it. I think if we go on the next twenty-five years in the way we have in the last twenty-five years when we have our Fiftieth Anniversary I don't think any of us will think we are any more to be trusted than some of us were when we were Freshmen in the good old days of '89.

*"We have marched, boys, a quarter stretch
And now we go the half,
With shoulders for whatever load,
And in our hearts a laugh."*

We will march the next stage with steadfast track. Good luck to those that fare the way. God bless the men that fall.

THE TOASTMASTER: When we finished our courses at the University, our Mother Harvard planted us around the country where she thought we would do the most good. She scattered us with a pretty free hand. It is true most of us fell comparatively near at hand. There were some, however, who landed in remote places. One of our number was sent

bounding across the continent to the Pacific coast. I am told that, when he hit Seattle, he struck it hard enough to make it shake. At any rate, he sank so deep into the soil that he took firm root, and has grown there ever since. He may not have the record for the distance travelled to attend this celebration, but he is one of the few men who has travelled furthest. He had lots of time in the train to think of what he is going to say. I think it is only fair that we should ask him tonight to bring us some message of the Harvard spirit on the Pacific coast. George Wright, from Seattle.

WRIGHT'S SPEECH

The subject which the Toastmaster has assigned to me is a rather large one, geographically. If he had asked some one to speak on the Harvard spirit from Newport to Key West, it doubtless would have occurred to him that the field was rather large. I can understand, however, that from the perspective of New Bedford he thinks that he has given me a small and compact subject. Geographically, I am about as much at a loss as a daughter of a friend of mine who was attending the convent of the ladies of the Sacred Heart, and was asked by them to write some kind of an essay or theme on the subject of Christian doctrine. This girl's name was Sally, and she was working on this, off and on, and finally she said to her mother one evening, "Mother, is there anything in the Bible about hell?" The mother said, "Yes, Sally." "Well, Mother, where can I find that in the Bible?" Her mother suggested that, if she would turn to the back part of the Bible, she would find it indexed, — and she could find about hell. Sally fussed around there for awhile and said, "Mother, I can't find it." The mother said, "You aren't looking in the right place, Sally. It is there." So Sally fussed around some more and she said, "Mother, it isn't here." Her mother said, "Sally, where are you looking?" Sally read, "Index of Geographical Names." Now the problem of finding the Harvard spirit on the Pacific Coast, even if you leave out Mexico, is about as difficult for me as the problem that Sally had before her. But in another way the

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Pacific coast, although large in extent, is really a single unit. Any one who travels across the American continent must have that brought to his attention. You have a population thoroughly unified or continuous, at least, until you get out well beyond the Mississippi river. Then for at least twenty-four hours you follow up the muddy streams flowing eastward from the Rocky Mountains, the old route of Lewis and Clark in 1804, perhaps, until after twenty-four hours of travel you reach the clear waters of the Rockies. You climb over the Rockies. You descend into the Great American Desert, you pass through that, — you are then called upon to cross another range of mountains after which you reach the Pacific Coast. Napoleon said that there were three great obstacles to the movements of an army, — the sea, the desert and the mountains. We have the desert and two ranges of mountains separating us from you people here in the east, and not even steam or electricity has wiped out those obstacles or can wipe them out. Now we Harvard men who are on the Pacific coast are also peculiarly situated in this respect; more than half of us were not born there. The majority, as your toastmaster has said, just landed there, were sent there. In going there, we parted with brother, sister, father, mother, with every tie of boyhood and of school. And I think, for that reason, the Harvard men on the Pacific coast look back to their College with a more tender reverence and a more tender feeling than do the men in any other part of the country. It means more to us, in the absence of those ties, than it does to you people in the East. As for the Harvard spirit on the Pacific Coast, I can perhaps illustrate the interest that we take by saying that the ball game which was played to-day was posted in the University Club in Seattle at the end of every inning. That is true of all the Harvard-Yale games — of all the football games. We have in the city of Seattle a Harvard Club of 150 men. We have on the entire coast approximately 1000 Harvard men. We make a point, as far as we can, of having a man from the Northwest upon the Board of Overseers of Harvard University, and although it is a good deal of a trip to come here that man comes here regularly to attend the meetings of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

I may say that there is some compensation for living at such a distance, and not to mention other things, I may say that during the return trip I shall have five full days in which to peruse the book on "Who's Who in America" which our Class Secretary has so kindly and laboriously prepared for us. I am sorry that I cannot speak more definitely of other parts of the Pacific Coast, but drawing my illustrations from Seattle, which perhaps is typical, the Harvard men have not been so conspicuous in public affairs as they are here by any means, but they have performed the duties which have come to them. The present president and vice-president of the Seattle Bar Association are Harvard men. The same thing is true of the Board of Library Trustees. We have at the University of Washington in Seattle — and mind you now I am speaking of a State which was admitted to the Union at the same time, in the same year, that we graduated, — we have there a University which has an enrollment in the academic department equal to what Harvard had in the year when we graduated, — a University of high standing. They have a Law School which from the first, — it was founded about fifteen years ago, — followed the Langdell system, the system of the Harvard Law School. The present acting president of that University is a Harvard man. Harvard is very considerably represented upon the corps of instructors. The Harvard men of the West have been trying for years to get the President of Harvard University to come to the Pacific Coast, and yet it is twenty-three years, if I remember right, since the President of Harvard University, as President, has been West of the Rocky Mountains. Now if the University thinks it worth while to draw from all parts of the country, to have a cosmopolitan representation, then we on the Pacific Coast think that the President of the University, even at some sacrifice to himself and to the University, should make us more frequent visits, because it does good.

I want, although it has been touched upon by previous speakers, to say how much it means to us fellows from a remote distance to come back here after twenty-five years and be received by you as if we had only gone away yesterday, — not only by you but by your wives. It means everything to us. I can't express what it has been to me. And I only

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say that I hope, — and I am sure that I speak for all Harvard men on the Pacific Coast, — that when you come West, as you occasionally do, you will give us in the West the opportunity of knowing that you are coming so that we may repeat there the pleasure we have had at this Reunion.

CLASS SECRETARY'S REMARKS

Before we break up, let me say three things:

First, in addition to the graceful return compliment from Yale, which you all have enjoyed to-night, I have just received a telegram from Princeton '89; it is sent in response to a telegram of greetings which Harvard '89 sent last Monday night to Princeton's Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Dinner, and it reads: "To Harvard '89 from Princeton '89, greetings. Your welcome message evoked cheers. The best of all that is worth while is friendship, and so once more to Harvard '89 from Princeton '89 its warmest greetings."

Second, the registry of '89 men who have come back for this celebration stood, just before the dinner, at 162, a record, I believe, that has never been touched by any Harvard Twenty-Five Year Class.

Third, and finally, boys, you must let me speak one personal word to you now, inasmuch as there are some here who were not present at the Oakley Country Club, I haven't got the words to express my heartfelt thanks to you, my Classmates, for the superb gift which you gave me yesterday. I can only say, "God bless you, and I will work for you as long as I live and as hard as I can."

THE TOASTMASTER: If Martin Taylor is anywhere near the box, we will have "Fair Harvard."

[*The Class joined in singing "Fair Harvard."*]

ORDER OF SERVICES AND SERMON

Appleton Chapel

Sunday, 14 June, 1914

Responsive Reading: Psalm 122, 1-9; 133, 1-3. REV. GEORGE D. LATIMER

Scripture Lesson: Isaiah 55.....REV. ELMER E. SHUMAKER

Solo: "If with all your hearts ye truly seek
me" (Mendelssohn's Elijah).....RICHARD C. CABOT

Necrology.....The Class Secretary — CHARLES WARREN

PrayersREV. FREDERIC M. BROOKS

Hymn: "Lord of all being throned afar."

Sermon.....REV. JAMES H. ROPES

Hymn: "Awake my soul, stretch every nerve."

Benediction.....REV. JAMES H. ROPES

SERMON

1 Cor. 13, 8-13: Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

AN anniversary of twenty-five years has its note of happiness and exultation — and its undertone of seriousness. We have come back to a place that we love, and we rejoice to renew old companionship and to recall dear old times. The happy and eventful years of our college life come flooding back upon our memory, as, with the mood of this anniversary upon us, we see the old bricks and paths, and some of the old trees, hear the clang of the same college bell, and turn the old corners and read some of the old names. And the old returns to us again even in the very moment and act of our observing what is new. The new buildings that greet us remind us of the old view from a study window which they have blocked. The very strangeness of the postman's face brings to mind his predecessor's name. All this is a pleasure — strengthens happy old ties, renews great sources of good-cheer and goodwill.

And in the anniversary itself we find — and should find wherever it were celebrated — deep causes of satisfaction. Some measure of achievement, the robust pleasure of bearing heavy burdens and sharing in the world's work, the loving ties of home, the growth of sons and daughters through childhood, and — for some of us — even to maturity and a house-

hold of their own, — such satisfactions come, and ought to come, after twenty-five years to a body of graduates of Harvard College.

We have a right to rejoice, and we do rejoice. But the merriest of us cannot quite escape a certain solemnity, too, in these days. The list of our classmates who have preceded us to join the great majority is too long to be without its impression upon our feelings. The passing years have gathered in a harvest from those our friends who once sat beside us on these very seats; and, apart from that, the very passage of the years has the poignant meaning that one half of our own active life already lies behind us.

And as these times and places recall the hopes and plans of youth, they call uncomfortably to mind for every man how the dreams are as yet only in part fulfilled, the tasks as yet only half performed.

And serious, too, at this moment in life is the look at the world and the future. We are now the older generation. On us, younger men depend. Our direct responsibility to those who were before has in most cases mainly ceased. Our example and counsel will affect — or repel — the rising generation. We have to look forward to steady progress toward old age.

These are some of the contrasts which this day contains. They go back at last to the fundamental contrast and distinction between youth and mature manhood.

The glory and the charm of youth is its freedom. The irresponsibility of the child yields to the long, long thoughts of the boy. But those thoughts are still free. His world is not yet made and hardened. The hampering limits of his own nature and capacities he hardly feels; of restraint from the tough fibre of the world he is to work in he is in happy ignorance. The vista of the future is long, his powers are fresh, the tasks, he is convinced, will yield to the new hand which essays them unhindered by old habits, dull prejudice, narrow conservatism. He can aim where he will. He can expect to find a different world from his father's. He can frame an ideal, and look forward with confident hope to seeing it translated into actual fact while yet he is still here to enjoy it.

ORDER OF SERVICES AND SERMON

This, the glory of youth, is a permanent and inspiring fact of human nature. Without it the bloom of life would be lacking.

But for the mature man his strength lies in his grasp on reality. He can conquer the world, if he can know the real world. Not by dreams but by convictions, by sound knowledge, clear ideas, by insight into the specific force of the great human motives, by power to foresee and meet real human need — whether material or spiritual — by those things a man gains the firmness of character and steady competence of faculty that he must have if he is to do his work in his life-time. These must take the place in every normal life of the boy's freedom and the boy's ideal hopes.

Any success that any one of us may have had has come because he has known how to add a man's profound hold on reality to the brave and free dreams of a boy's inexperienced heart. "When I was a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child; now that I am become a man I have put away childish things" — but I am glad that those "things of a child" had not been lacking in my life when the time came for putting them away.

The large man is the man whose hold on reality is not merely firm but broad. Many things go to make up reality — it is spiritual as well as material. The past and the future, as well as the present, belong to it. Ideas have substance, and are the most stubborn of all facts when you encounter them. Persons are in every life insistent and dominating realities.

The effort to do the work of a grown man will bring us — has brought us — near to many forms of reality. We know them now as we had no conception of them twenty-five years ago. The same experience ought to cause us to recognize the substance of all the world's reality, — Him who holds the mountains in the hollow of his hand, who Himself inspires youth to mount up with wings as eagles, and who enables grown men to run and not be weary, to walk and not faint. If the experience of life has not brought us to see God as the supreme reality, it is time we took deeper soundings of the ocean on which we sail.

In twenty-five years the men of the class of '89 have had

their share of human joy and sorrow, of losses and gains. Some of us have rendered honorable service to our country in public office. We have lived through a time of war, and from our number some offered themselves for service in army and navy, and met bravely and steadfastly the chance of battle and the all-pervasive risk of disease. In affairs — of industry, of commerce, of finance — those fundamental businesses on which the fabric of civilization rests, many of us have done our full part. In the human service of medicine and the cure of souls, in education and learned research, in the work of the engineer and the lawyer, men of '89 have given themselves to the tasks of their time. So all together, we pass this great milestone of our course through the world, and look forward and back, and rejoice in the past and in the future for those gifts, fit but different, which each period of life bestows.

ORDER OF THE DAY

FOR THE CHIEF MARSHAL, HIS AIDS AND MARSHALS COMMENCEMENT DAY, 18 JUNE 1914

- 12:10 P.M. *Aids and Marshals report to PERRY D. TRAFFORD, Chief Marshal*
'89 Aids are BURR, CABOT, DARLING, ELLIS, HULL, KING, MANDELL, MOORE, MORGAN, PARKER, PERKINS, PERRY, PRESCOTT, PROCTOR, ROPES, SALTONSTALL, KEYES, PHILIP S. SEARS, STORROW, TOWNSEND, CHARLES WARREN, WHITRIDGE
- 12:30-1:30 *Chief Marshal's luncheon at Harvard Union*
- 12:45 *President of University and his guests escorted from his home to the luncheon and thence to Massachusetts Hall*
- 1:30 *Class of '64 escorted from Phillip Brooks' House to Massachusetts Hall*
- 1:35 *Chief Marshal and his guests proceed to Massachusetts Hall*
Procession forms in following order: PRESIDENT OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION; PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY; FELLOWS OF THE CORPORATION; THE GOVERNOR AND LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH; THE GOVERNOR'S MILITARY STAFF; SHERIFFS OF MIDDLESEX AND SUFFOLK COUNTY; THE BOARD OF OVERSEERS; RECIPIENT OF HONORARY DEGREES IN THIS AND FORMER YEARS; OTHER INVITED GUESTS; ALUMNI IN ORDER OF CLASSES
Procession from Massachusetts Hall, past Hollis, Stoughton, Holworthy, Thayer, University to Quadrangle in rear of Sever
In the Quadrangle seats are reserved for the Overseers, the Classes from '38 to '63 inclusive; the Classes of '64 and '89; the Alumni Chorus; the Aids and Marshals

ADDRESS BY PROF. CLIFFORD H. MOORE

COMMENCEMENT DAY ALUMNI EXERCISES

Mr. President and Fellow Alumni:

It is in obedience to its own impulse as well as in accordance with a goodly ancient custom that the Class of '89 comes to-day, in the middle of its course, to tell of its love and gratitude to the spiritual mother of us all. Our Commencement was but yesterday, and yet throngs of impatient youth have crowded us on until we must believe that the world thinks that twenty-five years have actually passed since we ceased to be undergraduates here; since those happy four years closed and we had as symbols of their passing what our own inspired bard has described as

"A scrap of parchment and an old dress suit."

The simplicity of our undergraduate days we shall not attempt to recall to-day. The younger generation would not believe the description and our seniors cherish the delusion that their days were simpler and more virtuous still.

From the four quarters of the continent the members of our class have come, a large proportion of the living members. Our total number may seem small in comparison to the multitude which now graduate, but I assure you, Mr. President, that we are not behind these later classes in our affectionate gratitude to Harvard College. We know what we owe to her; we offer her our happiest service; we rejoice that we have seen with our own eyes half of those fifty years whose wonderful development Professor Palmer has just described to us. The members of the class who come from a distance tell of Harvard's growing influence, of her increasing power, not only in distant parts of our own country but also in the continents across the seas. With all the rest of her sons we find our

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

satisfaction in the knowledge that Harvard College is each year serving the world in larger measure.

It is not for us, gathered now once more about our Mother's knee, to tell of what we have accomplished, or of what we hope to accomplish, for after all we have reached only our twenty-fifth anniversary and with youthful hearts we are looking forward to the twenty-five years that are before us. This much, however, we can say, that in all the activities in which the members of this class, both living and dead, have engaged — in service of town and city, of state and nation, in industry, commerce and banking, in law, medicine, teaching and the ministry — like Harvard's other sons, we have tried to be true to the ideals which we learned here; we have endeavored to make the dreams of our youth the realized visions of our maturer years; and as we embark on another quarter of a century with all its perplexities we can promise that those visions shall not grow less real.

But, Mr. President, there is one thing of which we may speak with pride and joy. Our class has begun to send its sons back to learn where their fathers learned before them. Already twenty-two sons of '89 men have entered Harvard College; of these five are now graduates, three in this present class. There is a long line yet to come, and the stock of the Puritan shall not die.

The deep emotions which stir in the breasts of men who return after twenty-five years cannot be voiced even within this, our own house; but they are known to us; they are known to every son of Harvard gathered here. All we would do to-day is in love and devotion once more to dedicate ourselves to Truth at this altar from which in younger years we bore the sacred fire.

HARVARD

YALE

'89

YALE

HARVARD

ENTENTE

You know full well, sir, how in heraldry two lioncels rampant endorsed are said to be the emblem of two valiant men keeping an appointment, meeting in the fields but either forbidden by the King to fight or departing on terms of equality agreed upon betwixt themselves. Whereupon turning back to back, neither conquerors nor conquered, they depart their several ways (their stout stomachs not suffering both to go the same way) lest it be counted an injury for one to precede the other. In like a manner, I know you to disclaim to allow me to be your equal . . . and I will not allow you to be my superior. To prevent future trouble let it be a drawn battle and let both of us abound in our own sense severally persuaded in the truth of what we have.

THOMAS FULLER, Appeal to Injured Innocence (1659)

"I see," says Mr. Dooley, "that good ol' Yale, because it makes us feel so hale drink her down, as Hogan says, has been cilibratin'. Yale Colledge was founded by Eli Yale, an Englishman an' dead at that. He didn't know wut he was doin' an' no more did I, till I r-read iv these fistivities. I knew it nestled undther th' ellums iv New Haven, but I thought no more iv it thin that 'twas th' name iv a lock, a smoking tobacco, an' a large school nestlin' undther th' ellums in New Haven where ye sint ye-er boy if ye cud affoord it an' he larned th' Greek Chorus an' th' American, an' chased th' fleet fut ball, an' come out whin he had to, an' wint to wurruk."

"But Yale's more thin that, Hinmissy. I get it sthraight fr'm th' thruthful sons iv Yale thimselves that if it hadn't been f'r this dear bunch iv dormitories nestlin' undther th' ellums in New Haven our beloved country might to-day be no betther thin it should be."

THE
HARVARD YALE
 '89
YALE HARVARD
ENTENTE

ON March 4, 1914, in the belief and with the hope that some sense of comradeship might inspire the Twenty-five Year graduates of the two great Universities, Charles Warren, the Secretary of the Class of 1889 of Harvard, sent a letter to Charles H. Sherrill, to Arthur H. Day, and to Lewis S. Welch, respectively Secretary of Yale (Academic) '89, Secretary of Yale (Sheffield) '89, and Chairman of the Yale '89 Re-union Committee, in which he said: —

It has occurred to me that it would be of great interest to me and to our Reunion Committee which is to make arrangements for our celebration, if we might have some knowledge of the preparations for celebration which the Yale Class of 1889 is making. If from this there might result some way in which the men of these two great Universities could come in touch with each other at the end of twenty-five years of life out of College, it would be a highly interesting outcome.

This suggestion was followed up by an invitation to the Yale representatives from Warren, as presiding officer, to attend the Annual Dinner of the Association of Harvard Class Secretaries, at the Harvard Club of Boston, April 7. Mr. Sherrill, though unable to accept the invitation, responded to the suggestion in a cordial note, April 1, in which he said:

We had a meeting of our Yale '89 committee yesterday in New Haven, at which your idea of some joint action by our respective classes was discussed. You were enthusiastically voted "a jolly good fellow" for having hit upon the idea. I suggested, and it was approved by the committee, that we invite your Class and their families to lunch with us on Tuesday, June 16, at 12:30, go out to the field in our private trolley cars with us, and march on to the ball grounds side by side, you carrying your Harvard '89 flag and we ours.

Possibly some of your New York graduates who are unable to get up to Boston for the entire Reunion period, might care to accept our

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

invitation and make the break in their journey at New Haven and thus lunch with us and see the ball game. In any event, will you please consider this as an invitation to be accepted, modified, or rejected, as you please?

As Class Secretary, I perfectly understand that this invitation must not be allowed to interfere with your getting the maximum number of men on each day of your week, but I am so seduced by the sentiment of your idea of having us get together that I cannot refrain from hoping that circumstances, aided and abetted by yourself, will release to us enough men on the 16th of June to provide a color guard to permit the Harvard '89 flag to march upon the field with us. It would be a fine thing in these days of political attacks upon everything and everybody! You, of course, understand that we would provide seats for your men in the Harvard stand, and not with us, so that they could enjoy their natural racial animosity to its full!

Equally cordial responses to the idea came from Mr. Day and Mr. Welch.

Owing to arrangements which had already been made in Cambridge for the Harvard celebration, it was impossible for the Harvard Celebration Committee to see their way clear to accepting the above invitation and Warren accordingly sent the following letter:

I have delayed answering your letter thus long, in order that our Reunion Committee and its Subcommittee might exhaust every possible means to see if it could be possible to accept your invitation without interfering with the plans for our own celebration.

It is with considerable depression that I must now admit that it seems to be impossible for us to accept what your Committee has so generously and fraternally suggested.

Our Tuesday's celebration had already been planned to include a lunch at the Oakley Country Club, tendered by a classmate and his wife to the rest of the Class and their wives, after which at 3:30 in the afternoon, we were to proceed to the Stadium to take part in the Senior Class Exercises (at which the Twenty-Five Year Class is always a prominent feature); and after that came the Class Day spreads, dances and evening illumination, which are, of course, the chief attractive feature of our celebration for our wives. . . .

When I first wrote to you, it had been my hazy idea that it might be arranged that our two Classes might mingle in a blue and crimson combination (*i.e.* purple, possibly suggesting "*vino purpureo*") on the night before the race at New London; as it was planned that our Class should go down to New London late that afternoon. Our revised plans, however, eliminate that idea of mine; for it appears now that we shall go down in the Harvard Club special train from Boston on the day of the race.

THE HARVARD YALE ENTENTE

In this period of "good offices," "mediation," "peace," and "fraternity" and especially of "A. B. C." prominence, we Harvard Eighty-Niners do not intend, however, to let this opportunity for getting in touch with you, *i.e.* you collectively, entirely slip away.

June 10, Mr. Welch, Chairman of the Yale Reunion Committee (Mr. Sherrill being in Europe) sent the following telegram to Warren:

Is it not possible that we can look for ten or fifteen or more of Harvard Eighty Nine for luncheon next Tuesday and for our allies in the March on Yale Field. We do not like to give up the thought of having your Class with us in some measure at that time. Will there not be a company of your men coming up from New York and vicinity at that time?

Unfortunately, when the invitation was received, the arrangements for the Harvard '89 celebration had been so far perfected, the hours of Tuesday (Harvard's Class Day) being so filled with events, that it was impossible for Harvard '89 to accept.

Carrying out, however, the idea of linking in some form of comradeship, the '89ers at the two Universities, Warren was instructed by the Class Committee of Harvard '89 to have prepared and sent to the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Dinner of Yale '89, to be held at Hotel Taft, New Haven, on Tuesday, June 16, 1914, a basket of appropriately blue cornflowers, tied with a crimson ribbon, and to accompany this with the gift of one of the special Harvard '89 badges, together with one of the special small silver and blue and white enamel plates and one each of the other souvenirs specially prepared for its celebration, and together with a pertinent letter.

Accordingly, the above gifts were sent to the Yale dinner, with the following letter: —

The Class of '89 at Harvard sends this token of greeting to its comrades of Yale '89, at this Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

While Harvard '89 recalls with a certain degree of mournfulness the names of Corbin and Sherrill, it recalls also with satisfaction a dinner at which Yale '89 Freshmen entertained the Harvard Freshmen after a memorable ballgame in New Haven — so that on the whole, pleasure and pain in memory of the past are fairly balanced.

Since those days, the world has progressed, being rolled along by '89 for twenty-five years; hence the generous and friendly rivalry of the two

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

Colleges to-day is a far better thing than the somewhat malevolent and suspicious intercollege attitude in the olden days.

It is a source of pleasure to us of Harvard that a college man from Yale should have so recently controlled the destinies of this country; and we feel that it is an equal satisfaction to Yale that the country should have had also to look for its head to Harvard '80 and Princeton '79. May it soon look to Yale '89 and Harvard '89!

In the grave and thrilling problems that confront this Nation in the new social and economic upheaval, it will be peculiarly the part of our College men bonded together by mutual adherence to high, broad and educated ideals, to work together, in comradeship, for the best food of the Nation.

It is this idea of Union that Harvard '89 wishes to suggest in thus introducing itself into your Yale dinner with its greeting.

Accompanying these flowers are two of the souvenirs prepared for my Class Reunion which your Class may like to keep among its memorabilia.

Yale '89, however, had also not been idle. In the midst of the Harvard '89 Anniversary dinner held the next night, Wednesday, at the Algonquin Club in Boston, a Yale Sophomore appeared bearing a handsome tall silver cup with an inscription "Yale '89 to Harvard '89," together with the following letter:—

We, of the Class of Yale '89, drank the health of Harvard '89 at our Twenty-Fifth Reunion banquet last evening. Now we are passing the cup on to you with our warmest greetings to our dearest foe. We are beginning to think of you in Harvard '89 as our Classmates.

To the Republic of which your Lowell sang, our fathers gave the priceless gifts of Harvard and of Yale. With you we hold that land

Among the nations, bright beyond compare.

That we can serve such a land in your fellowship gives us inspiration and the hope that we shall do our part in making the College at New Haven, as you are making the College at Cambridge, a still greater blessing to our Common Country.

Health and Happiness to Harvard '89.

This fine return of courtesies was greeted with cheers for Yale '89, the singing of "Boola Boola," "Here's to Good Old Yale," etc., and the filling of the cup with champagne, and emptying the same.

The Class Secretary was instructed to send to Yale a telegram, on June 18, the day before the race, which he did, as follows:

THE HARVARD YALE ENTENTE

Your Class' superb unexpected gift was greeted last night with intense enthusiasm. Filled with champagne, it went around our table amid nine long cheers for Yale, and the singing of Here's to Good Old Yale, Drink me down, and Boola, Boola, — the very first time such songs were ever sung at a Harvard Class Dinner. Please extend to every Yale '89 man our hearty appreciation.

On the same day, Mr. Welch, the Chairman of the Yale '89 Reunion Committee wrote to Warren the following letter, received with great satisfaction by Harvard '89:

It was left to me in the early hours of yesterday morning to tell your Class what it meant to the men in Yale '89 to see your flowers and your own beautiful symbols come on the table as our Class dinner began, and to hear your message. I have not been able to do it. I don't know that I ever can. You have begun new things; you have given a new meaning to old things; you have set us thinking, and have deeply moved our hearts.

I hope there will be later some opportunity for me to send our anniversary message to all the Class of Harvard '89.

The next morning, all the Boston newspapers commented on the gift as "the feature of the evening."

The *Boston Post* printed the following editorial: —

A graceful incident of the collegiate season is the presentation of a "loving cup" by the Yale Class of 1889 to the Harvard Class of that year. It is a recognition of the unity of the purpose to which our two great New England universities have been devoted for generations past.

It marks more than this; it speaks the sense of later generations of the fellowship that exists between the forces which have wrought out our civilization of today; and it declares that this fellowship still is maintained.

Within the past century, there has been rivalry in athletics, in games, in other esoteric qualities, between the universities; but the spirit of fellowship in the one supreme association has survived. This it is to which the Yale Class of 1889 has given expression and to which there has been an appreciative response.

It looks to the future as well as to the past. It is a monumental incident.

The *Boston Herald* spoke of "this delightful collegiate episode."

The *Yale Alumni Weekly* contained an account over one column long of the "very pleasant and significant episode of commencement week"; and also said editorially:

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

An unusually pleasing incident of the week came in the interchange of greetings and gifts between the Harvard and Yale Classes of 1889, a note concerning which is published elsewhere in this issue. Not only did this interchange bring out the feeling of strong friendship and mutual respect between Yale and Harvard graduates which underlies all of the surface rivalry of which so much more is heard, but it was a very pleasing intercollegiate incident in its broader aspects. And in the Yale acceptance and return of the pleasing compliment, the College and Scientific School Classes of 1889 joined in common.

The *New Haven Journal-Courier* spoke of the "absolutely unique incident."

The *Yale Alumni Weekly Reunion Supplement* said: —

Two incidents which had not been fore-announced contributed to the Reunion a spirit and perhaps even an inspiration which was quite aside from the usual. One was the cordial interchange of good-fellowship and essential unity between the Class of Harvard '89 and Yale '89, which was emphasized by offerings from one to the other, making the Reunion Dinner and the later meeting of Harvard '89 and Yale '89 at New London incidents of unusually pleasant and lasting memory.

The cup has been placed by Harvard '89 in the custody of the Harvard Club of Boston, to be removed from the Club House and used in an appropriate fashion at all future '89 Class Reunions.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY FUND

AUGUST 25, 1914.

The Class Committee takes great pleasure in announcing to the Class that the anniversary gift to Harvard College has been completed by payments as follows:

June 18, 1914.....	\$80,000
" 25, "	12,575
July 6, "	<u>7,425</u>
Total.....	\$100,000

The gift is to be held by the President and Fellows of Harvard College and their successors, in trust, the fund to be designated "THE CLASS OF 1889 FUND," and the income to be used for the general purposes of Harvard College.

The paid subscriptions towards this gift and towards the expenses of the celebration have been as follows:

58 subscriptions less than \$100	\$1,761.25
63 " from 100 to less than \$500	11,253.00
22 " " 500 " " " 1,000	11,825.00
21 " " 1,000 " " " 2,000	24,079.00
16 " of 2,000 and over.....	<u>61,611.85</u>
180	\$110,530.10
Income received.....	<u>748.03</u>
Total	\$111,278.13

Included in the above are eight special gifts made in memory of our deceased classmates:

THOMAS CHESTER CHARD	HENRY PARSONS KING
PHILIP CODMAN	JAMES BROWN MARKOE
JOHN BARNARD DARLING	GEORGE HENRY NORMAN
FREDERICK BOYDEN JACOBS	CLERMONT LIVINGSTON DE PEYSTER

Briefly summarized, the condition of the class finances at date is as follows:

Balance old class fund March 4, 1914 (see Class Report).....	\$2,152.46
Income old class fund to date.....	7.82
Subscriptions to anniversary fund and income as above.....	<u>111,278.13</u>
	\$113,438.41
Class gift to Harvard College	\$100,000.00
Anniversary expenses paid, net.....	<u>11,640.58</u>
	111,640.58
Cash balance, August 25, 1914.....	\$1,797.83

The outstanding liabilities on account of the celebration amount to less than one hundred dollars.

FRANKLIN EDDY PARKER
HERBERT HENRY DARLING,
JAMES GORE KING,
Class Committee

TREASURER'S REPORT

DECEMBER 1, 1914.

Supplemental to the treasurer's report dated March 6, 1914, and printed in the Class Report, the treasurer submits the following report covering the raising and disposition of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary. Fund for the gift to the college and for the expenses of the celebration.

RECEIPTS

Cash balance old fund March 6, 1914.....	\$2,152.46
Income on old fund to date.....	7.88
181 subscriptions to Twenty-fifth Anniversary Fund.....	110,730.10
Interest on deposit.....	748.03
For extra tickets, Class Day, ball game, and New London...	272.70
Contributions towards automobile expense.....	82.00
Harvard Alumni Association, rebate on Commencement tickets.....	15.50
Regalia committee, credit balance.....	14.45
Rebate on insurance on Class Report.....	22.78
TOTAL.....	\$114,045.90

PAYMENTS FOR EXPENSES

Music at Sunday services, June 14.....		\$9.00
Supper at Copley-Plaza, June 15.....	\$115.00	
Music at Copley-Plaza, June 15.....	26.00	141.00
Class Day tickets, June 16.....		537.50
Class Day spread at Colonial Club, June 16...		224.63
Yale game tickets, June 17.....	\$450.00	
Yale game band, June 17.....	110.00	560.00
Anniversary Dinner at Algonquin Club.....	\$1,074.70	
Souvenirs.....	250.00	
Music.....	48.00	
Song-books and menus.....	56.50	
Stenographer.....	32.75	\$1,461.95

TREASURER'S REPORT

Harvard Alumni exercises, Commencement, June 18.....		75.00
Spread at 12 Hollis, Commencement, June 18.....		52.87
Chief Marshal's spread, Commencement, June 18.....		1,151.34
New London, June 19, Harvard Club train and observation trains.....		1,849.80
Secretary's anniversary report, including in- surance.....		3,571.07
Regalia committee expenses:		
Flags, hat-bands, and ties.....	\$264.68	
Badges.....	387.79	
Harvard view-books.....	250.00	
Cigars, cigarettes, etc.....	291.00	
Decorations.....	314.00	1,507.47
Automobiles.....		594.50
Secretary's expenses, printing, postage, and assistance.....		82.46
Class Committee and Treasurer, printing, post- age, and assistance.....		240.17
Collection charges.....		14.81
Total expenses.....		<u>\$12,073.57</u>

THE CLASS GIFT

June 18, 1914, paid to Harvard College.....	\$80,000.00	
June 25, 1914, paid to Harvard College (in- cluding \$2,525 in securities at par).....	12,525.00	
July 6, 1914, paid to Harvard College.....	7,475.00	\$100,000.00
CASH BALANCE, December 1, 1914:		
Deposit in Brookline Savings Bank.....	\$952.27	
Deposit in Warren Institution for Saving.....	1,000.06	
Cash in Treasurer's hands.....	20.00	1,972.33
TOTAL.....		<u>\$114,045.90</u>

HERBERT HENRY DARLING,
Class Treasurer

CLASS MEETINGS SINCE 1914

June 23, 1915. An informal Class dinner was held at the University Club, Boston. The Class Secretary presided, and the following 48 were present: BIGELOW, BREWSTER, BROOKS, BUNKER, BURDETT, BURR, CANER, COULSON, DARLING, DUFFEE, GOODWIN, GREW, HALL, HATHAWAY, HIGH, A. D. HODGES, W. T. HODGES, HOLLIDAY, ISHAM, JENNINGS, JOLINE, LATIMER, MARVIN, MAYNADIER, MOORE, MORGAN, MORSE, NEWELL, OLMSTEAD, J. S. PHELPS, POTTER, PRESCOTT, RAYMOND, REYNOLDS, M. W. RICHARDSON, ROPES, SALTONSTALL, SHUMAN, STONE, STORROW, TAYLOR, F. W. THAYER, TOWNSEND, TRAFFORD, C. WARREN, WEAVER, B. C. WELD, WHITNEY.

January 29, 1916. A joint luncheon of the Classes of 1889 of Harvard and Yale was held at Fraunces' Tavern, New York. This was the first occasion of the kind. It was the joint idea of the respective Class Secretaries, Charles Warren and Charles H. Sherrill, both of whom acted as toastmasters: 36 Yale men were present and the following 38 Harvard men: ALEXANDER, BUSH, CABOT, CANER, CLARK, COPELAND, COULSON, DAVENPORT, DUNLAP, GERSTLE, GREENE, GRIFFING, GUNTHER, HUNTER, KING, KNAPP, LYDIG, MARSH, MEEKER, MORGAN, NAUMBURG, PARKER, PRESCOTT, REYNOLDS, ROPES, RULAND, G. R. SALISBURY, SALTONSTALL, SCOTT, SEARS, STEAD, SWAIN, TOWNSEND, TRAFFORD, WARREN, WILDER, WHITRIDGE. The luncheon, regarded by all as an enthusiastic success, was purely informal, two men from each college being seated at small tables, and there being no head table. Impromptu speeches were made by R. C. CABOT, F. E. PARKER, and CHARLES WARREN for Harvard.

In the evening there was an informal '89 dinner at the Harvard Club of New York, the following 26 being present: PARKER, SEARS, MEEKER, CANER, ROPES, WHITRIDGE, LYDIG, TRAFFORD, TOWNSEND, GREENE, COPELAND, KING, PRESCOTT,

CLASS MEETINGS SINCE 1914

MARSH, DAVENPORT, GUNTHER, STEAD, GRIFFING, KNAPP, HUNTER, DUNLAP, COULSON, CLARK, BUSH, REYNOLDS, WARREN. At this dinner Lydig gave a most interesting account of his experiences in Russia and Poland in the summer of 1915, and of the war conditions in those countries.

June 21, 1916. An informal Class dinner was held at the University Club, — the following forty-three being present: BREWSTER, BUNKER, BURDETT, BURR, CANER, COULSON, CROCKER, DARLING, DURFEE, DORR, FARQUHARSON, FAXON, GREW, HALL, HATHAWAY, HIGHT, HODGES (W.T.), HOLLIDAY, JENNINGS, JOLINE, LATIMER, MAYNADIER, MONRO, MOORE, MORSE, NEWELL, OLMSTED, PARKER, PHELPS (J.S.), POTTER, PRESCOTT, PROCTOR, RAYMOND, REYNOLDS, RICHARDSON (M. W.), ROPES, SALTONSTALL, SLATTERY, STONE, TAYLOR, TOWNSEND, WARD, WELD (B. C.). DARLING presided, and particularly interesting speeches were made by W. L. MONRO and F. E. PARKER. FARQUHARSON turned up from San Francisco for the first time in twenty-seven years. The Class Secretary at the date of the dinner was in Dawson, Yukon Territory, in Canadian Alaska.

June 22, 1916. On Commencement Day, the following 38 were present at 12 Hollis: BIGELOW, BROOKS, BUNKER, BURDETT, BURR, CANER, COGSWELL, COULSON, DARLING, DEBLOIS, DURFEE, FARQUHARSON, GOODWIN, GREW, HATHAWAY, HIGHT, HODGES (W.T.), HOLLIDAY, JENNINGS, JOLINE, KING, MAYNADIER, MERRILL (J.W.), MONRO, MORGAN, MORSE, NEWELL, OLMSTED, PARKER, PERKINS, PERRY, PHELPS (J.S.), RAYMOND, ROPES, SALTONSTALL, THAYER (F.W.), TOWNSEND, WHITNEY.

June 20, 1917. An informal Class dinner was held at the University Club, Boston. The Class Secretary presided, and there were informal speeches from CABOT, BATCHELDER, HALL, HULL, KING, DARLING, and others. The following 40 men were present: BALCH, BATCHELDER, BREWSTER, BURR, CABOT, CANER, CASE, COULSON, DARLING, DORR, DURFEE, HALL, HIGHT, A. D. HODGES, W. D. HODGES, HOLLIDAY, HULL, JENNINGS, JOLINE, KING, LATIMER, MARVIN, MAYNADIER, MOORE, MORSE, NEWELL, PERKINS, PERRY, J. S. PHELPS, PROCTOR, RAYMOND, RICHARDSON, SHUMAN,

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

SLATTERY, STONE, TAYLOR, TOWNSEND, C. WARREN, WATERMAN, B. C. WELD.

June 21, 1917. At Hollis 12, on Commencement Day, the following 40 men were present: BARTHOLOW, BATCHELDER, BIGELOW, BREWSTER, BROOKS, BUNKER, BURR, CANER, COGSWELL, DARLING, DEBLOIS, DURFEE, GREW, HATHAWAY, HIGHT, HULL, HULLEY, JENNINGS, JOLINE, KING, LATIMER, MAYNADIER, MOORE, MORGAN, MORSE, NEWELL, PILLSBURY, POTTER, PRESCOTT, PERRY, J. S. PHELPS, RAYMOND, SAUNDERS, P. S. SEARS, TAYLOR, TOWNSEND, TRAFFORD, WARD, C. WARREN, WATERMAN — also, sons of HULL and DARLING.

At the Class meeting then held, resolutions were adopted on the death of FRANKLIN EDDY PARKER (see *supra* p. 81).

HERBERT HENRY DARLING was unanimously elected by the Class as Chairman of the Class Committee to fill the vacancy caused by the death of F. E. PARKER. The vacancy on the Class Committee was not filled.

June 19, 1918. An informal Class dinner was held at the University Club, Boston. The Class Secretary presided, BENTLEY and JENNINGS — the chemists — told of war gas; MORGAN, of the Overseers; ROPES, of the Food Administration. The following 28 men were present — BENTLEY, BURDETT, BURR, CANER, DARLING, DORR, DURFEE, FAXON, GREW, HIGHT, W. T. HODGES, HOLLIDAY, JENNINGS, LATIMER, G. W. MERRILL, MORGAN, NEWELL, G. S. PHELPS, POTTER, RAYMOND, REYNOLDS, RICHARDSON, ROPES, SALTONSTALL, TAYLOR, TOWNSEND, WARD, C. WARREN.

June 20, 1918. At Hollis 12 on Commencement the following 29 men were present — BENTLEY, BIGELOW, BUNKER, BURDETT, BURR, EAMES, DARLING, DEBLOIS, DURFEE, FAXON, GREW, HOLLIDAY, JENNINGS, LATIMER, MAYNADIER, G. W. MERRILL, MOORE, MORGAN, NEWELL, PERRY, PILLSBURY, POTTER, REYNOLDS, ROPES, SAUNDERS, TAYLOR, F. W. THAYER, TOWNSEND, C. WARREN.

CLASS ADDRESSES

NOTE: When two addresses are given, the first is the business address, the second, the home address.

ADAMS, ALEXANDER F.	General Delivery, Chicago, Ill.
AGASSIZ, MAX	14 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.
	36 Quincy St., Cambridge, Mass.
ALEXANDER, LUCIEN H.	713 Arcade Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.
	Highland Ave., Chestnut Hill, Phila.
ANDERSON, OSCAR M.	North McAlester, Oklahoma.
ATKINS, HERBERT F.	3680 Fifth Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
ATKINSON, WILLIAM	105 Mystic Ave., Somerville, Mass.
	Boxford, Mass.
AYER, PROF. CHARLES C.	University of Colorado Boulder, Colo.
	1515 Spruce St., Boulder, Colo.
BABBITT, PROF. IRVING	6 Kirkland Road, Cambridge, Mass.
BAILEY, HENRY L.	1633 19th St., N. W. Washington, D. C.
BAKER, ARTHUR M.	23 Ames Bldg., Boston, Mass.
	18 Euston St., Brookline, Mass.
BALCH, JOHN	50 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.
	Milton, Mass.
BALDWIN, ROBERT S.	14 High St., Worcester, Mass.
BARRET, ALEXANDER G.	1304 Lincoln Bank Bldg., Louisville, Ky.
	431 Park Ave., Louisville, Ky.
BARTHOLOW, PAUL	Address Unknown.
BASSETT, PROF. R. E.	University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, O.
BATCHELDER, CHARLES C.	c/o Mrs. T. S. Woods, 7 Ivy St.,
	Fenway, Boston, Mass.
BATES, EDWARD C.	Address Unknown.
BAYER, STEPHEN D.	42 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
	524 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
BEAMAN, IRA M.	31 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
BENT, ARTHUR C.	Taunton, Mass.
BENTLEY, PROF. WILLIAM B.	Science Hall, Ohio University, Athens, O.
	42 Morris Ave., Athens, O.
BIGELOW, WILLIAM R.	15 State Street, Boston, Mass.
	50 Walnut St., Natick, Mass.
BINGHAM, ISAAC E.	52 Market St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
	Brookside Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
BLOMGREN, REV. CARL A.	825 35th St., Rock Island, Ill.

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

- BOSWORTH, FREDERICK C. 841 Society for Savings Bldg., Cleveland, O.
12400 Detroit Road, Lakewood, O.
- BREWSTER, DR. G. W. W. 213 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
- BRODHEAD, ALBERT G. Brodhead, Colo.
University Club, Denver, Colo.
- BROOKS, REV. FREDERICK M. 151 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.
99 Russell Ave., Watertown, Mass.
- BROWN, FREDERICK M.
Office of the Judge Advocate General, War Department, Washington, D. C., also 54 Wall Street, New York City, N. Y. Home: Shore Drive, East Setauket, Suffolk County, N. Y.
- BULLARD, GARDNER C. 161 Pleasant St., Lynn, Mass.
Wayland, Mass.
- BUNKER, CLARENCE A. 903 Barristers Hall, Boston, Mass.
46 Chestnut St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.
- BURDETT, WILLIAM F. c/o Merchants Nat'l Bk., Boston, Mass.
26 Glenville Ave., Allston, Mass.
- BURR, ALLSTON 60 State St., Boston, Mass.
Chestnut Hill, Mass.
- BURROWS, GEORGE T. Shedd-Wright Mfg. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
627 Frederica St., Owensboro, Ky.
- BUSH, ROBERT W. Brooklyn Union Gas Co., Kent Ave., and Cross St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; 10 Munroe Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- BUTTERS, GEORGE P. 538 Argyle Ave., Westmount, P. Q., Canada.
- BUTTERS, WILLIAM H. c/o G. P. Butters, 538 Argyle Ave., Westmount, P. Q. Canada.
- BUTTERWORTH, ALFRED P. Marion, Ind.
- CABOT, DR. RICHARD C. 1 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.
- CANER, HARRISON K. 405 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
1707 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- CASE, CHARLES L. 107 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.
18 Wedgemere Ave., Winchester, Mass.
- CHASE, PROF. GEORGE D. University of Maine, Orono, Maine.
- CHITTENDEN, J. BRACE
The Polytechnic Institute, 85 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
144 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- CLARK, D. H. 902 Central National Bank Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
- CLARK, WALTER D. 4955 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
55 Liberty St., New York, N. Y.
1 Summit St., Flushing, N. Y.
- COBB, PROF. COLLIER University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
- COGSWELL, DR. CHARLES F. Room 605, 24 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
- COPELAND, CHARLES Wilmington, Del.
- COULSON, WALTER Bay State Building, Lawrence, Mass.
83 Sunray St., Lawrence, Mass.
- CROCKER, JOSEPH B. 111 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
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CLASS ADDRESSES

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